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Mus. 13.15

13° June 1847.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
THE VOICE	1
EXTRACTS	9, 21 26
MUSICAL FIELD	10
MILTON	13
CHIMES OF ENGLAND	14
MUSICAL EXPRESSION	16
YOUNG LADIES' MUSICAL EDUCATION	22
PIANO FORTE	27
THE MUSICAL BOX	28
ANECDOTE	29
SACRED MUSIC	30
MR. BRAHAM	32
CONCERTS	35
INDIAN METHOD OF COURTSHIP	37
MUSICAL DICTIONARY	38
BOSTON CRIES	40
Music.—FORGIVE BLEST SHADE	41
ADIEU, BLEST SHADE	42
TELL ME LOVELY SHEPHERD	43
I SAW FROM THE BEACH	48

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MUSICAL REPORTER.

THE VOICE.

GARDINER'S MUSIC OF NATURE.

THE human voice, in its tone and accent, is unquestionably the most pure and sonorous of any, which distinguish the vocal animals. In those countries where man, like a plant, may be said to grow and flourish, it expands, ripens, and comes to perfection; but in the northern and colder regions, where the mouth is more constantly closed, the voice is restricted and escapes with difficulty.*

Greece and Italy, those far-famed countries, which have been the admiration of the world for their mild and beautiful climate, have been ever famous for the vocal art. Under a sky so serene, the voice partakes of that clear and open tone, that at once creates a language pure, free, and harmonious. This euphony of speech, or *aria parlante*, may be regarded as a natural faculty, and it is but a slight step in these countries to move into all the beauties of song. In a climate like our own, where

* Captain Parry, in his polar voyage, speaks of the cold being so intense, that they dare not open their mouths in the outer air, or expose themselves without a mask.

nature has been less generous, it is a rare instance to meet with any voices that are truly excellent. Many of our words have had their origin in severer climes, and partake so much of the nasal and guttural tones as to destroy every vestige of melody.* These defects may, in a great measure, be remedied by art, and, if we commence soon enough, a voice may be made to approach the excellence of the Italians. Our method of producing vocal sounds is similar to that of a wind instrument. By a slight percussion of the breath through the windpipe we produce its key-note and attendant harmonies of the 3d, 5th, and 8th. If we listen attentively, we may hear these intervals in speaking; but they are so slightly glanced upon, and pass with such rapidity, that it requires a nice ear to detect them. The cries in the streets are invariably composed of these tones, and naturally speaking, our voices are limited to these few notes. Some persons have a greater aptness for the vocal art than others, probably by a more suitable organization, but there is not a voice, however stubborn, but what may be rendered sufficiently pliant to perform with accuracy the notes of the diatonic scale. The first and most important operation is to open the mouth so completely, that the voice may meet with no obstruction in its course. To do this, the head must be

* The Dutch and Northern languages are so guttural, that in the delivery of some of their words you might suppose the speaker were choked.

thrown a little back, while standing in an erect posture, opening the mouth so as to admit three fingers set edgewise between the teeth, then by gently putting forth the voice with the organs steadily kept in this position, you will produce the first vocal sound of Au,* as in the word *awful.* Another quality of tone may be acquired by admitting but two fingers between the teeth, and drawing the corners of the mouth alike backward as in the act of smiling: this position will give the sound of the vowel Ah! as in the word *art,* less broad, and more attenuated than the former. This is the best mode of modeling the voice for singing, and should be constantly resorted to, till every note from C below the line, to G above it, can be evenly sustained in the ascending and descending scales, while you moderately count four.

A more slender tone may be produced by contracting the mouth so as to admit but one finger between the teeth, and which will give the sound of the diphthong Ea, as in the word *earth.*

* This broad A occurs constantly in the Doric dialect of the Greek, and its broad pronunciation was sometimes a subject of discussion amongst that people, not knowing that it was adapted for musical purposes.—*Chatillon.*

For notes of rapid execution in the upper octave, it will be necessary to contract the organs still more, poking out the chin a little, which will produce the still more slender sound of E, as in the word *eel.* All these positions may be practised upon the daily lesson, and great attention should be paid to the *manner* in which any one good tone is made, so that you may adopt a similar method in the others.

In harsh and disagreeable voices the organs are too much contracted, so that the voice has not a free and easy passage. The sound thus resisted is tortured by overcoming the obstacles, by which it is impeded. These modifications have a similar action upon the vocal organs to the pressure of the lips upon the mouth-piece of a wind instrument; but in addition to this, the muscles possess the singular power of lengthening or shortening the windpipe, by depressing the chin, which in effect widens it for the lower tones, while poking it out narrows it for the upper.* Hence it will appear that the whole of these operations are mechanical, and that the muscles engaged will require constant practice to bring them into activity and perfect obedience.†

* Signor Ferlendi, when in England, performed upon an oboe in the Opera-house, one of the joints of which was formed of leather, which he twisted or contracted in a way so like the windpipe, that he produced a talking tone much resembling the human voice.

† Description of the voice—Haydn and Mozart.

A full and retentive breath is the only basis, upon which a pure and firm tone can be formed.* For this, the shoulders should be thrown a little backward, standing in an easy posture, and opening the chest, by which a deep inspiration can only be taken. From these directions it will be discovered that the point of action in the voice is seated in the throat, near where the hair terminates at the back of the neck. This place may be considered as the antechamber to the mouth, in which compartment all the beauties of execution must be prepared, never advancing into the mouth, or sinking into the throat, as the least deviation either one way or the other will render the tone harsh and hard, thick, throaty, and guttural.† In the ascending scale the tones should diminish in volume and increase in brilliancy as they rise upward: to produce this, we gradually lessen the aperture of the throat, increasing the velocity of the breath; and if we were to

* There is an art in taking the breath. In rapid music it should be drawn as quick as possible, and without the least noise. It should never be replenished in the middle of a word or division, so as to break a regular succession of notes. By practice, the retention of the breath can be carried to a great extent. Farinelli could sing three hundred notes in a breath, while many of our public singers are ready to drop with exhaustion in getting through the division of twelve bars in the last song of the Messiah. Though the noise of drawing the breath has ben condemned, yet in the theatre, in scenes of agitation, the noise adds much to the dramatic effect.

† Madame Camporese's performance was truly excellent, except that some of her notes partook of the throaty tone, highly sickening and disgusting to the ear.

compare the lowest note in the voice to the figure and size of a billiard ball, we should say that the sounds should so diminish, that the highest should not be larger than a pea. The lower notes of most voices are formed in the chest, which may be felt by laying the hand upon the breast, as the sound produces a very perceptible vibration. This portion of the voice is called by the Italians the *voce de petto*, or voice of the breast. Upon this stands the common voice, and immediately above it comes the *voce de testa*, or the voice of the head, the notes of which are formed at the highest point of the vocal organs. The tones of the *voce de petto* are of an instinctive nature, and are the most passionate that we utter; they express our inmost feelings, and are termed the language of the heart, as it is from the region of the heart that they spring.

The tones of the *voce de testa* are of a very opposite kind to that deep and inward feeling of the lower voice. Its high and piercing cry is rather the language of imposture than sincerity.* In the voices of men the *voce de testa* is sometimes termed a falsetto, or feigned voice, the tone of which is similar to the constrained effect of over-blowing an organ-pipe or a flute. This fictitious voice is now abandoned by composers of the present day, as be-

* On hearing a criminal whipt in a public market-place, I was persuaded the cry was not that of pain or anguish; and, upon inquiry, I learnt from the jailer that the culprit was so little hurt, that he said he would undergo the punishment again for half-a-crown.

ing devoid of strength and expression. The effect of these voices is strikingly shown in contrast by those persons, who are called ventriloquists. The celebrated Alexander imitates the conversation of three persons so completely, as to deceive the most experienced ear. By depressing the windpipe into the chest, though a slender man, he utters tones of that breadth and gravity which might be supposed to come from a gruff, domineering person of gigantic stature; this is nothing more than employing the *voce de petto*;* and then, by contracting the upper part of the throat, he diminishes these tones into the acute and feeble voice of a child. With these contrary voices, interposing his own natural voice occasionally, he carries on a conversation between a lad and his surly master with such admirable effect, that besides himself you are led to believe there are two other persons in an adjacent room. This exhibition takes place on the stage, and as a climax to his performance, you hear, while he opens and shuts a door, the cries of children, dogs, and cats so well imitated by the skillful mannar he diminishes and swells his voice, that you are compelled to believe the sounds come from persons

* The howl of wild beasts is of this description;—the roar of tigers and lions fills us with horror, from the magnitude of chest required to produce tones so hollow and deep. Depth of voice fills the mind with an idea of an enormous being; and children in their frolics frighten each other by imitating these voices.

at a distance, though the whole proceeds only from himself.

The natural qualities of the voice are as various as they are innumerable. We seldom meet with two alike. The key or pitch of voices is also very dissimilar; they are generally classed in the following order:—Among females the soprano is the highest, mezzo soprano the middle, and contralto the lowest. Those of men are alto, tenor and bass, and they are an octave lower in tone than those of females. The voices of women are more active, and better adapted for execution than those of men, while the latter have more passion and pathos. In excellence they are infinitely more rare, for of the highest order, there appears scarcely more than one first-rate man singer in a generation. To acquire a good and pleasing tone, every experiment for modifying the voice should be tried; whenever success is obtained to the satisfaction of the ear, we should accurately notice the position of the organs, so that we may be enabled to repeat a tone of the same quality at pleasure. Considerable assistance may be obtained, as regards the opening of the mouth, by practising before a mirror. In the early schools of Rome, it was the custom 'daily to take the pupils beyond the walls to a stone celebrated for its echo, which repeated the same sound several times. Here the scholars were exercised by making them sing opposite the stone, which, by distinctly

repeating the sounds, warned them of their defects, and they were enabled to correct their errors with greater ease.'

EXTRACT.

God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sound with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure. In its whispers of affection, how grateful! In its expression of religious devotion, how exalted! For its solace in trouble, how dear! For its participation in joy, how unspeakable!

THE MUSICAL FIELD.

We were not aware in commencing operations for the Reporter, that we should be trespassing on the ground of others. We had supposed the field large enough to accommodate all, who wished to occupy it. We really thought the field embraced the whole human race, at least such a portion of it as was accessible to the charms of music. But by sad experience we have found, that human nature is the same, whether employed in the busy cares of life, in mercenary speculations, or in the improvement of that faculty, which furnishes employment for angels. There are certain people in the world, who by chance have been thrown into the highway, cast up for all, and which all have a right to occupy. Perceiving themselves to be wonderfully sagacious, they think they have discovered a new path in science, of which they are the exclusive occupants. Like the little cur, who snarls and barks at every dog that comes along, and who thinks himself mighty courageous, just because the gentlemen who pass do not take the trouble to notice him, they suppose the whole field to be theirs,—theirs by inheritance, and that no others have a right to occupy it without their sanction. So consummately selfish are

such people, that they would deprive you of the very sunshine you enjoy, were it in their power, and appropriate it to their own use. Perhaps in no situation in life are we so forcibly struck with the force of these remarks as in the struggle, which characterizes professors, engaged in the science of music. There are some who think, that all the wisdom in the world is confined to them, and their order, and unless care is taken to propagate it by the same process, with which they acquired it, it will certainly die with them. Such people would condense all the knowledge in the world into a little book, and really make us think it contained the very essence of all musical knowledge. Others think so much of a particular system, who know nothing about the system except in name, that they talk large and long, and would make you think they were the genii of the age. How many are there, who go into the field as Pestalozzian teachers of music, who know no more about Pestalozzi, or his system, than the owls in the desert. They have an indistinct knowledge of such a man as Pestalozzi, and perhaps have heard that he was the author of a new system of teaching music. (?) From observation, they suppose the black-board and chalk are in some way connected with this system of instruction, and therefore adopt the use of them, and hail as teachers on the Pestalozzian system. There are some, who pretend to be the oracles of the day, whose minds are stored with all the wisdom of the past, and a

great deal of the wisdom of the future. They have an exhaustless source from which to draw those never failing original streams of melody. Their names would descend to posterity, emblazoned in living notes of composition, and their children might rehearse their deeds of fame, were it not that the spirit of investigation has already discovered more than three fourths of their compositions to be a literal copy of some of the great masters, who have gone before them. Such is the state of music in our country, and such is the character of a great many of its professors. Quacks in musical science! They palm you off spurious coin, and pretend it is genuine. A large portion of the music, which has been published under the signature of American names, and which has been of any value, has been literally copied from some of the celebrated ancient composers. Dressed in a little different garb, perhaps rhythmetically altered, placed in a different key, they have deceived the people into the belief, that they have produced some of the sublimest strains, of which the art is susceptible.

There is another class, who would enlighten and harmonize our country by analyzing sound, describing diagonal lines and tonic elements, and giving you specimens of original music, copied entirely from old ditties, sung when they played with the kitten, or were rocked to sleep in sweet lullaby. These are they, who claim the field, and say they will cultivate it to a charm. Tenacious of their ground they snarl at

every supposed aggressor. Blinded to their own situation, they think the rank weeds around them to be waving wheat, the genuine fruit of their own industry. To all such we would say, we ask for no quarter, we simply ask for our inheritance, we are not beggars nor are we aliens. We are the true lovers of harmony without compromise. We stand pledged to no party, we are yoked to no particular system, tied to no particular measures. We shall therefore act independantly, fearless of consequences, always regarding the contributions and advice of our friends as a favor, which we will endeavor to repay in good and ample measure.

MILTON.

This famous poet rose at four in the morning during the summer months, and at five in the winter. He studied in the forenoon, exercised in the afternoon, and in the evening *sang*, accompanying himself on some instrument. He had a fine voice, played well on several instruments, and understood harmony; and judging from his Paradise Lost, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers. He usually retired at nine, and composed while in bed.

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

BY A. A. COX.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland—
  Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
  A thousand years have toll'd;
How glorious must their music be,
  As breaks the hallow'd day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
  A nation up to pray.

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
  Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
  At vesper and at prime;
At bridal and at burial,
  For cottager and king,
Those chimes—those glorious Christian chimes,
  How blessedly they ring!

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
  Upon a Christian morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
  For a Redeemer born—
How merrily they call afar,
  To cot and baron's hall,
With holly decked, and misletoe,
  To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads that falls,
And stain the florid tracery
And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring—
Those glorious Easter chimes!
How lovely they hail the sound,
Old Queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And like a son I sing the lay,
That England's glory tells;
For she is blessed of the Lord
For you, ye Christian bells.

And happy in my father's fame,
And happy in my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my forest land,
Thou joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And hence, where God is king,
With English chimes from Christian spires
The wilderness shall ring.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

FOR THE REPORTER.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

EXPRESSION is in general an external exhibition or showing out of what is within, an affective and living manifestation of the spiritual or mental, in the corporeal. A man has a high degree of expression in his appearance, when his whole spiritual nature, his entire internal condition, the whole state of his mind, exhibits itself therein—when his soul, thus embodying itself with an external form, makes a clear manifestation of itself. In like manner, a work of art, of whatever species it may be, is expressive when it presents in a clear and effective manner the idea which the artist would communicate. Music, as the expressive language of the soul, has, for the appropriate objects of its representations, only *the feelings* and *emotions*, in all their diversified gradations and shadings; and unless these are most intimately combined with its external forms, so that the latter is an exact picture of the former,—unless particular, determinate, distinct affections of the mind are expressed with the utmost clearness by its tones and its manifold combinations, it always exhibits itself as a mere empty, unmeaning affair, as a mere routine of idle play, with a beautiful exterior indeed, but destitute of all value as a proper

and legitimate work or art. Hoffman, Boye, Beattie, and, with these, many other learned musicians and philosophers, deny all particular, definite musical expression, or at least condemn it as being strictly unsuitable and improper throughout the whole musical art. This, however, is not the proper place for pointing out in detail the well known contradictions and absurdities of these otherwise learned gentlemen. Our present purpose requires us only to show, what really can and should be expressed by music, and what means the artist has to employ, in order adequately to answer these demands.

In the first place, we have those two most general affections, common to every human breast, namely, pleasure and pain, as objects of beautiful representation by the musical art.

As it respects pain, nature every where furnishes most numerous and varied forms of expression, and this fact is very especially true in relation to music: mourning and sadness, lamentation and sighing, melancholy and gentle complaint, are, in all their extremely diversified gradations, a rich field for the characteristically beautiful expression of the pure musical art, though of course it is not to be wished or expected that music, like poetry, should portray definite, individual pictures or images. Music applies rather to the whole internal condition. This it takes in the three natural operations of commencement, increase, and diminution, and paints it according to the known laws of association, in a

clear, distinct and perspicuous manner, and thus makes of it a complete aesthetic* whole. The particular object† of the sadness is left, so far as the pure musical art is concerned, undetermined;‡ but the mind of the hearer involuntarily associates his own subjective§ sorrow, whether past or present, with the objective ideal which he conceives of the feeling presented by the music; and it is on this wonderful flowing together of what is individual and

---

* *Aesthetic* is a term which the Germans employ to denote whatever belongs to the department of taste. As employed in the present instance, it denotes those attributes of music which give it character, meaning, and expression—which make it *indicate* sentiment and *awake* sentiment.—*Translator.*

† i. e., the objective or producing *cause* of the sadness in question. *Tr.*

‡ That is to say the musical art does not, in itself and from its own intrinsic nature, point out definitely what particular thing it is that lies at the foundation of the sadness it expresses, but only represents the sadness itself, from whatever cause it may have arisen. *Tr.*

§ The terms *subjective* and *objective* are employed by the German writers in a sense somewhat peculiar. *Subjective* is used to signify what is in one's self, what belongs to one's self, &c., while *objective* is employed to denote what is foreign to one's self, what is extraneous to one's self. Thus e. g. *a subjective* cause is, a cause from within, while an *objective* cause is a cause from without; and, in like manner, a subjective sorrow is a sorrow of one's own, while an objective sorrow is a sorrow foreign to one's self. *Tr.*

what is general, that the inexpressible charm of genuine music in a great measure depends. On this point, vocal music has a very special advantage; singing, in virtue of its combining poetry with music, always carries with it a clear and distinct meaning.

But pleasure, as well as pain, presents also, in its different modifications, a wide field for musical expression: friendly sportiveness and wanton rallying, calm serenity and childlike pleasantry, loud rejoicing and unrestrained mirth, all lie within the appropriate province of musical expression. All the varieties of feeling, moreover, from that of confident courage up to that of the most daring boldness, may be awakened by the power of musical representations; so may also all the shades of sentiment, from the softest tenderness to the most glowing ardor. Music, moreover, has power to elevate the feelings, and to kindle them into the most pious devotion: when, in the most fervent prayer, the full breast no longer has words to express its feelings, it sweetly rises to heaven on the etherial wings of musical tones. If, in the expression of the emotions, an unrestrained feeling of joy becomes heightened to a bacchanalian ecstasy, or if heart-rending pain is suffered, the pulses falter in short rhythmical movements interrupted by sudden stops, and the soul, amidst the tremulous agitations of the corporeal system, as it were dies away in a vanishing trill.

Music operates also upon the faculties of desire and of thought. Sulzer says, in his Theory of the

Fine Arts, that "Music is perfectly adapted to portray every species of emotion, and hence to make the operations of the mind perceptible to the ear;" and another profound investigator says, "music represents not merely the feelings, in the strict sense of that term, but all internal, mental operations in general, whether they be those of the heart or those of the intellect, whether those of feeling or those of imagination." And indeed, what would the richest exuberance of musical tones be worth, without this expressive communication of sentiment? Unless music replenishes our imagination and engages our heart, it is all but an empty tinkling, without effect and without value. Expression is the soul of music. It is by this alone, that music becomes a most powerfully communicative language, and the agreeable entertainment of the ear which takes place at the same time, becomes, as it were, a bed of repose on which the soul resigns itself to all the feelings which music may excite.

We now proceed to inquire into the means by which the musical artist can infuse such an expression into his performances, to show how he can arrive at that magic power by which he is enabled so effectually to sway the human heart. First of all, the foundation for such a faculty must have been laid in him by nature herself. If he would speak the different dialects of the passions in his performances, he must, with a naturally susceptible soul,—a soul that is easily excited and moved, be capable

of perfectly entering into the feeling to be expressed, and of penetrating, moreover, deeply into the nature of man in all respects whatever, and must, on every point, obtain clear and distinct impressions; and besides, he must, by cultivation, communicate the highest possible degree of brilliancy and acuteness to his constitutional sense of beauty, in order that he may always be able to meet the aesthetic design, in what may be termed the poetry of his performances; for, as one very justly observes, while music should represent all the various states of perception, feeling, and emotion, it should do this *poetically*, and hence, it should present these affections of mind, not as they are in an enfeebled state of degeneracy, but as they are in their full vigor and purity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXTRACT.

THE Greeks considered music of the first importance, and made it the medium through which their laws and moral precepts were inculcated. The Lyre, of which little can now be known, was their favorite instrument. Accompanied by this their poets generally sung their own compositions.

YOUNG LADIES' MUSICAL EDUCATION.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MUSICAL education indeed! How much patient and laborious instruction has been uselessly expended on those who have not sufficient capacity to comprehend the elementary principles of the art! How many precious hours wasted by those who might have devoted them to worthier employments!

It is no uncommon thing to hear extravagant praises awarded to what is called natural singing, in contradistinction to cultivated singing; as if the perfection of vocal music does not consist in presenting it in such a manner, as to sink the appearance of studied art in approximating natural beauties. That singing, which is overloaded with gaudy ornament, is as great a violation of good tase as excess of embellishment in rhetoric, painting, poetry, sculpture or architecture. The supposition, that the capacity of presenting vocal music can come by intuition, is about as wise as its sister follies, that prompt men to favor impudent pretentions of quackery in other departments. It is yielding to the vulgar opinion, that ignorance is better than knowledge. The very perfection of the art consists in presenting the most finished compositions in the

agreeable and pleasant manner, which disguises the elaborate process of study through which the vocalist has passed. It is only the second-rate performer, that aims at surprising difficulties and exuberance of ornament. The true uses of music are, to present agreeable images, create pleasant emotions, and to give effect to worthy thoughts. Its highest purpose must of necessity be the most intellectual; appropriate thoughts in appropriate dress. It must be comprehensible. Who speaks well of the oratorical rhapsodist that is not and cannot be understood? So with musical rhapsody. That is false which cannot be comprehended, and worhless which does not create emotions capable of analysis.

It is a lamentable fact, that many otherwise intelligent, and intellectual persons give a preference to the lisping, mouthing, and indistinct inanities of the drawing-room, called music, when not a solitary requisite to a good performance is found. One may as well expect without cultivation to reach the inspirations of poetry, or the grandeur of painting, or the beauty of statuary. Generally, what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. There can be no severer infliction of penances on the cultivated ear, than to be compelled by the conventional rules of society to listen to the jejune and mawkish lullabies, that are frequently offered as entertainments.

Limited opportunities of practice is sometimes the consequence of parsimony; but it is parsimony in the very worst place. It is like inviting company

to a feast, and then, from motives of mean economy, offering stale viands and poor wines.

There is another objection to much of the music in common use, not so much to the musical arrangement as to the thoughts, which the words convey. It is not to be denied, that the sentiments of the poetry have generally less consideration than the musical arrangement. Frequently a young lady is heard to sing stanzas, from which she would revolt, if put into simple prose. A trashy and unmeaning congeries of words, that masquerade in musical dresses, are less offensive, because nearly harmless.

What are the greater part of the love songs that are heard, but mere tissues of sickly sentimentality that do no injury because incapable of analysis? So that this class, after all, is the least offensive. Another class is objectionable, because, being founded on foreign customs, the sentiments neither recognise the manners of our country nor illustrate the effects of our institutions. The evening serenades of a milder climate, and the descriptive ballads of the troubadours, are as unmeaning here, as the peculiarities of the Celestial Empire. A third class is still more objectionable from the lips of ladies, and consists of songs of war and chivalry. It strikes us that it is not quite right for the daughters of our land to be instructed in the contemplation of blood and carnage, by mingling with the enchantments of music, thoughts that breathe in war songs. And yet it is a very common thing to hear "March to the

battle-field" from the lips even of children. Of a kindred character is Mrs. Hemans' popular ballad, "The Captive Knight," which, in celebrating the events of the chivalrous ages, is certainly not the worthiest theme of our fair countrywomen. Songs of the sea and of the chase are also equally unfitted for ladies. Who can tolerate to hear a lady sing the masculine song of "The Sea?" Among what are called sacred songs, are many at least equivocal, and convey sentiments of misanthropy, if not of impiety. Take the popular song, "The world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion *given;* translate it into plain prose, and it charges God with creating the world with the design to deceive man. Surely there is a range of subjects sufficiently broad to be found in friendship, and rational love, and innocent joys, and home, and its social and domestic blessings.

It is for mothers to direct proper subjects. It is incredible that they should neglect a supervision in a matter, that may have so much lasting influence on the character of their daughters. The mind, once poisoned by improper thoughts associated with musical sounds, will not fail to vibrate to the chord that connects itself with unworthy images. It then becomes irresistible; and this consideration cannot be enforced with too much earnestness. We talk of education. Let it not be thought, that, in a matter where so much of early impression and enthusiasm is mingled, this is the weakest part of

mental discipline. The thoughts that are associated with home, and a mother's smiles, and days of unclouded happiness, will be the last to fade from memory.

Let those who have the means of coming to a just conclusion in this matter, reflect for a moment on the character of the vocal music of the day; and let mothers particularly see to it, that false impressions are not made to survive in the minds of their children when they can no longer control the current of maturer thoughts.

EXTRACT.

THE GRASSHOPPER. Plutarch tells us, that when Terpander was playing upon the lyre, at the Olympic games, and had enraptured his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, a string of his lyre broke, and a grasshopper immediately perched on the bridge, and, by its voice, supplied the loss of the string, and saved the fame of the musician. The Athenians kept them in cages, for the sake of their song, and called them the nightingales of the nymphs. As in the case of birds, the males only sing; hence Xenarchus used to ascribe their happiness to their having silent wives.

THE PIANO-FORTE.

Father Wood, an English monk, made the first piano-forte, of which we have any account, in 1711. After the arrival of Bach in England, and the establishment of his concert in conjunction with Abell, all the harpsichord makers tried their mechanical powers at piano-fortes; but the first attempts were always on the large size, till Zumpe, a German, constructed small piano-fortes of the shape of the virginal, of which the tone was very sweet, and the touch, with a little use, was equal to any degree of rapidity. These, from their low prices, the convenience of their form, as well as power of expression, suddenly grew into such favor, that there was scarcely a house in the kingdom, where a keyed instrument ever had admission, but was supplied with one of Zumpe's piano-fortes, for which there was nearly as great a demand in France as in England. In short, he could not make them fast enough to gratify the public fondness for them. Pohlman, whose instruments were very inferior in tone, fabricated a great number for such as Zumpe was unable to supply. From this period, the piano-forte has constantly been improving, until it has attained its present complete state.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

[NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.]

My little friend, 't is a stormy day,
But we are left together;
I to listen, and thou to play,
So we 'll not heed the weather!
The clouds may rise, and the tempest come—
The wind and the rain may beat—
With thee to gently play "*Sweet Home!*"
I feel that home is sweet!

The yellow leaf, from the shivering tree,
On Autumn's blast is flying;
But a spirit of life, enshrined in thee,
While all abroad is dying,
Calls up the shadows of many a year,
With their joys that were bright as brief;
And if, perchance, it may start a tear,
'T is not the tear of grief.

'T is a hallowed offering of the soul,
From her richest fountain gushing—
A warm, live drop, that has spurned control,
To the eye for freedom rushing—
As Music's angel, hovering near,
To touch thy tender key,
The numbers of a higher sphere,
Is pouring forth from thee.

And while I feel his powerful hand
O'er the chords of Memory sweeping,
To waken, and bring from a spirit-land
The things that had else been sleeping,
It lifts my thoughts to a world to come,
Where the parted here shall meet,
Secure from the storms of life, at home,
And sing that home is sweet!

ANECDOTE.

FOR THE REPORTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE human voice appears to have a powerful effect upon horses. We give the following fact as an illustration.

Mons. Laine, a talented tenor singer of the Royal French Academy of Music, used to act the part of Licinius in the Opera of Trajan, by Spontini. He made his appearance on the stage, riding on a triumphal chariot drawn by four horses, selected from the circus of Mons. Franconi, who possessed the best trained horses in all France. These horses were so tame and so well disciplined, that no noise whatever could move them, not even the report of a cannon. As soon as Mons. Laine began to sing at the top of his voice, a splendid solo, called the song of glory, a piece similar to the Marseillaise Hymn, the horses became perfectly unmanageable, and leaped against each other in such a manner, as completely to break the order established among the attendants, which surrounded the chariot of Licinius. Were those horses restless through fear or pleasure? This question is a hard one to solve; but what cannot be contested is, the powerful effect of Mons. Laine's voice on the horses.

SACRED MUSIC.

BY REV. JONATHAN FRENCH.

Music, as a part of religious worship, has been in high estimation among all nations, and in all ages. In the first age, we observe men handling their harps and organs.

Songs, with the tabret and harp, were not unusual in the days of Laban and Jacob.

With voices and timbrels, Moses and Miriam, with the men and women of Israel, sang and praised God, when they had safely passed the red sea.

In the days of the judges, sacred music was employed to celebrate the triumphs, and express the thanks of the Israelites, of which, the song of Deborah and Barak is an example.

The effects of the minstrel of Elisha and the harp of David, together with the general use of music among the Hebrews, and the tender, or the majestic and sublime sentiments they sang, on festive, and on mournful occasions, and especially in the exercises of religous worship, convince us that music had attained a high degree of excellence in the days of the kings.*

The songs of Zion were afterward famous among the heathen conquerors of the Jews. If the He-

* See Calmet's Dic. art. Music.

brews wept by the rivers of Babylon, and hung their harps upon the willows when they remembered Zion, their music revived with their hope of restoration, as appears from from Ezra's enumeration of singing men and singing women, among those, who returned with him from the captivity.

Music was admired and cultivated by the most distinguished and polished nations of antiquity. The Greeks and Roman used to accompany their religious sacrifices with hymns. When the laws of the ancient Grecians were proclaimed, the herald was accompanied with a performer on the lyre.

The harps and melody of Aphion and Orpheus, however fabulous, prove the exquisite sensibility of the Grecians to the charms of music.

We infer the fondness of the ancients for music from the wonderful effects they ascribed to it. It is said, that by music diseases were cured, strong propensities controlled, seditions quelled, and passions riased and calmed; that Timotheus could excite the fury of Alexander, by the Phrygian sound, and sooth him into indolence with the Lydian lyre, and that anciently all laws, divine and civil, exhortations to virtue, the knowledge of divine and human things, and the lives and actions of illustrious persons were written in verse, and publicly sung by a chorus to the sound of instruments, which was found to be the most effectual means of impressing morality, and a right sense of duty on the mind.

MR. BRAHAM.

FOR THE REPORTER.

Often have I heard, in my youth, of the celebrated Braham, and wished that I could listen to his performances. When, however, he was announced to appear in this country, I almost feared to attend his concerts, lest the spell, which had been connected with his name by imagination, should be broken. I feared that my high wrought expectations would be disappointed, as too often happens, when we meet a man for whom we have acquired, by tradition, a sort of veneration. I concluded, however, to hear him. When he commenced the performance, I was most agreeably disappointed; and as he exhibited his powers in the different varieties of music, I became more and more interested, and could not but feel that he richly merited the high enconiums, which have been lavished upon him. I do not pretend to be a connoisseur, or so much of a critic as to judge of the taste and propriety of different cadenzas, and other embellishments; but I judge of music, as I do of oratory, by the effect produced. It is in musical elocution; in making the sound an echo to the sense; in presenting the image of every object before you so strikingly, that you at once see it in your mind; in giving a soul to the music, that

Mr. Braham excels. His singing, accordingly, enchants the listener; and as the rich tones fall on the ear, one almost doubts the reality of things before him, while his fancy portrays scenes of beauty, pleasure, pain, joy or despair, in unison with the varied notes sung by the performer. Among his most effective performances may be mentioned the passage in the Messiah, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: thou shalt dash them in pieces, like a potter's vessel." Also, the Recitative, "Deeper and deeper still;" with the air, "Waft her, Angels." The song, "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep," was sung in a peculiarly happy manner. The Cantata, "Mad Tom," was the best specimen of oratorical music, to which I have ever had the pleasure of listening. Others might be named, but I will speak of only one more, "The Bay of Biscay." Never before could I so plainly behold the raging storm, see the almost hopeless despair of the crew, as they view the dismal wreck; or participate so strongly in their joy, as they hail with three cheers the appearing sail, and with a favoring gale, leave the scene of their sufferings.

Mr. Braham's style is altogether different from the cold, unmeaning mummery, to which we are so often compelled to listen. That gentleman amateur, whose greatest musical tact consists in his high pretensions, and the lady, who leaves you in doubt whether she be performing music or practising contortions, while she thrums upon the piano, beating

music to death with her fingers, and uttering death shrieks with her voice, will undoubtedly find that Mr. Braham falls short of their expectations, and is not, after all, anything remarkable. I could not help indulging a few such thoughts as these, when Mr. Braham was singing, as I listened to the numerous criticisms, that were continually made in my hearing. One young buck at my elbow decided, that Mr. B. was certainly nothing extra. Another came to the sage conclusion, that he might have been something *once*, but was now decidedly broken down and superannuated. A third, adjusting his spectacles in a most scientific position, bravely declared, that he thought he could do better than that himself. These modest young men are no doubt vastly superior to any thing that comes in the common course of nature, and hopeful candidates for musical immortality. Still, they reminded me of the critic, who, after listening to the nightingale's beautiful melody, replied, that it was really tolerable, but if he would take a few lessons of Chanticleer, he might become a very good singer.

Those, who did not improve the opportunity of hearing Mr. Braham, have lost a rich treat, such as can be but rarely enjoyed. It is to be hoped that our professional singers will profit by the many hints, which his singing must have given them; and that we may have expression and elocution, in connection with musical sounds. MARION.

CONCERTS.

Concerts in Boston, seem at present to be the order of the day. Scarcely a day passes without seeing the city flooded with flaming hand bills, announcing some musical entertainment for the evening. And scarcely an evening passes without seeing the multitude pour forth by thousands, to listen in raptures to every thing, that is offered them, whether it be good, bad or indifferent. Indeed, if we do not have concerts on ten evenings to the week, it is not owing to any lack of disposition on the part of performers or audience, but simply because the week does not contain so many evenings. There seems to be a perfect mania in regard to this subject.

We have on one evening, the Rainers, a company of four from Europe, whose rich tones and charming harmony have delighted every ear, that has heard them. Then we have a concert from Mr. Russell, who bids fair to gain a musical immortality by singing Whig songs on all occasions, "in season and out of season," in the concert room, at the social board, and by the way-side. At one time we have Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and Miss Inverarity, of whose merits we shall say nothing, because we know nothing. Then comes Mrs. Sutton, who has just appeared among us under the imposing cognomen of the "American Vocalist." [*Where is Dixon?*]

She has given us a few touches of execution, which we rarely if ever heard excelled. Of her manners, those may speak, who can appreciate them. The Euterpian vocalists have made their debut for the season. They are a company of Boston lads, who have recently traveled through the country, giving concerts and enjoying the favor and applause of the lovers of harmony, wherever they have appeared. Mr. Braham also has passed through the city like a meteor. He has for many years enjoyed the reputation of being the most powerful and most soul-stirring singer, that the English school has ever produced.

In addition to these transient customers, we have concerts in regular succession from each of the three great musical societies, that exist in the city,—the Handel and Haydn Society, the Boston Academy of Music, and the Musical Institute. Of the comparative merit of these societies, we shall say nothing at present; though at some future time, we intend to give a faithful historical and descriptive sketch of each.

But in relation to concerts, there seems to be no end and no cessation. The musical community are continually on the alert, and never satisfied with hearing. Any thing, that comes in the shape of music, goes down, from the lofty strains of the most sublime musical elocution, to the merest, the meanest, the most contemptible drawling, that can well be imagined. We do not by this mean to imply,

that Bostonians are no judges of good music. But we do mean, that all sorts of singing find a market. There is nothing so lofty, so noble, so measured by good taste and elegant diction, but some may be found to appreciate it to its utmost value. There is nothing so drawling, so low, so ill-timed, that it cannot collect a multitude, and receive from the company applause unbounded, and huzzas without measure.

What the result of this mania may be, cannot easily be determined. But as faithful *reporters*, we shall keep the public apprised of the state of the disease, hoping that the community may soon be convalescent, and no fatal results may ensue.

INDIAN METHOD OF COURTSHIP.

Mr. Catlin, in one of his lectures, exhibited a Winnebago Courting Flute, which he said was used by the Indian lover in wooing the dark-eyed maid of the wilderness. For hours he had heard the simple sounds of this Courting Flute, and he had seen the patient lovers, sitting under a tree by the bank of a river or in front of a hedge, and never has he heard a word exchanged between the seemingly happy pair. Many marriages take place solely by the charms of this flute, as he knows it to be a fact, that a single word has never been spoken by either party during the whole period from courtship to marriage.

MUSICAL DICTIONARY.

CHOIR, *first*, that part of a church, where the singers are placed; *second*, the company of singers, associated for the performance of sacred music in a church.

ORCHESTRA, *first*, that part of a concert room, theatre, &c., where the instrumental performers are stationed; *second*, the instrumental performers themselves.

HARMONY, an agreement or consonance of two or more sounds united; also a succession of chords according to the rules of progression and modulation. Harmony is either natural or artificial. *Natural harmony* consists of the harmonic triad or common chord. *Artificial harmony* is a mixture of concords and discords, bearing relation to the harmonic triad of the fundamental note. The word harmony is of Greek origin, and originally denoted an agreeable succession of sounds, which we call the melody or air. The moderns however do not apply the term harmony to a mere succession of single sounds. For the formation of harmony, they require a union of melodies, a succession of combined sounds, composed of consonant intervals, moving according to the stated laws of progression.

MELODY, in the most general sense of the word, signifies any successive connection or series of tones; in a more narrow sense, a series of tones, which please the ear by their succession and variety; in a still narrower sense, the particular air or tune of a musical piece.

MUSICIAN, a musical performer, or one who has a knowledge of the principles of the science. This definition includes the vocalist, the instrumental performer, and the person, who writes according to the laws of harmony.

TUNING FORK, a steel instrument, consisting of two prongs and a handle. When struck and held to the ear, it produces a clear and uniform sound. For tuning stringed instruments, the fork is usually pitched on A, that being generally the pitch of one of the open strings. For tuning piano fortes, it is usually pitched on C. For the vocalist it may be on any letter, that he may desire. It was invented by John Shore, sergeant trumpeter to George I.

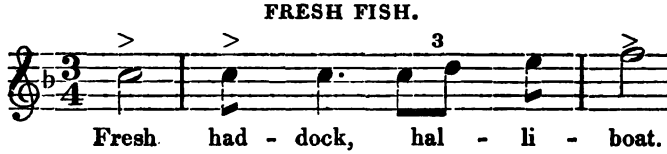
TUNING HAMMER, an iron utensil, used by piano forte tuners, about six inches long, and shaped something like a hammer. At the end of the handle, is a square hole adapted to the square ends of the iron pegs, to which the strings are attached, by turning which, the strings are tightened or relaxed to adjust their pitch.

BOSTON CRIES.

We intend at some future time to prepare an extended article containing a large number of the Boston market cries. Such specimens of the musical art, though they have no great value in themselves, are calculated to gratify the curious, and please every one, who has the love of music in his soul. Here we find the untaught language of nature, music springing up without culture,—the mere wild flowers of the forest. We have subjoined a few specimens by way of example.

POTATOES.

FRESH FISH.



OYSTERS.

FORGIVE, BLEST SHADE!

DR. CALLCOTT.

(AN EPITAPH IN A CHURCH-YARD IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

Forgive blest shade! the tributary tear, That mourns thy exit from a
world like this, Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy progress to the
seats of bliss. No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night, No more a
pp
cres.
p
tenant bent in mortal clay, Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight And
cres.
realms of day! and trace thy journey to the realms of day,
trace thy journey to the realms of day, and trace thy journey, thy journey to the realms of day.

Moderato.
1. A-
2. From
dieu, ye streams! that smoothly flow,
you without a pang I fly,
A - dieu! Ye
A - dieu! And
ver - - nal airs that soft - - ly blow,
drop no tear and heave no sigh.
A -
A -

mf
dieu! Ye trees by blooming spring ar - ray'd, Ye
dieu! But An - na, forc'd from thee to part, What
birds that war- ble through the shade, A - dieu! A-
an - guish swells my rend - - - - - - ing heart! A-
pp lento.
dieu! A - - - - - dieu!
dieu! A - - - - - dieu!
pp

SONG.

"Tell me, lovely Shepherd." BOYCE.

to the sweet re - - - treat That guards thee from the mid - day
heat.
mez.
Left by the flocks I lone - ly
p

stray, With - out a guide and lose my way.
men.
Where rest at noon thy bleat - ing
p
care? Gen - tle shep - - herd, tell me, where,

where, where, where, tell me
where, where rest at noon thy bleat - ing care? Gen - tle
shep - herd, tell me where, tell me, gen-tle shepherd, where.

DUETT, 'I saw from the beach.'

SCOTCH MELODY.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining, A
bark o'er the wa - ters moored glo - rious - ly on; I
came when the sun o'er that beach was de - clining,—The
bark was still there, but the wa - ter was gone.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise;
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

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Asa Fitz,
E. B. Dearborn.

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CONTENTS.

		Page.
NATURE OF MUSIC		49
MUSIC OF YESTERDAY		60
A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE		61
AMERICAN MUSICAL LITERATURE		62
EXTRACT		65
VIOLONCELLO		66
APOLOGUE OF JEAN-PAUL RITCHER		68
MUSICAL FIELD, No 2		69
MUSICAL EXPRESSION		77
MUSICAL DICTIONARY		82
ANCIENT MUSIC		84
GRAND CONCERT		85
CONCERTS		86
NEW WORK		88
Music.	Here in sweet sleep. ROUND.	89
	Ere around the huge oak. BALLAD.	90
	The Dumb Peal. ROUND.	92
	An address to a Locket. SONG.	93
	Russian Air.	96

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MUSICAL REPORTER.

NATURE OF MUSIC.

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Music, like poetry, has its foundation in the soul. The earliest literature of a people is poetry; partly because poetry is the language of feeling and affection—and these sentiments possess the mind long before it learns to reason and compare—and partly because poetry, by the music of its cadences, serves as an important aid to the memory. But music is the instrument, by which poetry has, from the beginning, wrought its chief effect; it is the language which, even at the present day, it uses when it would make the deepest impression upon the heart. Wherever poetry has been found, there has music been found also, her inseparable companion. We cannot, therefore, as some have done, suppose the time ever to have been, when music was not; we cannot, with them, refer it, for its origin, to the imitation of the warbling of birds, or of the wind, sighing among the reeds by the river's side. Man, constituted as he now is, was never without music in his soul. He never, surely, wanted the organs for uttering melody. Can we with more propriety deny him a soul capable of those emotions which can find vent only, or best, in song? If he has

ever had an eye to see the beauties of creation, a mind to comprehend them, a heart to feel, and a tongue to utter them,—and this is poetry,—so has he ever had an ear turned to catch all the harmony of sound which nature pours from a thousand sources, a heart to feel it, and organs capable of returning that harmony with the increased effect of nature's finest instrument, the human voice,—and this is music.

And accordingly we find that there never has been a people without music. Among the rudest barbarians of the present day we hear of the war-song and the death-song. Our earliest notices of the earliest tribes of the earth, show that this divine art has always existed among men. We may refer, in proof of this assertion, as far back as to the remotest period of the Jewish record, even to Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Throughout the whole course of the Jewish history, we meet with those who were skillful to play upon divers instruments. The Psalms of David were sung to solemn chants, of correspondent excellence, we have a right to suppose, to the beauty and grandeur of the poetry whose sentiment they were to express. In Egypt, music found an early home; as the forms of musical instruments—were there no other proof—painted upon her everlasting monuments in her undying pigments abundantly testify. The poems, of Homer, we well know, were sung; and, doubtless, to melodies suited to the sentiment

and the structure of the verse. Anacreon and Sappho sang their odes to the lyre. Pindar, it is said, sang himself to airs his own soul prompted, those magnificent odes which have immortalized him; and that in the poetic contests in which he engaged, he so often bore away the palm, is, perhaps, in part at least, to be ascribed to the related fact, that he excelled his competitors in the power, compass, and command of his voice.

We may hence with confidence maintain, that the first steps of the human race in the path of civilization and intellectual culture, are to be referred, as to other causes, so in part, to the power of music over the human soul. Who will believe that the ancient poetry which, before the invention of alphabetic writing, it was necessary to communicate orally, would have wrought the wonders ascribed to it, had it been recited in the rigid style of declamation? It was music which imparted to it its popular power; its power to alarm, to agitate, to melt, to win. It was the *Phrygian mode* which roused the martial spirit of the fiery Macedonian, and soft *Lydian* "*measures*, that soothed his soul to pleasures." Upon the philosopher in his retirement, poetry might, indeed, have had equal power, had it been simply rehearsed; or, after writing had become an art, when read from the leaves of the papyrus. But upon the rude and uncultivated populace, the choicest strains of the moral and descriptive poet would have died away in emptiness, had not melody won

for them a way to the deepest recesses of the soul.

We arrive at the same conclusion when we look at the revival of music after the overthrow of the Western empire, and the weaving together of new nations out of the materials furnished by the breaking up of the Roman power, and the irruption of the Teutonic tribes. It is from Provence we hear the first breathings of the poetic muse; but they are borne to us upon the sounds of the harp. The Troubadour, either himself sang to his instrument the wild legends with which he entertained the knights and ladies of the Castle Hall; or he was attended by the Songleur who accompanied him with his harp and voice. Indeed, the path to poetic fame was entered at the gate of music. He who aspired to be a poet, first followed the Troubadour in quality of musician. Nor do we often hear, at that period, of poetry being offered to the world otherwise than through the medium of song. Even so late as the fifteenth century we find the celebrated Pulci singing—not reading or reciting—but singing, his Morgante Maggiore at the table of Lorenzo de Medici.

Music, considered as a science, presents a study among the most subtle and profound with which the human mind is ever called to cope. In all its learned details, it tasks the most acute and philosophic mind to discover, arrange and define its principles. There are few, even of those who excel in the various departments of practice, who are competent to master the science of their art, or reach a thorough

comprehension of its deep laid principles. And even considered as an art, music is an accomplishment, which, in its highest excellence, can never be dissociated in our mind, from truly exalted talent and a soul touched by the finest sensibilities. It implies and demands the exactest preceptions, the most rapid intellect, the nicest powers of discrimination, a rare union of judgment, taste and feeling, and that power of throwing the whole soul, as it were, into an instrument, or pouring it out in the voice, which is better denominated genius than anything else. Who will deny genius to Catalani, Malibran, or Paganini? And when we see united, in an individual, the knowledge of music as a science, a profound acquaintance with the whole doctrine of harmony, the inventive mind which records upon immortal pages its original conceptions of melody and harmony, and that manual dexterity which wields the most difficult instrument with a perfect mastery, we are presented with an example of intellectual power, hardly surpassed in any other department of knowledge or art. Read an overture of Haydn or Mozart, or listen to it, simply as a study of human intellect, and you will confess that the mind, which could invent those airs and harmonies, could, in each note, as it was written, calculate the precise effect of an orchestra of a hundred instruments, give to each its proper office, combine, interweave, separate and reunite them, so as to produce that matchless result by which you are

entranced, is of the rarest order of human genius. Who can listen to the almost more than earthly strains of the Messiah, or the Creation, and not feel that the intellect which composed them would, under other circumstances, have controlled senates by the power of eloquence, stamped its immortality upon the canvass or the marble, or recorded its glowing thoughts in imperishable verse? Genius, as it has shone in music, is of a nature as ethereal and rare, as when it astonishes us in any other branch of learning or art; and it cannot be that nature will reproduce her Handels, her Haydns, her Mozarts, in greater profusion than her Homers, her Titians, or her Canovas.

When we see how much genius has been poured into modern music, that minds full of power, and hearts full of sensibility, have invented the melodies and the harmonies which delight us, how can it be otherwise than that this art should contain, within itself, the springs of an immense moral influence? I believe its influences are, for the most part, healthful and invigorating. The tendency, the natural tendency of music, as of poetry, is to soften and refine. Who would not rather expect to meet with gentleness, urbanity, kindness of heart, and a certain general air of refinement and elegance, among the lovers and disciples of music, than the opposite traits of coarseness, rudeness, incivility, and cruelty? The world has ever been of this opinion, and facts show it to be well founded. The characteristic

cruelty of the inhabitants of Cynæthæ, was attributed, by the Greek writers, to their neglect and contempt of music. And a learned historian of that people, went so far as to believe that the cultivation of music would have power to counteract the effects of a harsh and wintery climate upon the character. Had the Romans been lovers of music, had it been a national taste, is it possible their early traits of barbarism should have clung to them as they did, even to the last? Would a people with music in their souls have delighted in the savage spectacles of the circus, in the fights of gladiators, and the destruction of captives and malefactors, by wild beasts? In modern times, we have the well-attested story, remarkable for the testimony it bears to the moral power of music, of the hired assassins, sent in pursuit of the unfortunate Stradella, melted to tears, and changed to very woman in their purposes of blood, by the moving strains of their victim. And do we not notice effects in ourselves, upon our own dispositions and affections, wrought by the sorcery of this art of arts, which render perfectly credible every account that has reached us of its almost miraculous influences? Who so callous, that he is proof against the melting pathos of many of the ancient ballads? Who can hear the touching melody of "Auld Robin Gray," from the lips of one whose soul glows with sensibility, and who can throw that sensibility into the voice, and not confess himself a very child, to be moulded at will, by the

power of this siren muse? The effects of music through the national airs of different countries are not less astonishing. The exile of Switzerland, never hears, without tears, the song of his native valleys; and so potent has been its spell upon her soldiery when engaged in foreign service, filling their minds with sweet images of home, that it has been found necessary to forbid the singing of it, under the severest penalties. The streets of Paris have again and again borne witness to the moral power of her songs of freedom. What Frenchman, whose patriotism during the "three day," did not leap to the barricades, roused by the spirit-stirring notes of the sacred hymn of the Marsellois? Even here, in this land of political safety, and seclusion, and peace, whose pulse beats not quicker as he hears, now the low and wailing tones which speak of sons, and daughters, and wives, slain by tyranny, and anon the triumphant shout, which calls upon the sons of freedom to march to victory or death? Let the metaphysician ascribe as much of this power as he may to the principle of association, and the charms of verse; enough will be left to prove the residence of an immense moral power, a beautiful and a sacred power, in the art we love.

Music has ever been in close alliance with religion. In the Pagan and the Hebrew religions, the power of music was well understood by the priest, and acknowledged by the worshiper; and in Christianity, from the first hymn sung by the Savior of the world,

in company with the chosen twelve, to the present moment, music has boasted a divine power to cheer, to comfort, to support, and excite the minds of the pious. It was to the church that music fled for shelter, during those ages of uproar and barbarism, which succeeded the first establishment of Christianity upon the throne of the world, and the subsequent overthrow of that throne; and it was there, in the quiet of monastic seclusion, that her lost honors were gradually restored, and the foundations laid for those grand developments of musical genius, which have conferred an enduring celebrity upon the last century.

But if music owes something to the church, the church owes more, infinitely more, to music. It makes a large part of the religion of Christians of almost every communion; and it is the religious power of music, its power to kindle the feelings, to raise devotion, to calm the passions, to subdue the will, for which the Christian will ever chiefly honor and love it. That vast religious power is lodged in this art, no one can doubt, who is familiar with its history. The Catholic church has long known how to avail herself of the services of this potent ally. That church has not been more famous for the gorgeous pomp of her numerous rites, the magnificence of her temples, her painted ceilings, her sculptured marbles, than for the unrivalled excellence of her music,—unrivalled for its power to melt and subdue the heart. Other communions have by no

means kept pace with that of Roman in this department of worship. Yet, even in our own churches, imperfect as this part of the service is, there goes forth from it an influence which, as religion could ill spare, so she longs to see clothed with all that power which of right belongs to it. For I would say that, if there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," so there are homilies of surpassing eloquence, read to the feeling heart, in those solemn strains of vocal harmony which rise from the assembled congregation, or flow from the well instructed choir.

As a people, it may be regretted that we have displayed no musical genius, and not much musical taste. We not only have no national music,—we have very few composers. Thus far we have done nothing in this art, to correspond with what has been achieved in the related arts of poetry and painting, or even in architecture and sculpture. We have poets whom we are proud to call ours, and whose genius the literary world of Europe as well as of America, has not been slow to acknowledge. We have produced, and do still produce, painters, whose works are esteemed and sought wherever there is a taste for art. But the niche of music is vacant. We have no composers whose names are familiar household terms, like those of West and Copley and Trumbull, Newton and Leslie and Alston, Halleck and Bryant. Yet I know not that there is reason for mortification or discouragement. In other lands,

the birth and growth of this art has been almost equally late and slow. If Germany, that land where music now springs indigenous from the soil, had nothing that could be called music before the time of Keyser, if France had none before Lulli, or England before Purcell, we surely need not blush for the state of the art among ourselves, however low it may be. As for Italy, that home of brilliant genius, it seems always to have been in advance of the rest of the world, in all that relates to the elegant arts. If Petrarch and Dante were the fathers of modern poetry; if Da Vinci and Raffaelle have given lessons to the world in painting, Bramante and Palladio in architecture, M. Angelo and Canova in sculpture, Scarlatti, Cavaliere, and Pergolese have, in the same way, been our masters and guides in music. The opera, and sacred oratorio, both belong to Italian genius. And although the first opera,—the Euridice of Rinuccini—was not performed till the year 1600, yet so rapid was the progress of the art among this gifted people, that, in Venice alone, in the space of a little more than twenty years, a hundred original operas were performed; and, throughout Italy, in the period of less than a century,—the seventeenth, more than seven hundred.

Still I would not exchange our own national character for that of the Germans, or that of the Italians. But I wish we had more of the passion, which distinguishes them for that delightful and I must add, useful art, in whose praise I have said these few things.

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

MRS. HEMANS.

The chord, the harp's full chord is hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gush'd
But yesterday.

Th' awakening note, the breeze-like swell,
The full o'ersweeping tone,
The sounds that sigh'd "Farewell, farewell!"
Are gone—all gone.

The love, whose fervent spirit pass'd
With the rich measure's flow;
The grief to which it sank at last—
Where are they now?

They are with the scents, by summer's breath
Borne from a rose now shed;
With the words from lips long sealed in death—
For ever fled.

The sea shell of its native deep
A moaning thrill retains,
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,
They woke in floating by;
The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—
Could these too die?

They died—as on the water's breast
The ripple melts away,
When the breeze that stirr'd it sinks to rest—
So perish'd they!

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close,
Passing, and finding not on earth
Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath of flowers
Why thus to come and go?—
A long, long journey must be ours,
Ere this we know.

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

MRS. HEMANS.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—
Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
A thousand images of love and grief,
Dreams with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spell o'er those that hail'd thee first
In the clear light of Eden's golden day!
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gather'd, and the bier;
Rose! color'd now by human hope or pain,
Surely where death is not—nor change, nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again!

AMERICAN MUSICAL LITERATURE.

In nearly all branches of human learning, we find abundant materials, from which we can collect and form a valuable literature peculiar to the science of which they form a part. To a great extent in most of the sciences, this has already been done. Statesmen, Lawyers, Physicians, Clergymen, &c., have each their libraries, composed of books adapted to the wants of their particular professions. But not so with musical men, especially in this country. Our professors of music possess but little of what may be termed a musical literature. What little we have of any value is mostly of English or German origin, and very few, who style themselves professors of music, possess even this to any considerable extent.

Let us for one moment take a view of some musical man's library, which will be a fair specimen of most of the musical libraries in this country.

There is Gould's Church Harmony, Kingsley's Social Choir, Handel and Haydn, and Boston Academy's collection of church music, Modern Psalmist, and a few other collections of sacred music, Zeuner's Organ Music, perhaps, Boston Academy's Manual, and some old instrumental music, together with a quantity of new music, composed by a few would-be celebrated authors, which embraces nearly the whole of their libraries. And yet

with this stock of information, they think to enlighten all christendom with their superabundant knowledge.

Of musical periodicals this country has produced a few, most of which have long since gone to oblivion.

At present we have two musical publications in this city. The first of these, which has been in existence about two years, and which contains for the most part German translations, is deserving the patronage of the musical community. The German language possesses the richest materials for a musical literature, and whoever opens to us these treasures by translations is deserving of a rich reward.

The second publication, which was commenced about a year since, contains a confused mass of materials, such as notices of colleges and academies, how churches should be built or wives educated, mathematical demonstrations, &c. &c., the whole well spiced with a profusion of articles, calling on the whole christian community to sustain the intelligent editor in his laudable endeavors to harmonize the world. How such trash can be called musical literature is beyond our ability to decipher.

In addition to these publications there are a few papers scattered over the country that occasionally publish a tune or a song, but make little or no pretensions to any important rank in the musical world.

Another department in our musical literature is our singing books. From three fourths to seven eighths of the tunes in most of these books with some alterations are common to them all.

Every author and compiler of music fancies his own taste better than the composer's, and therefore commences mutilating the original copy, which by going through several editions loses almost entirely its original character, and becomes a new tune under a new signature. The original signature however is generally retained as long as it bears much resemblance to the original copy; but when the mutilating process has entirely destroyed its identity, it then comes out in a new dress, and under a new name. This practice of altering old music cannot be too much deprecated. There would be as much propriety in altering Mrs. Heman's Poems, or Webster's speeches, and then palming them off as original compositions under a new name, or even passing them off as the old, as there is in altering old music. It is to be presumed the author knew best himself what he intended by his own composition. A composer might possibly violate the rules of harmony, and there might then be a propriety in altering so far as to make the construction agreeable to the rules of good composition. But the melody, which is the language of the tune, should rarely if ever be altered.

We have but very little American music, which contains within itself the seeds of immortality. We

have indeed an abundance of music, both sacred and secular, but its day is short. A large part of the American piano forte music, songs, glees, &c. which load the shelves of our music stores, is miserable trash, better adapted to gratify the baser propensities of our natures, than to elevate our social and moral sensibilities. We have men, who might become eminent as composers, would they first go through the process of educating themselves thoroughly and faithfully for the work. Yet for want of suitable means it is difficult for them to do this. We hope the efforts now made in translating the German of Godfrey Weber by Mr. Warner will be a grand step in furnishing the materials in this country for a thorough musical education.

We need also an institution endowed with funds, sufficient to sustain professors in every department of musical science or practice, where all who are disposed can resort and obtain a thorough education in this delightful art. This cannot at present be accomplished; but every lover of the cause of music should have in view these important and glorious results.

EXTRACT.

Music is almost the only branch of education, aside from divine truth, whose direct tendency is *to cultivate the feelings.*

VIOLONCELLO.

THIS instrument claims but little of our attention when simply performing the base part to a composition, that being an employ too menial for an exhibition of its powers. Like the violin, its most striking properties are to be shown upon the first and fourth string. Corelli, in the whole of his sonatas, has scarcely touched the lowest chord, upon which Beethoven has wrought such dark effects. The tone of the first string is plaintive, and full of sensibility; and, when used in solo, has a charm of voice that is delightful. The writer was present at a grand ballet in the Academy of music at Paris, in which the twelve violoncellos took the air in all the minor movements, accompanied by the violins, violas, and bouble basses. The effect was singularly beautiful, and not to be described for its touching melancholy.

Though England has been long celebrated for its violoncello performers, we have not yet produced an artist that has drawn out the true genius of this instrument. The brilliant execution of Crosdill cannot be forgotten, and Lindley stand unrivaled.

Of all the foreigners who have visited this country, not one has ventured to remain to dispute the palm with him for tone and execution. With a force and energy unexampled, his style is yet deficient in that grace and tenderness, which is the natural language of the instrument. In the hands of old Cervetto we hear more of these tones, which incite us, like the tones of the human voice, interlaced with the most graceful arpeggios.

The writer once heard from a young Frenchman a quintetto of Boccherini, touched with such an exquisite bow and depth of feeling, as nearly to move his listeners to tears. How much these effects are enhanced, when music of this plaintive kind is unexpectedly heard amid stillness and repose! On our road to Scotland, we changed horses, in the dead of the night, at Barnsley. No sooner were our ears relieved from the rumble of the carriage, than we were greeted with the 'sounds of sweet music.' It was the waits; a little band of stringed instruments parading the market-place, performing that beautiful minuetto of Haydn, No. 29, in which the plaintive note of the violoncello threw a mournful gaiety over their nightly serenade. What sympathy! what a tone of regret! heard at such an hour! Sounds like these can never be forgotten!

APOLOGUE OF JEAN-PAUL RITCHER.

One day the guardian genius of all who possess strong sensibility thus addressed Jupiter:—"Father divine! bestow on thy poor human creatures a language more expressive than any they now possess, for they have only words signifying how they suffer, how they enjoy, and how they love? "Have I not given them tears?" replied the deity, "tears of pleasure, of pain, and the softer ones that flow from the tender passion?" The genius answered, "O, god of men! tears do not sufficiently speak the overflowings of the heart; give, I thee supplicate, to man a language that can more powerfully paint the languishing and impassioned wishes of a susceptible soul,—the recollections, so delightful, of infancy,—the soft dreams of youth and the hopes of another life, which mature age indulges while contemplating the last rays of the sun as they sink in the ocean;—give them, father of all! a new language of the heart." At this moment the celestial harmonies of the spheres announced to Jupiter the approach of the Muse of Song. To her the god immediately made a sign, and thus uttered his behests: "Descend on earth, O Muse, and teach mankind thy language?" And the Muse of Song descended to earth, taught us her accents, and from that time the heart of man has been able to speak.

MUSICAL FIELD. No. 2.

"If the coat fits, &c."

Since the publication of our January number, there has been a vast deal of quizzing in relation to the article under the caption of Musical Field. We have had all sorts of advice as to the propriety of using such plain language as we there used. And more than once the question has been put to us direct, "Whom did you intend to describe?" Several persons also have been so kind as to tell us exactly where the rod has fallen; have expressed a great deal of delight, that their neighbors have received so severe a hit, and hope that we shall follow up the matter till the backs of the poor recreants smart again. To all such persons we would say—that we are very happy to receive advice from any and every quarter,—that we shall be extremely glad to have our faults made known to us and any improvement suggested, that may tend to make our labors more useful and more acceptable to the public, that we intend to make no coats for those who do not wish to wear them,—that we are very sorry every one is so much disposed to see and feel for his neighbor, while he has not the most distant idea of wearing the coat himself,—that, after getting all the advice we can on every subject, we shall feel

constrained to act very much as in our own judgments we may deem best.

Lest the public should think us unjust in the remarks we have made, we wish to say a few things in regard to two points.

First. Teachers of vocal music. It is well known that for a few years past the Pestalozzian mode of instruction has been in this country very generally adopted by teachers of music. This is mainly owing to the labors and influence of a few individuals, who have taken pains to inform themselves, not only in relation to Pestalozzianism, but in the principles of human nature, the best methods of conveying ideas from mind to mind, the most direct means of imparting to others that clear and definite knowledge of any subject, which they themselves possess. They have labored to reduce the principles of the science to their native simplicity, and explain those principles by language that shall be clear, simple and unambiguous. In doing this they have endeavored only to place music on the same footing with all other sciences and all other subjects of instruction. And great credit is due to those who have labored long and faithfully in this department, and have been instrumental in bringing about the state of things, which now exists.

When this mode of instruction was fairly tested and fairly placed before the public eye, it commended itself to the good sense of every man, and obtained in its favor an almost universal expression of approbation.

This no sooner happened than multitudes of aspirants flocked to the fountain head of musical knowledge to qualify themselves to become followers of Pestalozzi. And after obtaining a smattering of an indistinct something, which they had seen chalked out on the black board, they have sallied forth full-fledged to astonish the world by the brilliancy of their talents. While this thing was a novelty, such teachers have flourished and have had their reward. But that day is past. The novelty itself is gone, and the whole community begin to appreciate the teacher and the instruction according to their true merits.

Now there are several reasons why such teachers, as we have described, cannot and ought not to succeed. In the first place they are often extremely ignorant of the first principles of the very science, which they attempt to teach. Perhaps they can read music tolerably well, can lead off a choir by the force of their own powers, or can sing by rote every ditty they have heard, since they graduated from the nursery. This makes the sum total of their musical ability, which of course will prepare them to come out first rate teachers. Again they know very little concerning the very system of which they are so proud, for the plain reason that they take no time to inform themselves. They go to some teacher of high reputation, and under his instruction devote a few weeks, a few days, or perhaps a few hours to the subject, and then go into the field to disgrace their teachers, disgrace the science and disgrace themselves.

But another grand reason against the success of such persons is, that they know nothing of human nature, nothing of the human mind, or of the avenues, by which knowledge is conveyed from the teacher to the taught. In short they know not how to teach. This knowledge is as necessary to the teacher of music, as to the teacher of mathematics, as necessary to give a clear and proper knowledge of the principles and practice of music, as to explain the motion of the planets, or the laws of gravitation. A man must be able to divide his matter into steps sufficiently short to come within the comprehension of all. He must be able to follow up the subject step by step, as the pupil masters each successive portion of the work. He should be able to present the subject in the clearest point of view; and when one expedient fails to convince, or the pupil fails to comprehend, his ready invention should dictate some new mode of attack, or some new method of reaching the mind. He should be thoroughly versed in the art of teaching. When this is the character of our teachers we shall cease to complain.

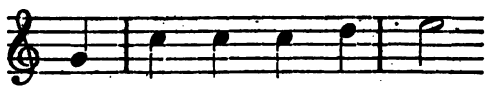
There is one other subject mentioned in our article of January, which deserves attention. We refer to the practice of copying music from the works of others, and palming off the same as new and original. On this point we wish to be understood. We by no means say, that a composer is guilty of plagiarism in any bad sense of the term, because we find occasionally a passage in his com-

position, that is common to the production of some other author. This will frequently happen. If a writer can so re-arrange and new model those ideas, which he may find floating in the chaos of the musical world, he is deserving of praise. If he can select from the massive works of his predecessors those gems, which the hand of time cannot dim, whose lustre increases as they descend to posterity, if he can arrange these into a tangible and disposable form with the true author's name attached, he certainly deserves the gratitude of every lover of harmony. But when we see a man take a whole strain from one author and a whole strain from another, when we see him steal his whole matter from his betters, making only such alterations as will unite the disjoined fragments into one mass, and then without a blush put his own name to the compilation, we then feel like giving battle. Such men, be they high or low, rich or poor, foreign or domestic may expect no favors and no compromise. That such plagiarism is too often practiced, is a serious fact. We shall at present produce but one example, which is directly to the point.

Not long since a piece of music was published in Boston, entitled CHRISTMAS ODE. It was prepared, as we are given to understand, for a Christmas occasion, with the compiler's name placed over it as composer. With the harmony of Christmas Ode, we have nothing to do. The melody, which we have divided into parts and numbered for the

convenience of analizing, is as follows;

In this Ode we have a composition of eight strains, which we will proceed to examine. In the New Hampshire collection of music, page 264, we find the following passage;



If any one will take the trouble to compare this with the strain in Christmas Ode marked No. 1, he will find, not simply a striking resemblance, but the same melody, note for note, with a change of key In the Northern Harp, page 148, we find a tune, in which occurs the following passage;

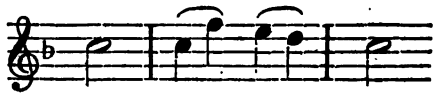
This with the exception of the first note is precisely the same melody as strain No. 2, in Christmas Ode. In the Northern Harp, page 173, is the following;

This passage so nearly resembles No. 3, in the Ode, that no one can mistake its origin. Again in the Boston Academy's collection, page 208, see the following;

This is strain No. 4, exact.

No. 5, is the same as No. 1; see New Hampshire collection. No. 6, is the same as No. 2; see Northern Harp.

In the Handel and Haydn society's collection, page 258, see the following;



The principle part of No. 7, is exactly the same, though the beginning of the strain seems manufactured to make the fragment fit well in its place. For the last strain of the Ode, No. 8, see Handel and Haydn society's collection, page 179, Bridgewater collection, page 179, or Boston Academy's collection, page 185. In either place may be found the following cadence, excepting the difference of keys.

Here then we have the entire Ode purloined, piece by piece, from the works of others, and published with the compiler's name attached, as the composer of the music.

Now it is not at all impossible, that one man should think exactly like another, or adopt precisely the same mode of expressing his thoughts. But if any one will turn to his old school books, and look up the common rules for the calculation of chances, he will find a very strong *probability against* the supposition, that a man could write eight strains in succession, and make no alteration from his neighbors' copy, except just what was necessary to make the disjoined elements lay smooth together.

We really cannot believe that the compiler of Christmas Ode sat down at his table with his books before him, and actually copied the strains, intending to do so. Perhaps he had sung them in his childhood, so long since that he had no recollection of their origin. They may have been passing through his mind from time to time ever since, till he really supposed them his own; and when the occasion required, out came Christmas Ode with the author's name and all due claim to originality. There may be nothing criminal in this. But we detest the practice, and have no respect for the perpetrator whoever he may be.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

FOR THE REPORTER.

(Continued from page 21.)

A due musical expression, accordingly, involves the two following principal requisites:

1st. The musical artist must accurately know himself, and, in all cases where it is possible to avoid it, he must never attempt anything which is contrary to his character or to which he is not adapted. Since, however, like the epic poet, he may often have occasion to represent things of an entirely opposite nature, as *e. g.* at one time a pacific, gentle state of the mind, and at another a wrathful temper, at one time a timid feeling and at another a spirit of daring boldness, it is important that, with reference to this very exigence, he bring himself by diligent application and practice, by a thorough study of the nature and operations of the human mind, and by a higher and more advanced cultivation in general, into a condition of capability, to transfer himself into every possible variety of thought, feeling, or sentiment, and thus to make all the numerous diversities of human character fully and perfectly his own. And,

2d. He must acquire an accurate and perfect acquaintance with the practical means which his art

affords, for the rich and varied representations that fall within its province, must closely investigate their internal and external nature, and must perfectly inform himself of the most natural and certain effects of their different uses.

As it respects the musical artist who possesses a properly creative power, namely the so called musical composer, still other points of attention must be brought into the account, in considering the means to be employed with a view to a desired musical expression. The composer may, for example, avail himself of the following means, to wit:

(A) The tones themselves, intervals, and the different combinations of these.

(B) The harmony and its progression, which, (without regard to the measure,) proceeds easily and naturally, comparatively free from complications and from hard, disagreeable obstructions, in cases where mild and agreeable effects are to be produced; while, on the contrary, in cases where effects are to be expressed which are of a violent, disagreeable, or repulsive character, the progression of the harmony should be disturbed and broken in upon by more frequent modulations and more complicated changes, by numerous and unusual dissonances and interruptions, and also by sudden and comparatively unprepared resolutions.

(C) The keys, all of which have their own distinct, appropriate, and peculiar character.

(D) The measure, and musical rhythm in general;

for, by means of rhythm alone, the general nature of all possible varieties of the internal affections or operations of the mind can be clearly imitated.

(E) The melody, which is indisputably the most efficient and expressive language of the heart, and carries with it an intelligible meaning, even without the accompanying harmony.

(F) The accent, *i. e.* the changes of the tones in respect to strength and weakness, as a particular branch of rhythm.

(G) Instruments, whose peculiar and appropriate character, in itself considered, becomes modified in a great variety of ways and is made to assume the more specific coloring of different particular characters, by connection with still other instruments,—thus rendering the accompaniment an important means of musical expression.

(H) The construction of the harmony, and finally,

(I) The different species of musical composition; for, every piece of music, whether it be vocal, and accompanied with words, or purely instrumental, has its own distinct and peculiar character, by means of which it has in itself, the power to awake specific and entirely determinate feelings in the mind of the hearer, and which every composer must have determined upon before he goes to his work, since every possible dialect which he would wish his composition to speak, or, in other words, every varitey of sentiment which he would wish his composition to communicate, has a definite, distinct and

appropriate species of musical composition, corresponding to it.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The circumstances under which the foregoing article was originally written, occasioned it to be compressed into a very condensed form, and for this reason its merits will not probably be so readily or so generally appreciated as they otherwise would. Perhaps this remark is especially true of the American reader, who is not accustomed to see matters of this kind expressed in a style so close, compact and sententious. The more attentive and discriminating, however, will detect here the germs of important principles. They will discover hints which are adapted to introduce many useful reflections, and which can be turned to the highest practical advantage.

The subject to which this article relates it at once the most radical one in music, and, at the same time, especially in this country, is the most neglected. It certainly must excite surprise in every considerate musical mind, and indeed, in every mind whatever, at all accustomed to reflection, that a property so material to music as is an appropriate and well characterized expression, should be so little thought of, so little attended to, so little cultivated, and that it should so rarely be found either in musical composition or in

musical performance! It would seem that the mind of those who give tone and character to the musical habits of the community has been carried away from the legitimate purposes of the art, and, instead of engrossing itself chiefly with what is most material to effect and what should always constitute the chief point of aim, has fixed itself rather upon what may be termed the exterior and mechanical investments of music, or, in other words, upon things which sustain about the same relation to music, considered in its legitimate and appropriate character, as body does to soul, or as external nature does to the living intelligence that created and sways it. O let music but put on its true nature, let it appear as God designed it to appear and be employed as he intended it to be employed, and how changed would be the estimation in which community hold it, and how great the power it would wield in the sweetest and deepest channels of human well-being!

The subject in question, it must be obvious to every one, can have no sort of justice done it within the limits here prescribed. In order to be duly treated, it requires, instead of a brief article appropriating itself to vague generalities, the detail, the method, and the fulness of a volume.

MUSICAL DICTIONARY.

ACCENT. Accent is a peculiar force or expression given to certain notes and syllables. In every word one or more syllables are pronounced with peculiar force, arising from the very nature and mechanical structure of the language. Such syllables are called long or accented syllables, while others, which receive less force, are termed short or unaccented. The adaptation of this principle of the language to music lies at the foundation of musical accent.

The frequency, with which the accent occurs, depends on the kind of time and the number of notes in the measure. In double and triple measure the accent always falls on the first part. In the compound measures the accent falls on the parts corresponding to the accented parts of the simple measures, of which they are composed, while the fullest accent falls on the first part.

In psalmody the accent of the music should conform to the accent of the words. If the words require it, the accent may fall on the unaccented part of the measure. It is often better to sacrifice the rhythm of the music than to injure the sentiment of the words.

EMPHASIS. Emphasis is a peculiar force or power laid on certain passages or sentences, and is sometimes called rhetorical accent. This differs from

the grammatical accent, inasmuch as one is an additional force laid on syllables, the other on words or sentences. One is wholly mechanical and arises from the structure of the language, the other comes from the signification, and relates entirely to the sentiment to be enforced.

Emphasis is entirely independent of accent, and whenever it is used the accent should be made distinctly perceptible.

Fugue. The Fugue is a composition in which the parts set off successively and follow each other. The leading part gives out the subject which is imitated or repeated by the other parts in succession. Fugues are a sort of noisy composition, for which reason they are at the present time rarely introduced into psalmody.

Round. A Round or canon is a kind of perpetual fugue. The voices begin one after the other and successively take up the same subject and perform the same part, while each voice as it finishes the last passage returns again to the first.

The Round is a species of light and fanciful composition which has in itself little value except as a matter of amusement, or excitement to the juvenile imagination.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Musical instruments having been found in the tombs of the Theban kings, of a date as early as the reign of Osymandyas, two thousand years before Christ, we are constrained to believe that music as a science was understood at that early age. From the Egyptians, the Greeks and Hebrews undoubtedly learned the science; and, according to the mythological tradition of the former, they received the art from Lydia, where Amphion learned it, and from the Arcadian shepherds, who played upon the pipe, flute and cithern. The songs of the ancient Greeks were musical recitations accompanied by instruments; yet we have no account of music having been studied as a science until about six hundred years before Christ. It is said that Lasus, a Peloponnesian, who was a pupil of Pindar, wrote a treatise on music about five hundred and fifty years before Christ. Pythagoras attempted a mathematical analysis of tones, and it is said, that he added the eighth chord to the harp. In the times of Pericles and Socrates, Damon is mentioned as a distinguished teacher.

From the first revival of the art in Europe, the greatest composers have directed their powers to the construction of sacred melodies, and indeed it would seem that such themes were alone adequate to a full

exercise of refined musical powers. Of the great modern composers, Mozart was less confined to this species of composition. His secular airs have given him a fame that will flourish in all the greenness of youth as long as such melodies are esteemed, while the sublime sacred oratorios and anthems of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Pleyel and others, will thrill the bosoms of millions yet unborn with the most elevated of intellectual emotions. They form the splendid mausoleums wherein these great composers lie embalmed, which will defy the destroying finger of decay so long as there is a chord in the human soul, that may be made to vibrate at the inspired touch of the muse of poetry.

GRAND CONCERT.

At a splendid musical festival held in York, England, in 1825, there were 619 performers, and an audience of more than six thousand persons. The festival continued four days. The choir and orchestra were composed as follows;

Conductors 2, Leaders 4, - - - - - -	6
Principal singers, male 8, female 7, - -	15
Chorus, Treble 90, Alto 70, - - - -	160
Tenor 90, Bass 100, - - - - - -	190
Instruments, stringed 174, wind 71, - -	245
Drums 2, Harp 1, - - - - - - - -	3
Total, - - - - - -	619

CONCERTS.

Concert music continues to be the order of the day. The state of the public mind in regard to this matter seems to remain decidedly in statu quo. Concerts are given on almost every evening in the week, and sometimes as many as three or four occur at the same time. Many of these are got up by individuals and small clubs for their own private benefit, in addition to which quite a variety has been given by the permanent societies of the city. The Handel and Haydn Society and The Musical Institute have given several, of whose character we know nothing except what we infer from the known character of the societies. Such is their standing and the well known ability of their members, that we have no hesitation in supposing, that, whatever they should see fit to bring out, would as a matter of course be of a high order and calculated to do honor to themselves, as well as to the science of music in general.

The Boston Academy of Music is at present engaged in giving a series of concerts, one of which came off on the evening of January 2d. The performance on that evening was Schiller's Song of the Bell with music by Romberg, the whole translated and adapted to English by the President of the

Academy. Some parts of this admirable work were well performed. The Choir of the Academy is well qualified to do ample justice to this or any other piece they have ever attempted. They are on the whole an able and powerful body, competent to read the most difficult music and judge accurately of good musical expression and correct taste. But there is a certain something in the choir, that should be eradicated,—a sort of listless, don't-care way of performance, that can easily be avoided, if every member will put himself to the task. There is apparently a lack of that interest and energy, which induces a singer to engage in the matter as if he loved the subject itself, and enter with his whole soul into the business, for the love he bears to the science. If more zeal and more fire could be generated, if the choir would take hold of the matter with a strong hand and a willing mind, we should hear music from the Academy that would warm the hearts of hearer and performer, and do more in one season to elevate the standard of music, than can now be done in ten. Is not the end worthy of the trial?

In relation to the orchestra attached to the Academy, we shall say nothing, till a minute description of its composition can be obtained.

One concert has recently been given by the Musical Education Society. This is comparatively a young society. It has grown up within a few years, and is composed entirely of young persons, who enter into the spirit of the subject

with a degree of energy, that is deserving of great commendation. It is in reality what the name purports, a society for musical instruction and mutual improvement. If we were to judge from the interest taken by the members in the concerns of the society, by the character of the teachers employed and by the concert to which we listened, we should say that this society is destined one day to vie with any company of performers which the city affords. There is a precision in their movements, and a degree of energy and soul in their performance, which is rarely excelled, which, if followed up with zeal and perseverance, will cause them to take a high stand among the patrons of the art.

NEW WORK.

We have just received the first number of a monthly periodical called the Melodies of Germany. It contains a selection of German Airs with both German and English Poetry attached. We wish all manner of success to every work, that will have a tendency to improve the popular taste, and promote the cultivation of music among all classes. We doubt not that the work before us will have such a tendency, provided the publishers are careful to exclude from its pages every thing, that would come under the general denomination of *trash*. This will no doubt be the case, and we feel a pleasure in announcing a work of this description.

ROUND. 'Here in sweet sleep.'

W. HORSLEY, M. B.

1
Here, in sweet sleep the son of Ni - con lies, He sleeps, for who shall
2
Here, in sweet sleep the son of Ni - con lies, He sleeps, for who shall
3
He sleeps, for who shall say the good man dies, for
say the good man dies? who shall say the good man dies? Here
2
express.
say the good man dies? for who shall say . . the good man dies?
3
who shall say, who shall say the good . . man dies?
1

BALLAD. 'Ere around the huge oak.'

SHIELD.

Ere a - round the huge oak that o'er -
p
- - shadows yon mill, The fond Ivy had dared to entwine; Ere the
church was a ru - in that nods on the hill, Or the

2

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since, my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

3

He dying bequeathed to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

ROUND. 'The Dumb Peal.' DR. COOKE.

(The pauses indicate the final close.)

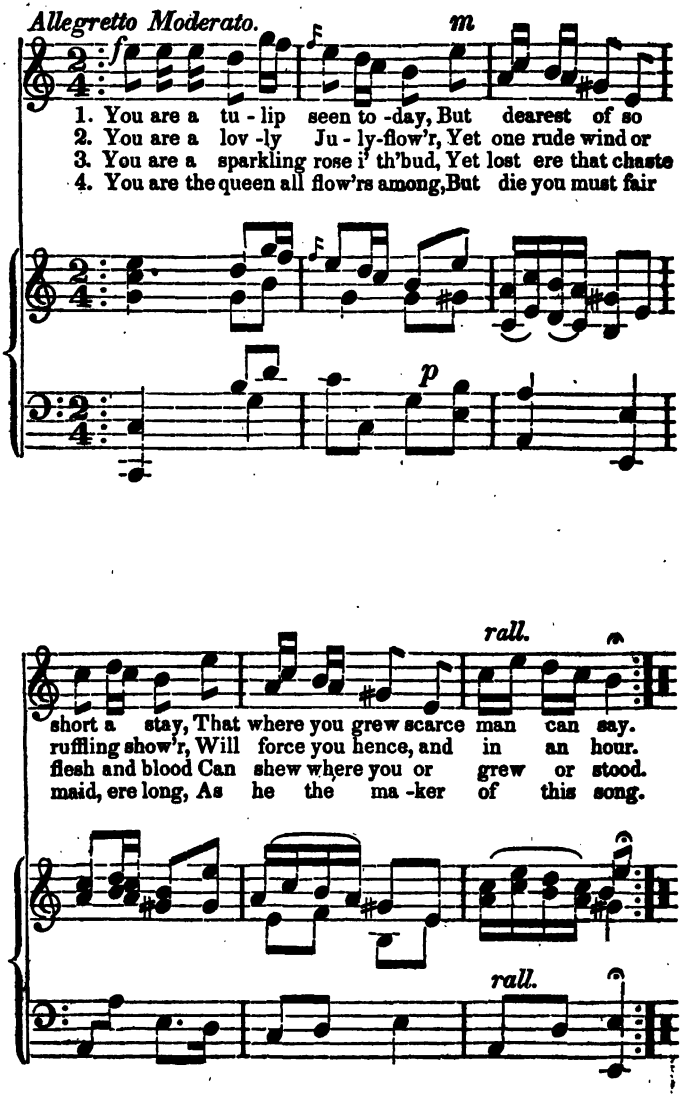
Slow and expressive.
1
Bell, Bim, Bome, Bell, Bim, Bome,
well.
2
Bell. Hark! hark! now the mourn - ful
3
- - hood doth tell, That John - ny bids us
4
Farewell. Then since he's gone we'll ring his
2
Bell, Bim, Bome, Bell, Bim, Bome,
3
muffled bell, The weep - ing neigh - - bor - -
4
all fare - well, fare - - - well.
1
knell, we'll ring his knell, For long was he be - lov - ed

DR. ARNOLD.

Affettuoso.
m
3
p
cres.
pp
1. Come, thou soft and sa - cred fa - vor, The re - -
2. When the hope of hap - py ti - dings Shall the
3. Hap - py when this heart is sink - ing, Thou shalt
p

- membrance chaste im - part; Take thy station on my
sweet sen - sa - tions move, When the white and wing - ed
soothe the ri - sing sigh; When with woe surcharg'd 'tis
bosom, Light - ly lodging on my heart. While that
a-gents Whis-per friendship, whis - per love. Then all
heaving, Thou shalt see the rea - son why, Come, thou
ten - der heart . . shall flut - ter, Thou the
sym -pa - thet - - - - ic thrill - ing, Thou the
dear and cher - - - - ish'd fa - vor Learn what

se - cret cause shalt share, Whether pleasure or dis -
ro - sy stream shalt guide, While as runs the rud - dy
thou wilt ne'er im - part, Fix thy throne, and fix it
- as - ter, Thou shalt see what stirs it
trea - sure, Thou'rt the ge - nius of the
ev - er, In the re - gions of my
there, Thou shalt see what stirs it there.
tide, Thou'rt the ge - nius of the tide.
heart, In the re - gions of my heart.


Allegretto Moderato.
f
m
1. You are a tu - lip seen to -day, But dearest of so
2. You are a lov -ly Ju - ly-flow'r, Yet one rude wind or
3. You are a sparkling rose i' th'bud, Yet lost ere that chaste
4. You are the queen all flow'rs among, But die you must fair
p
rall.
short a stay, That where you grew scarce man can say.
ruffling show'r, Will force you hence, and in an hour.
flesh and blood Can shew where you or grew or stood.
maid, ere long, As he the ma -ker of this song.
rall.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
AUBER	97
LANGUAGE OF MUSIC	101
ANECDOTE	107
HEAVEN	108
CHOIR MUSIC	109
BASE	115
THE FREE CHAMOIS	116
ELEMENTARY MUSICAL INSTRUCTION	117
PROPERTIES OF MUSIC.	120
TURKISH MUSICAL GUSTO	126
CONCERTS	127
PAGANINI	130
ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH	131
HAUTBOY OR OBOE	133
CHAPTER OF ERRORS	134
CENTENNIAL OF THE MESSIAH	136
Music. Evening Hymn.	137
Aspiration.	138
Round.	139
Look up to Heaven.	140
Song.	142

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MUSICAL REPORTER.

AUBER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE REPORTER.

Daniel Francois Esprit Auber, born at Caen the 29th of January 1784, on a journey which his parents made to that city, was the son of a print-seller of Paris who was in easy circumstances. Endowed with a most happy disposition for music, M. Auber first studied this art as an object of pleasure. After having learned to play upon the piano under the direction of Ladurner, he was sent to London, to pursue the profession of a merchant; but, being soon disgusted with a situation for which he did not feel that he had been born, he returned to Paris. Being well received by the public because of his talents and genius, he began to make himself known by some small compositions such as romances, some of which met with success. A trio for the piano, violin and violoncello, which he published about the same time at Paris, proves that he could treat instrumental music with ability. But some other more considerable works soon increased his reputation among artists. He was an intimate friend of Lamare the celebrated violoncellist, who had a style altogether peculiar in his manner of playing the bass, and which he desired to propagate

by a species of music adapted to that purpose; but, by a remarkable circumstance which it would be difficult to explain, he had neither a melodious idea or trait in his head which he was able to employ in a piece of music. At his request, M. Auber wrote all the bass concertos which have appeared in the name of this virtuoso, and also some others which have remained in manuscript. The public thought that these concertos were the compositions of Lamare; but all artists knew that they were due to the talent of M. Auber. The original character of this music produced a very great sensation in the public, and it could be forseen that, from that time, the youthful composer to whom it was due would one day enjoy a brilliant reputation. About the same time M. Auber wrote a concerto for the violin which was performed at the Conservatory of Music at Paris by M. Mazas, and which was eminently successful. The desire of laboring for the theatre had already caused him to set again to music the old comic opera, entitled *Julie*, with an accompaniment for two violins, two altos, violoncello and contrebasso. This work, which contained many charming pieces, was represented at a theatre of amateurs at Paris, and received much applause. A short time afterwards M. Auber wrote for the small theatre of M. de Caraman, prince of Chimay, another opera with orchestra complete, from which he has since selected many pieces for his other works.

Notwithstanding his success, which until that time

had been confined within the circle of a certain number of artists and amateurs, M. Auber was sensible that his musical studies had been incomplete and that his knowledge failed him in the art of writing—and being desirous of completing his education in this respect, he devoted himself to some arduous labors under the direction of M. Cherubini. These studies being finished, he wrote a mass for four voices from which he has since taken the prayer in his opera of *La Muette de Portici.* In 1813 he made his debut in public by an opera in one act which he caused to be represented at the theatre Feydeau under the title of *Séjour militaire.* This work did not answer the expectations which the first attempts of M. Auber had excited, and contained nothing of that grace and originality of ideas which had gained applause for his former productions. A repose for many years followed this check, and the composer seemed to have renounced a career in which brilliant success awaited him, when the derangement of his fortune, and the death of his father, obliged M. Auber himself to seek some resources for his support in the exercise of an art which until then had been to him only a relaxation. In 1819 he caused to be represented at the Opera Comique *le Testament et les Billets doux*, an opera in one act. This work was still less fortunate than the first public attempt of the talents of M. Auber had been. The eulogiums which had been lavished upon him were now considered as the opinion of a

coterie and arising from partiality; but the composer soon retrieved himself by *La Bergère châtelaine*, an opera in three acts which was played at the same theatre during the first part of the year 1820. The original ideas, the melody, an elegant instrumentation and dramatic effect distinguished this work, which obtained complete success, and which may be considered as the first foundation of the brilliant reputation of its author. *Emma ou la Promesse imprudente*, an opera in three acts, performed in 1821, completed what *la Bergère châtelaine* had commenced, and from that time M. Auber knew nothing but success.

In the two works which are about to be cited, the composer was given up to the individuality of his ideas, and had made known a music whose style was adapted to him. But at this time commenced in France the great success of the operas of Rossini, and, like many musicians, M. Auber modified his style by introducing into it some of the formulas of the style of the master of Pesaro. His melodies ceased to be expressive and were overloaded with embellishments which were not always in accordance with the position and character of the personages; in a word he submitted to the taste of the moment instead of establishing his own taste—he wished for success, and it was easier to obtain it in this way, than to be indebted to himself for it. From the constant use of certain means of effect adopted by M. Auber, there must necessarily result a certain

monotony of style which is indeed the radical evil of the operas of this composer which have succeeded *Emma* and *la Bergère châtelaine*, although these works contain very remarkable passages which denote distinguished talent. *Leicester*, in three acts (1822); *la Neige* in three acts (1823); *le Concert à la Cour* (1824); *Léocadie*, in three acts (1824); *le Maçon*, in three acts (1825); *Fiorella*, in three acts (1826); *la Fiancée*, in three acts (1828), and *Fra-Diavolo*, in three acts (1829), contain many very pretty pieces which are frequently applied to the scene in a very spiritual manner—and nearly all the little airs or couplets of these works are remarkable for elegance and grace.

What is wanting in the talent of M. Auber, is force, passion; and he has therefore scarcely ever been successful in those situations which require dramatic power. *Léocadie*, *le Maçon* and *Fiorella* present some of those passages in which the musician has not known how to produce effect except with noise—the expression of the heart is wanting altogether. It is proper however to say that the composer has been more successful in *la Muette de Portici*, a grand opera, which was performed at the Royal Academy of Music at the beginning of the year 1828. There are also bold passages which have been seized upon and well brought out. And hence it happens that this work is justly considered in Germany as the Chef-d' œuvre of M. Auber. We also find there a variety of style which does not exist in the operas which afterwards pro-

ceeded from his pen. In *le Philtre*, a pretty bagatelle performed at the same theatre in the summer of 1831, M. Auber finds himself in his natural talent, and his spiritual style is there reproduced to advantage. *Le Dieu la Bayadère* and *le Serment*, feeble productions of his too premature pen, succeeded this little work, and have injured rather than increased the reputation of their author. It was expected that he would have retrieved himself by his *Gustave III*, a grand opera in five acts, the subject of which, treated with much ability by M. Scribe, offered to the composer some dramatic situations of a varied character and favorable also to music; but this expectation has been cruelly disappointed, for M Auber has never been so powerless. And if the work has met with any success, it is only to the pomp of the spectacle and the skill of the manager of the theatre that it has been due. Although a rare thing in an opera, the musician has on this occasion fallen below the poet.

To the works of M. Auber which have been before cited, we must add *le Timide*, a comic opera performed without success in 1826; *Vendôme en Espagne*, written in connection with Hérold (December 1823) on the occasion of the return of the duke d' Angoulême to Paris, besides some other trifling works.

In the month of May 1825, M. Auber was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the Academy of Fine Arts of the Institute elected him one of their members in the month of April 1829.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Nature has given to all men the ability to express ardent feeling, and peculiar emotion, by tones peculiarly modified. The accents of sorrow and grief, are not mistaken for those of exultation and joy, by any human being; nor, do the bold and challenging measures of a martial air, or of a war song, enkindle emotions of a like nature with those, which are awakened by a "*pastorale*" or a lullaby. It is evident, therefore, that some classes of emotions may find an intelligible utterance in tones, independently of words; and it is also true, that many degrees, both of pleasureable and of painful emotion, can be definitely expressed, and clearly understood, by those whom chance, accident, or misfortune may have brought together, without other common means of communication. Such tones are instinctive, from an impress which nature gives to them. This distinguishing characteristic, is made manifest in their time, their quality, and their accent. Hence, they form material for a musical language, definite, expressive, and comprehensible. And, although in this strict original sense, the language of music is limited; yet, resting as it does upon this deep laid basis of nature, it has, like other languages, in its progress and

improvement, come at length to discourse intelligibly, of the highest flights of human fancy, and of the lowest depths in the regions of sound, appreciable by the human ear, in other words, to speak distinctly, in bright, sparkling, and polished phrase, of the most airy imaginings of man; and to utter in forcible, impassioned, and well constructed sentences, his most profound musical thoughts. It is not very surprising, however, that this language of music, which is being constantly improved and extended by the efforts of its numerous votaries, should, in the hands of gifted individuals, be able to outstrip in its refinement and high attainment, the immediate comprehension of the mass of minds; and especially so, as nature occasionally strikes off a genius to please herself, who, leaving all competition and precedent behind, soars away on his own account, upborne by an irrepressible impulse, which no untoward circumstances of life or condition can possibly keep down. Such was the child, Handel, stealthily practising on his "Clavichord." Such were Haydn, and Mozart, and Beethoven, and such was Anthony Philip Heinrich, mapping upon lines and spaces, the discursive flights of his own free fancy, while tenanting in glorious contempt of his poverty, a log-cabin in Kentucky, then a western wild. Nor, is he less so now, as the author of the "Fantasia Dolorosa," when elevated to one of those lofty and retired situations, usually allotted to men of extraordinary genius during their life-time, who choose to be

enquired for, by that which shall succeed, rather than court an ephemeral popularity, with a contemporary generation.

The title, "Fantasia Dolorosa," and the dedication, which is to the memory of a professional friend, characterize the above mentioned production, as a descriptive *funeral* piece. It opens with a grave movement, in E *minor*; "*sempre sostenuto, motto legato è espressivo.* Let us contemplate the scene. At the late dwelling of the deceased, many loved ones are gathered around, clad in the habiliments of mourning, to attend the obsequies. Reposing before them, costumed for the grave, lie the remains of the departed. A deep and solemn silence prevails—feeling becomes intense—a sigh escapes which seems to say—"*Oh my friend!*" This short phrase forms the theme, or subject of the piece. It is repeated with a wailing effect, as it descends, step by step, from the fifth to the key note, accompanied by a harmony exceedingly impressive. A slight vibration is then perceived, indicating the strong emotion which is fully expressed in the next measure, by a descent to the *seventh*, when a protracted "*tremolante*" upon that chord takes place, producing a *shivering* effect, like that which we sometimes feel on finding ourselves alone with a dead body.

We are relieved by the bass; the theme resumed, is immediately caught in the octave above, and in passing through the few remaining measures, receives a chromatic coloring, which renders it striking, and

peculiarly effective. The strain terminates "*Piano*" on the key, repeating the note for the last time with emphasis as a preparative for the change of scene which is to follow. After an *ad libitum* suspension, corresponding to the circumstances and the much retarded movement which is to succeed, the Band take up the subject in the relative major key, the Bell strikes to the slow tread of a dead march, and the procession moves! The wildly varied and mournful wail, heard, as the subject passes from part to part, becomes deeply impressive, and the whole illusion is invested with an ideal reality by the tolling bell, which continues to reverberate its solemn peal to the end of the strain. The key now returns to the *minor*, and the *phrase* again takes its original form; after which, it passes through many mutations, is amplified and varied with much ingenuity and originality, receives many new tints from chromatic coloring, and makes some new *points*, by new rhythmical subdivisions, which will *test* the ability even of a great performer.

A "*tremolante*" of two measures announces the arrival at the place of interment, and a few plain chords "*pianissimo*, bring us within the precincts of the sacred edifice. The soft stealing notes of the ORGAN in the style "*Religioso*," now breathe comfort and hope in the serene and sunny key of E with sharps, expressive of those sentiments with which religion consoles her votaries. "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—"Blessed are the dead who die in the

Lord." Much skill, science, and a critical knowledge of harmonic combinations is manifest in the construction of this organ music. It is continued with devotional effect until the approach to the vault, when a sudden tremor is felt extending to the lower octaves of the instrument—it ceases, and a single measure declares the commitment of the body to the ground,—the "*Earth to earth—ashes to ashes —dust to dust*" with the gloomy echo, from the dark cavern of the dead. This is made most impressive, and solemn beyond description, by a continued increasing and diminishing "*tremolante*" through five successive measures. The organ resumes its soft consoling melody,—the broken groups of the procession retire—and the last dying notes of the final cadence, by a beautiful modulation, fall upon the ear in the original *minor*. Such is the language of music as sketched in the *score* of this masterly composition.

ANECDOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE REPORTER.

It has been observed that horses have much taste for music. Among the sounds of all instruments the sweet melody of the flute is to them the most pleasing. The following fact is from Arioste. The Sybarytes, a luxurious and effem-

inate people, used to train their horses to dance to the sound and cadence of the flute, instead of breaking them to military evolutions. The Chrotoniates, their enemies, being aware of this circumstance, used the following stratagem at the moment of entering into battle. Instead of giving the usual signal for a charge of cavalry by sounding the trumpet, they began suddenly to play the flute. The horses of the Sybarytes, immediately began to dance, and jump, and in the height of their joy crossed over to the side of the Chrotoniates, carrying their astonished riders with them. The Sybarytes, by this trick fell into the power of their enemies, and were completely defeated.

HEAVEN.

LADY EMELINE.

Soon, soon shall my toiling bark touch on the shore,
  Where the desolate heart shall be blest;
Where the surge of this long troubling ocean no more
  Shall deprive the worn spirit of rest.

Where no cure for the past, and no fear for the morrow,
  Shall oppress earth's tired wanderers—welcomed, forgiven;
Where the bark that hath rode through the dim waves of sorrow,
  Shall anchor sublimely in shadowless heaven.

On, on! my frail bark, through the surge and the spray—
  There's a beacon that beckons and leads from afar;
On, on! my weak bark, through thy perilous way—
  There's above thee a heaven, and before thee a star!

CHOIR MUSIC.

Choir music in this age of improvement should receive special attention. If music is calculated to warm the heart, elevate the affections, and soften the natural asperities of the human chafacter, the music of the church must necessarily be a leading instrument, and should be cultivated with the utmost care. That much has been done in this country, within the last fifteen years for improvement in this department, is strictly true. *Much* did we say? Perhaps we should keep within the bounds of truth, did we assert that choir singing has within that time undergone a complete revolution. Many of the old unmeaning movements have in a great measure ceased from troubling, and given way to a more serious, more solid, more expressive mode of performance. The fugue of former times has, to a great extent, given place to the more solemn choral, and a good degree of rational music has succeeded to that, which was more sound than sense, more noise than substance.

But notwithstanding the advance which has been made, we still find room for improvement. We still find our choirs harboring errors that should be eradicated, adhering with the utmost pertinacity to faults which should not be tolerated for a moment.

We do not intend at this time to go at length into the subject of choir singing. Such a work cannot be compressed into a single number. At present we shall confine ourselves to one topic, promising to follow up the subject, as occasion may require, or circumstances dictate.

One grand point in the perfection of choir music is precision in regard to the movement. It is necessary that the time should be accurately marked by every member, that no variation should be allowed, unless it be by such concerted action, that every member may precisely understand the movement, and be prepared to act accordingly. In the next place it is necessary that the words and musical sounds should be pronounced with a degree of distinctness, that shall leave no doubt in regard to the position occupied by every voice in the choir. Again it is highly important that every singer, should perform precisely what is written in the book before him, without attempting to ornament or improve the composition to suit his own taste, or astonish the hearers by his superior skill. Opposed to this essential point, is a practice which exists among us to a very great extent. There are in almost every choir, some persons, who are in the habit of introducing certain passing notes and variations, which form no part of the harmony, and serve to destroy every proper effect of the music. We generally find such movements practised by those who consider themselves the leading performers, and as such,

suppose themselves at liberty to make such variations, flourishes and innovations as their own superior skill and judgment may dictate. This erroneous habit shows itself in several different ways, which deserve some attention.

The first circumstance we shall mention is a habit of trilling on certain sounds and at certain points in almost every tune. Some confine this practice to a very few notes, while others trill at every point where the thing is possible. Another class of persons have carried this matter so far as to make a whole tune one continued series of trills and shakes. We recollect one old Chorister, who used to declare, when under the influence of a kind of musical phrenzy, that "if music could be written as it ought to be sung, we should see it all trills." Now an old garment may be so often repaired that the original can in no way be detected, and a sound may be so wrought upon by severe trilling, that no one can possibly tell, for what it was intended. To such an extent has this habit been carried by some persons, that one might as well undertake to write the clattering of hail on the house-top, as to transcribe their performances.

Another way, in which this habit shows itself, is the practice of sliding from one degree of the staff to another, where no such slide is written or intended by the author. This error prevails in cases innumerable, where the skip is through two degrees. In such a case the voice is allowed to touch the

intermediate degree as it passes, thereby making a perfect slide, where nothing of the sort was intended. For example, in singing a passage like the following, many singers, instead of confining themselves to the printed music before them, pass from eight of the scale to six, and from six to four, by touching seven and five as they pass along, thus;

See the following Base passage.

The third form of the error we are considering is this. Where the movement is a skip of more than two degrees, many persons give the first tone, and then, instead of allowing the voice to retain the sound for a proper length of time, immediately anticipate the succeeding sound during the time of the former note, and while pronouncing the former syllable, thus;

This error is very popular with some of our most fashionable singers. In Choirs it is exceedingly troublesome and disgusting.

The question now very naturally arises; What is the cause of all this strange performance? Is there any thing in the nature of the case, that can dictate to the ear such movements? Or does it originate

in something altogether foreign to musical taste and good judgment? We are disposed to believe the latter supposition, and that such habits arise chiefly from the three following causes.

First. A habit of solo singing. This remark, of course applies *directly* to few persons except professional singers and the leading members of choirs. But the influence exerted by these on the great mass of singers is immense, and when that influence is a bad one, great indeed is the injury. In the performance of a solo, a singer may be allowed to practice such embellishments as his taste may dictate, or the sentiment may seem to require. Even the time is sometimes sacrificed and varied ad libitum. In such a case we might question the performer's taste, but his right so to do, would remain undisputed. But in choirs this cannot be done. The majority must always depend on the note book before them, and any departure from this by a part of the choir, must necessarily produce jargon of a most troublesome kind.

The second cause, and that which gives rise to the one already mentioned, is a false idea of ornament. The chief duty of a performer is often made to consist in ornamenting the music with such flourishes and variations, as his taste and ingenuity shall devise. And many seem to have the impression, that the composer has done nothing but construct a kind of frame work, on which they are to exercise their skill. They consider it an established

rule, that he is the greatest singer, who can flourish in the most splendid style, and distort the performance the farthest from the original.

The third reason we shall give for this practice, is inability in the performer to make a correct tone at the first effort. This difficulty originates with young singers. There is a time in the life of every one, when he knows nothing of tones and intervals. As he proceeds in the cultivation of the art, he learns to distinguish the different sounds of the scale and apply them to the degrees of the staff.

The power to distinguish the different sounds is acquired much sooner than the ability to make them with unerring precision. Hence arises two habits, the learner either makes the best sound he can and immediately slides to the right one, or he slides from one tone to another by touching the intermediate degrees. This soon becomes a fixed and inveterate habit. Those who consider themselves able performers may treat this idea with contempt. Still it is literally true. Every one, who has any knowledge of the human mind, will readily admit that habits, formed in childhood, from whatever cause, often haunt us through life in opposition to the soundest reason and the firmest resolves. And many a musician has acquired habits in early life from pure ignorance, which adhere to him in riper years, and are received by the world as the effects of his mighty genius.

These habits should be eradicated. They are

false in principle, wrong in practice, and utterly destructive to all precision in performance. They show an entire absence of good taste, good judgment, and strict discipline. They make frivolity and nonsense of the best music in existence. They destroy all the elevation of soul that the best pieces are calculated to inspire, and substitute a kind of jargon that tickles the ear, excites the nerves, and leaves the heart untouched.

Such things we very much dislike. Choir singing should be a complete system of discipline. Every singer should be subject to the same laws that govern the mass, and regulate his performance accordingly. This is consistent with the highest degree of musical expression; and where it is carried into effect we find the art in its greatest perfection.

BASE.

NOAH WEBSTER.

Base in music, the lowest and gravest part. This word is sometimes written BASS in imitation of the Italian BASSO, which is in English base, low; yet with the pronunciation of *base* and plural *bases;* a gross error that ought to be corrected; as the word used in pronunciation is the English word *base.*

THE FREE CHAMOIS.

SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

Freeborn and beautiful! the mountain
Has nought like thee!
Fleet as the rush of Alpine fountain,
Fearless and free!
Thy dazzling eye outshines in brightness
The beam of hope;
Thine airy bound outstrips the lightness
Of Antelope.

On cliffs, where scarce the eagle's pinion
Can find repose,
Thou keep'st thy desolate dominion
Of trackless snows!
Thy pride to roam where man's ambition
Could never climb,
And make thy world a dazzling vision
Of Alps sublime!

How glorious are the dawns that wake thee
To thy repast!
And when their fading lights forsake thee,
They shine the last.
Thy clime is pure, thy heaven is clearer,
Brighter than ours;
To thee, the desert snows are dearer
Than summer flowers.

Nor kindness, fear, nor love can tame thee,
The desert born!
Then go, where thy free comrades claim thee,
And meet the morn!
There all thy kindred rights inherit,
And ne'er again
May hunter's guile on thy free spirit
Impose a chain.

ELEMENTARY MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

The first step towards the attainment of an art, is to learn well its leading fundamental ideas. It is these alone that can render the path of acquisition easy, pleasant and successful. Nor is it enough that these be taught in any way as it may happen,—that they be, as it were, blown together by the winds of heaven, without any order, any method, any clearness, any natural connection, or any thing else that can render them intelligible or available; they ought to be presented *clearly*, *simply*, *accurately*, and *in their natural and appropiate relations to one another;* in a word, they should be brought before the pupil in such a manner as to make him *really understand them;* the great leading principles of the art should be so exhibited to the mind of the learner, that he cannot fail to obtain a full and perfect idea of what they are and what they mean. We cannot but feel, that, on this point, the helpls on which we have been accustomed to lean, are most strikingly deficient and inadequate. The instructions which they present are defective, limited, confused, obscure and inaccurate. They are too much in the character of those lights,

> "Which lead to bewilder
> And dazzle to blind."

Such being the case, we confess we have experienced no small measure of satisfaction in knowing that we are soon to be furnished with a work from one of the first writers of Germany on this very subject,—we mean the work of *Dr. Godfrey Weber*, now in a process of translation by Mr. Warner of this city. The first number of Weber's large treatise on Musical Composition is devoted entirely to the elementary musical instructions above referred to. This number, which, by the way, embraces also an extensive Dictionary of Musical Terms, we understand is to be ready for delivery in about ten days; and in order to give our readers a somewhat more specific idea of its contents, we subjoin a brief extract from the author's preface which we have met with on one of the proof sheets.

"There is a large amount of instruction necessarily *presupposed, as preliminary and preparatory, in every department both of musical science and of musical art,—instruction which belongs in common to all the numerous branches of the subject.* The doctrine of the meaning of notes, of the clefs, of the measure, of the meaning of the usual technical terms, and the like, are things with which every one must be acquainted, who is at all concerned with music, whether he be a violinist, a piano-forte player, a singer, a composer, or whatever else you please.

"These things, common to every branch of the musical art, constitute *the general matters of musical instruction*, or, in other words, *the General Music Teacher.* Such a work should, accordingly, embrace that with which every one who has anything to do with music, without distinction of the particular branch to which he devotes himself, must be, or at least,

ought to be acquainted. This observation applies very particularly to every *teacher* of music.

This general musical instruction, in the completeness and extent just explained, is as yet, so far as I am acquainted with musical literature, no where treated. We do indeed find prefaced to almost every so-called *School* or *Method* for this or that particular instrument, scattered scraps of instruction that belong under this head; as *e. g.* the properties of notes, of measure, of intervals, of keys, of the signature, and of the diatonic and chromatic genera of sounds, and the like; but these instructions are in the utmost degree incomplete, defective, incorrect, confused, and miserably thrown together in a promiscuous jumble,—a thing indeed of very natural occurrence; for not every one who may be able to write well a school for a particular instrument, is as a matter of course competent to produce *a general system of musical instruction*, philosophically arranged and intelligibly unfolded from its fundamental, elementary ideas. As, on the one hand, these *general matters of musical instruction*, are out of place in such individual schools; so, on the other, *a book, which appropriates itself to these expressly and professedly*, is unquestionably *a desideratum*. This desideratum it is the object of the present treatise to supply. The work is intended for those, who, already in some measure opposed to the usual empirical method, wish now, whatever they may have learned from such sources, *to obtain clear and extended ideas, and to have those ideas arranged in their rational and philosophical connections*,— as also for *teachers who wish to furnish their pupils with such ideas.*

PROPERTIES OF MUSIC.

IDEAS AND REFLECTIONS BY PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER.
FROM THE GERMAN.

What is music? Music is a language in tones. By means of music, thoughts, feelings, occurrences, natural phenomena, pictures, scenes from life of every kind, are as distinctly and intelligibly expressed as by any language whatever in words; and we ourselves are likewise able to express ourselves and understand others by their help. We shall therefore term music "a language in tones," or "a tone speech," and the next thing to be done is to define the meaning of *tone*. What do we understand by the word *tone?* Every sound is called tone which is capable of being measured or weighed with another fixed sound. It is produced by regular vibrations or undulations of the air, which are caused either by the breath, as in singing and in wind instruments, or by the stirring or touching of a string, or any other object, or body capable of sound. Any collection of these measured tones depending on fixed rules is called *music*, in the same manner as by a collection of articulated sounds that, which in the more confirmed sense we term *language*, is produced. And as a systematic putting together of letters begets words, which influence our minds in many ways, just so, by the putting together of tones we produce sounds,

which equally affect our feelings. Or, to vary the phrase, the word-language is addressed directly to the mind, whilst the tone-language asserts its claim to the heart and soul, and operates indirectly and through them on the mind. That our feelings are to be affected by tones, however, is only to be explained in this manner; that God gave man at his creation the capacity to communicate his thoughts and feelings, or excite similar thoughts and feelings in others, by certain applications and alternations of tones corresponding with certain emotions of the soul.

Of all man's senses, the sight and hearing are those through which the greatest influence upon the mind and heart is produced; which, therefore, constitute the most powerful springs of the moral and mental perceptions, actions, and judgments of mankind.

But the hearing would seem the more powerful and operative of the two, because inharmonious, jarring tones are capable of shocking and torturing our feelings to their utmost core to such an extent as to make us almost beside ourselves—an effect which it is impossible to produce by a bad painting, a desolate tract of country, or the worst of poems.

Instrumental music possesses the high prerogative, not merely of expressing every sensation of the human heart, but also of portraying, in a manner universally intelligible, the incidents of social life, the glad, and sad occurrences of earthly existence, its

occupations and repose, its perfect tranquillity, nay, the very neighborhoods, and landscapes, better, more closely, and more home to the feelings, than painting and poetry can do it. And for this reason may it well be compared to a universal language. It does not, like vocal music, require the aid of words from any language whatever to make itself understood in the same sense and manner amongst all civilized communities on the face of the globe, and exercise the same influence on the heart and soul of nations differing the most widely, according to the object which the composer has in view. For example, dance music is every where felt as a challenge to the dance; solemn serious music gives every one a solemn serious turn; soft harmonies excite soft sensations in every heart; wailing notes call forth sadness and sympathy in every bosom. Similar phenomena may also be observed with relation to the effects of particular instruments.

The sublime stately playing of the organ will excite no feelings in any one; the trumpet is every where the instrument of war and jubilee; the horn summons to the chase, and awakens gay sensations; the sacbut is the friend of mourning and solemnity. At least these instruments, in their origin and according to their peculiar qualities, were destined to these ends, and independently of their varied application to music in its perfect shape are still almost universally employed for them.

The composer, who is thoroughly acquainted with

the peculiar properties—the compass, the power, the softness of each instrument, and can calculate their effects, is qualified to attain the most surprising and wonderful results by the skillful application of these properties; he has within his reach the means of producing a complete, animated, and intelligible poetry by instrumental music, without ever feeling the necessity for words. Many classical compositions prove this; above all, the masterpieces of the immortal Beethoven.

How distinctly, for example, in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphonies* are the daily occurrences and individual scenes of country life pictured to the listener? In the first scene, a truly graphic description of a rural, tranquilly-happy region, with animated things of every kind, with the tinkling bells of the flocks at pasture, the pipes of the herdsman, the busy movements of the reapers and plough-men, is represented in so life-like a manner that the pencil of the best painter could not portray them with greater versimilitude or truth.

The second scene, "at the brook" Ambache brings before us the stillness of the forest, the soft rippling of the brook, the splashing of the water, its quiet winding course, the song of birds—the cuckoo, the lark, the nightingale—with illusory exactness.

The approach and assembling of the shepherds and the country people with their rustic music, which summons them to the dance—their dances, their harmless prattle, their lively jests, are given in the

third scene of the Symphony precisely as they may be found in reality at the festive meetings of the country people.

In the fourth scene, the harmonious festivity of these rural pleasures is disturbed. A storm gradually gathers in the horizon; on a sudden it bursts forth majestically and pours down with fearful might. The exact representation of this wonderful natural phenomenon fills the listener with the same sensations by which his soul is penetrated during an actual storm, with terror and astonishment, and with admiration of the powers of the Almighty! for perhaps never by means of any other production of art were the four grand elements of storm—thunder and lightning, rain and wind, in their most fearful conjunction—so deceivingly imitated, so deeply and thoroughly portrayed, as by the music!

And how strikingly is this confused conflict of the elements appeased! The storm gradually passes off and disperses, resounding weaker and weaker through the neighborhood till it finally disappears. And here too the listener believes himself transported by the truth of the musical resemblance into the reality of the scene.

Once again the composer shows his knowledge of men's feelings which after so fearful an escape are absorbed in gratitude to Providence, when, in the glorious prayer, he portrays the people thanking God for his gracious protection, for his heavenly beneficence.

The high province of music, to represent by tones the various incidents of life more clearly and impressively than any other art, as well as to excite and express the manifold feelings of the human heart—after the accurate and profound examination of so complete and masterly a composition, it were impossible to dispute.

In further confirmation of the above theory, I feel tempted to adduce some passages from the great Haydn's magnificent production, *The Creation*. How fraught with expression, how true in the music, is the "escape of the troops of evil Spirits into the depths of the gulf, down to everlasting night!" How characteristically are the words—"Despair, rage, and terror accompany their overthrow"—given back! But, above all how impressively, with all the powers of music, does the composer delineate the moment—"and there was light"—called forth by the creative words "Let there be light!" At these words the orchestra breaks out in a truly electrical manner, producing an entire bewilderment. The listener feels the full impression which the actual happening of this awe inspiring miracle of the Almighty would make upon him, and that sublime achievement is thus most speakingly and conclusively brought home to the senses of the earthly man through this picturing by tones, in the only mode in which a sensible image of it could be presented to him.

It is impossible to analyze all the surpassing

beauties and truthful touches of this ever admirable masterpiece. All good judges will agree with me when I say that Haydn needed only to write this one work to lay the foundation of his exalted reputation for evermore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TURKISH MUSICAL GUSTO.

A modern traveler informs us that the band of an English Ambassador at Constantinople once performed a concert for the entertainment of the Sultan and his court. At the conclusion he was asked, which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first, which was accordingly recommenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favorite air, began tuning their instruments, when his highness instantly exclaimed, "*Inshallah!* heaven be praised, that is it!"

CONCERTS.

On Sunday evening Feb. 7, we attended a concert by the Handel and Haydn society, assisted by Mr. Braham. Part first of the performance consisted of selections from Handel's Messiah. Part second included several tunes composed by the President of the Society, with a few sacred songs interspersed. The performance on the whole was of a high order. The choruses were in general well sustained. In one of the chorals in the second part, we observed a decided failure in regard to the time, which should not have happened. Aside from this the full choir performances were grand and impressive.

In relation to Mr. Braham's singing we do not wish to judge rashly. On farther acquaintance, we may see cause to change our opinions. How far Mr. Braham's great reputation may go to sustain him, and predispose the public mind in his favor, we cannot say. But had he come to this country entirely unknown, we believe his reception would have been vastly different, and his singing viewed in a different light. Mr. Braham has in former times been among the greatest vocalists, that the world has ever produced. This we might infer, not only from what is told us by the voice of fame, but from what he now is. He comes before us with a manner,

that shows himself perfectly at home. He takes hold of the subject with the hand of an artist, and at times, when the inspiration of his subject is upon him, he surpasses anything we can describe. But these flights are occasional. He then sinks away into a degree of carelessness and coarseness of execution, that would be tolerated in no one but Mr. Braham. The great distinguishing feature of his singing is expression. Even when his execution is of the loosest kind, he throws into his subject a feeling—a pathos, that is seldom surpassed, and on this basis, a point that lies indeed at the very foundation of musical elocution, Mr. Braham's reputation has been raised. Much of his general execution we do not admire.

The Boston Academy has given three instrumental concerts, a part of the regular series. These were interspersed with a few solos and glees. The last, given on the evening of Feb. 13, was decidedly the best. The order of performance was as follows; *Symphony* by Beethoven; *Base Song* from the Seasons by Haydn; *Strauss Waltz; Overture* to the Opera of Fidelio; *Duet* on the organ by Mozart; *Glee; Overture* to the Opera of the Gazza Ladra by Rossini. The manner in which the parts of the different instruments were brought out and sustained was of the first order. We would mention in particular the violoncello. This instrument is in the hands of a master; and the deep harmonies of Beethoven receive from his

touch a richness and sweetness of tone, that surpasses all our former conceptions of the instrument. The octave flute was played in a masterly style in Strauss waltz, and the Oboe appeared to peculiar advantage in the composition of Rossini. In the last overture the brass instruments gave their best execution; but with the drum we were by no means pleased.

The Duet was a splendid composition and the performance good, though probably not well appreciated by the audience. The Base song was sung with a good degree of taste and feeling. But in two particulars there was a decided fault. The compass of voice was not sufficient to fill the house; nor was the articulation sufficiently distinct to enable the distant parts of the audience to form any conception of the sentiment or composition.

In relation to the Glee, we have one word to say, that we wish to have thoroughly considered. At the last Musical Convention held in the city, the following question arose; "Can words be articulated as distinctly in singing as in conversation?" We consider the performance of this Glee a practical illustration of the subject. We are sure that the words even of the pianissimo passages were understood with ease throughout the house, without any sacrifice of musical sound.

The following is the list of the instruments composing the Academy's Orchestra.

4 Violins Primo.	2 Clarionets.
4 Violins Secundo.	2 Fagottos.
2 Violas.	2 Trumpets.
2 Violoncellos.	4 Horns.
2 Contra Bases.	2 Trombones.
2 Flutes.	1 Double Drum.
2 Oboes.	

In addition to these a Triangle and side drum have been used once.

Since the foregoing paragraphs were written, another instrumental concert has been given by the Academy, which for interest and general effect fell far short of the one we have described.

PAGANINI.

A German writer says concerning Paganini, "He is the first artist on his instrument alive. He has thrown to an immeasurable distance the whole fiddling world of Germany. His native Italy lays all its bows and strings, with adoring homage, at his feet. The French violinists tremble for their fame, as he approaches to their confines; and the first flourish of his bow is dreaded as the earthquake, which is to shake the Conservatoire over the heads of its learned professors."

ANTHONY PHILIP HEINRICH.

We take pleasure in announcing that a work of elaborate and scientific construction, illustrative of the most thrilling and striking events in our national history, is on the eve of completion by this talented gentleman. Arrangements are in progress for a public performance suitable to its excellence as a musical composition, and to its design as a national work. The numerous friends of its gifted author, belonging to the musical profession in the city of New York, manifest an interest in the undertaking which must ensure success.

The subject is divided into TWO PARTS. The different movements of the first part are descriptive of the following scenes.

First. The arrival of the ship "May Flower," on the coast of New England. *Second.* The disembarcation of the Pilgrim fathers on Plymouth Rock. *Third.* A prayer of gratitude. *Fourth.* The celebration of the feast of shells. *Fifth.* A prophetic vision of the future glory of the nation.

To each division suitable words are affixed, thus forming a grand national festive song. The vocal parts are by no means difficult, yet from the scientific nature of the composition, it being *a la Fuga*, the vocalists will find them sufficiently elaborate to

excite their attention and keep it from flagging. The second part, which is not yet complete, embraces the Resolve of the colonists to be free, the army led on to victory by Washington, the achievement of Independence, the rejoicing consequent upon the recognition by foreign powers of our existence as a nation. These and other shining incidents in our history have furnished the composer with subjects for his fertile imagination and descriptive powers.

It has been well and truly remarked that comparatively few talented men are valued as they deserve by their cotemporaries. We feel the truth of this remark when we reflect how many years we have had this eccentric genius among us, and that nothing has been done to repay his able efforts for the science to which he has entirely devoted himself.

The only satisfactory remuneration that can be made him is to aid in bringing out before the public, his masterly works. By the decision of the public voice he is willing to abide; and we ardently hope that nothing will occur to mar the satisfaction he anticipates in hearing his work well executed by a suitable number of instrumental and vocal performers, and appreciated by such an audience as so brilliant a performance must surely attract.

HAUTBOY, OR OBOE.

Hautbois is a French word, signifying *high wood*, a term describing the pipe which plays the highest part in the band; but since the flute has been called upon to perform its notes in altissimo, this is no longer the case, and, in rank, the oboe takes its station below that of the flute. For a century, the oboe was a mere lackey, or helper to the violin; and, in loud music, its *biting* tones were sensibly heard, and increased the sound, but since it has risen to the rank of a solo instrument, seldom more than two are admitted into the largest bands. Not so joyous as the clarionet, or piercing as the high notes of the flute, it is more adapted to passages of tender expression.

The pitch of its voice lies between these instruments, and its written part occupies the second staff in the score. In the hands of the academician Cooke, the neatness of its articulation surpasses that of any other instrument. Rossini has availed himself of its artless simplicity to beautify his sprightly compositions. Sometimes he combines it with other instruments in the unison, or the octave, producing a compound sound, novel and charming.

CHAPTER OF ERRORS.

In our last number we gave notice of a new work called "Airs of Germany," which by some mishap was styled "Melodies of Germany." We also committed the gross blunder of omitting to mention, that it is published by Worch and Thomas, No. 134 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

We find, however, that some of our cotemporaries have entirely outstripped us in the department of errors. We received a few days since a number of the CONGREGATIONAL OBSERVER, published at Hartford, Conn., in which a correspondent had strung together a greater number of blunders, than we ever before saw within the same space. The writer appears to be on a visit to Boston, and in relation to the Tyrolese singers says; "The family consists of three brothers and two sisters. The youngest sister has lately been married,——and the youngest brother, who has not before appeared, now takes her place in the choir." It will be rather an item of news to the people of Boston to learn, that the lad, who has taken the place of Miss Ellena, is a brother just imported.

The writer says again. "Some years ago, the old Federal Street Theatre was leased and fitted up for the accommodation of an Orthodox Congregational church." Now we always supposed, that

it was leased and fitted up for the accommodation of the Boston Academy of Music, and that the church have from time to time hired the privilege of using the house on the Sabbath.

Again he says, "The Tremont Theatre is the only one now in operation." Pray where was the National Theatre when our friend was here?

Again we have the following historical statement. "On a former visit to this city it was my privilege to attend one of these [the Handel and Haydn Society's] Concerts at the Odeon, formerly the Federal Street Theatre." That the Handel and Haydn Society ever sung in the Odeon is another startling item of intelligence. Probably the writer was so entranced with the charm of the music, that he did not know the difference between the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Boston Academy of Music.

Once more. "A few evenings since, I heard Haydn's Messiah performed by the same society at the Melodeon." This caps the whole. When Haydn composed the CREATION, he erected a monument that will endure, till time itself shall be no more. He needs no borrowed wreath to deck his tomb. "Render unto Cæsar, &c." Whenever the writer aforesaid, again visits Boston, if he will call at our office, we will give him some light in relation to matters of fact.

CENTENNIAL OF THE MESSIAH.

FROM THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

Handel's giant work of the Messiah, the one which has most contributed to make his name imperishable and everywhere known; a work which after a hundred years has lost none of its truth and reputation; the choruses of which, especially its glorious "Hallelujah" are still esteemed and universally known, and will remain so as long as true music shall be understood and appreciated by men; this work was first brought out in public in 1741, just a century ago this year. The exact date seems to be somewhat in dispute; it is generally assumed to have been the 12th or the 14th of April, but his own manuscript of the score, in the library of the king of England, has the following dates; begun on the 22d August, finished the 12th and performed on the 14th of September 1741; and we must take this latter date therefore to be authentic.

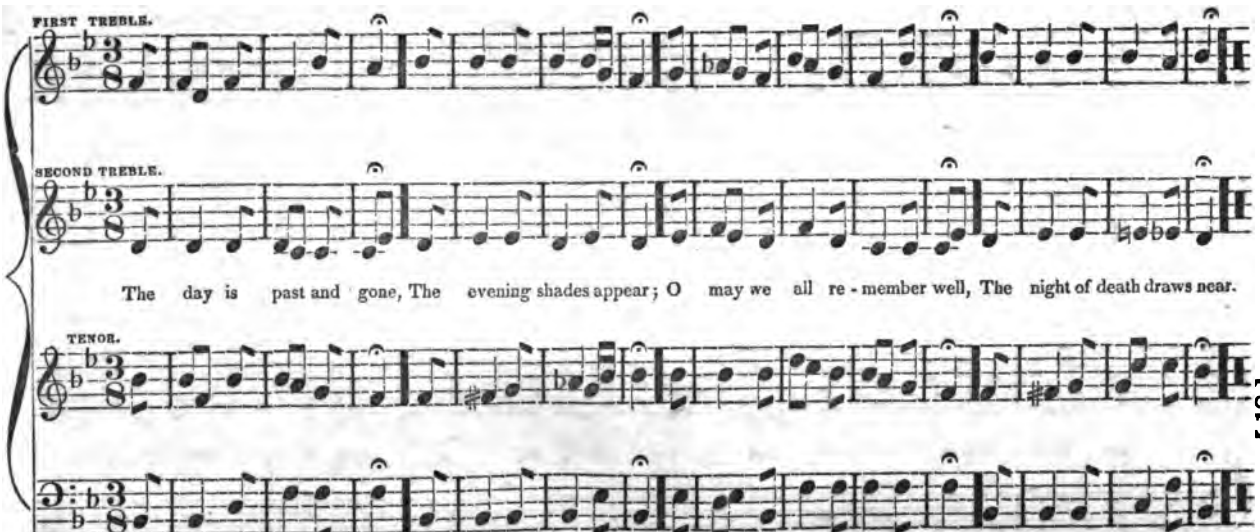
How few composers of his time can boast at present of a more than historical reputation, and what single composition of that time is there so generally known as the Messiah? Wherever a sufficient choir is formed, there the choruses of the Messiah above all things are introduced and heard!

What can we do to celebrate the Centennial of this master work? What will our musical societies do?

197

EVENING HYMN. S. M.

S. HILL.


FIRST TREBLE.
SECOND TREBLE.
The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may we all re - member well, The night of death draws near.
TENOR.

ASPIRATION. S. M.

FROM THE CATHOLIC MORNING AND EVENING SERVICE.

TWO SOPRANOS AND BASS.

VINCENZO MARTINI.

1
2
3
Se pla - car vol - le - te A - mo - re Bel - le
Se pla - car vol - le - te A - mo - re Bel - le
Nel con-tras - to A - mor si ren - de Con - cha
nin - fe in a - mo - ra - te, Im-pe - ra - te - lo, Im-pe -
nin - fe in a - mo - ra - te, Im-pe - ra - te - lo, Im-pe -
ce - de a chi si ren-de, Mai Si bar-ba - ro,
- ra - te - lo, Im - pe - ra - te - lo, da - me.
- ra - te - lo, Im - pe - ra - te - lo, da - me.
si - bar-ba - ro, mai si bar - ba - ro, non -

LOOK UP TO HEAVEN.

FROM THE AIRS OF GERMANY. REISSIGER.

Andante.

1. Look up to Hea-ven, when sweet dreams have fa - ded;
Tear thy - self free from con - su - ming de - spair,
Ere Hope's bright star to thy vi - sion be shad - ed,

2

Look up to Heaven, when darkness surrounds thee;
Firmly believe in the Heavenly might;
Soon shall thy soul see, in glory around thee,
Life is but night,—but beyond it is light.

3

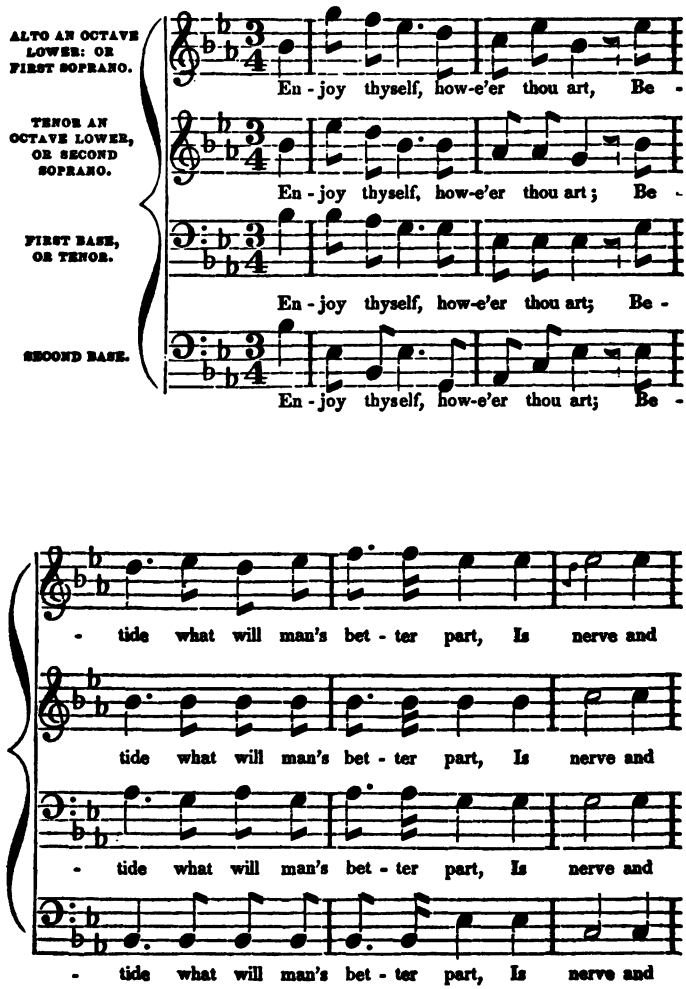
Look up to Heaven, when friendships are failing;
Rest is on high—all is fleeting below.
Tears that you shed now, to heaven exhaling,
Shine in the tints of the heavenly bow.

FOUR PART SONG.

'Enjoy thyself, howe'er thou art.'

C. M. VON WEBER.

WORDS IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.


ALTO AN OCTAVE LOWER: OR FIRST SOPRANO.
TENOR AN OCTAVE LOWER, OR SECOND SOPRANO.
FIRST BASE, OR TENOR.
SECOND BASE.
En - joy thyself, how-e'er thou art, Be -
En - joy thyself, how-e'er thou art; Be -
En - joy thyself, how-e'er thou art; Be -
En - joy thyself, how-e'er thou art; Be -
- tide what will man's bet - ter part, Is nerve and
tide what will man's bet - ter part, Is nerve and
- tide what will man's bet - ter part, Is nerve and
- tide what will man's bet - ter part, Is nerve and

right good feel - - - - - - - - ing.
right good feel - - - - - - - - ing.
right good feel - - - - - - - - ing. Quake
right good feel - - - - - - - - ing.

Quake not at ev' - ry tri - fling pain, But wait till
Quake not at ev' - ry tri - fling pain, But wait till
not at ev' - ry tri - fling, tri - fling pain, But wait till
Quake not at ev'-ry tri-fling pain, But wait till

all is well a - gain; No grief is past the
all is well a - gain; No grief is past the
all is well a - gain; No grief is past the
all is well a - gain; No grief is past the

heal - ing, No grief is past the heal - ing.
heal - ing, No grief is past the heal - ing.
heal - ing, No grief is past the heal - ing.
heal - ing, No grief is past the heal - ing.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
SACRED SONG	145
PROLOGUE	152
ORIGIN OF MUSIC	153
ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON	154
THE LOVELY LAND	156
CHOIR MUSIC	157
BAD SENTIMENT	160
ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC	161
RECITATIVE	164
PROPERTIES OF MUSIC	165
PRUSSIA	171
PLAGIARISM	172
MUSIC	177
THE BAGPIPE	178
AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN	181
NOTE	182
CONCERTS	183
Music. Morning	185
Roundelay	186
Hymn at Sunset	189
Austrian National Hymn	190
" " "	191
Vernon	192

(BIDDER & WRIGHT,—MUSIC PRINTERS, BOSTON.)

MUSICAL REPORTER.

SACRED SONG.

MUSICAL REVOLUTION IN SWITZERLAND.
LONDON MUSICAL LIBRARY.

The susceptibility of strong mental impressions from Music is one of the natural faculties with which our Creator has endowed us. Is there not reason to fear that its importance is not sufficiently appreciated, and its powers not sufficiently called forth? The early history of all nations presents instances of its wondrous efficacy. Witness the first periods of Greece, Britain, and Scandinavia, and the national songs of Trytæus, whom Plato apostrophises as *the divine poet, wise and good.* Aristotle, though often disposed to contest his master's doctrines, concurs with him here, in attributing to music a great *moral* power. By divine institution, sacred song, of which we have the inspired remains in the Book of Psalms and other parts of the old Testament, formed almost the only *social* worship of the Hebrew temple. At the Reformation, this grand instrument of emotion was not entirely overlooked. Unhappily, in England and Scotland, either it was not put into action, or the attempt was ill conducted and abortive. In France, for a time it produced great effects; of which some interesting notices are given in the

delightful compilations of a pious and talented lady, lately given to our country, "The Life of Olympia Fulvia Morata." But the counteraction and destruction of the Reformation in France, brought down what remained to them of national song to the wretched state of *chanson* and *chansonettes*, the best of which were mere conceits, often tame and silly, and the generality of an immoral character; and by a just judgment, the music became unworthy of song; it was *screaming* by notes.

In Germany, the matter took a better course. The German tribes had been always addicted to music of great pathos and compass; and their language, unpolished as it was, by its copiousness, flexibility, and strength, gave them a great advantage over the French. Luther had ear, science, and execution. While by his version of the Bible, every line of which bears witness to his euphonic taste and judgment, he stamped the language with classical dignity, his hymns and his music powerfully seconded by other and superior poets, poured the stream of sacred melody through the land. No country can pretend to vie with Germany in the richness of its religious music. Its stock of hymns, beginning with the age of the Hussites, but of which few are even now obsolete, is moderately stated at *seventy thousand;* a late writer in the *Archives du Christianisme* estimates them at *more than eighty thousand.*

Great Britain can scarcely pretend to the twentieth

part of this number! This astonishing amount of the German hymnology is characterised by a decided strain of evangelical sentiment and experimental piety, their versification is most mellifluous, and their tone full of tenderness and power. It is a popular treasure of doctrine and practice; and it has been a grand means of keeping the flame of religion glowing on the cottage-hearths of the peasantry, in many happy instances, when a spurious gospel had taken possession of the churches. The band of devoted men in France and Switzerland, who are laboring so much in the Lord, have not forgotten this department. In both those countries, vigorous efforts have been lately made for the restoring, or to speak more properly the creating, of a French national psalmody.

That these are among the means by which 'the Lord whom we seek is preparing his way, and coming to his temple,' is a persuasion which seems to be powerfully confirmed by a most remarkable phenomenon, which is now operating on a grand scale in the Canton of Vaud, and of which we have a large narrative in the *Sémeur* of July 16. We shall endeavor to extract the essence, by selecting and abridging.

In the southwest of Switzerland, a *Musical Revolution* is rapidly taking effect. Its watchword is *Harmony;* its object is to give a new direction to popular singing; and its means may be found

wherever there are persons willing to take a little pains, and who can find a leader to give them a little instruction, and to guide their voices in singing the charms of their country and the praises of their God.

Long was it thought that French Switzerland could not march with the German cantons in vocal music. Long has the lake of Geneva heard little along its shores but coarse, vulgar and obscene ballads. Lately, the Students of Geneva and Lausanne have labored to counteract this evil, by composing patriotic songs, and endeavoring to give them popular circulation. The effort has been happily successful, but within a small circle. The *Religious Awakening*, which is making daily progress in Switzerland, has had great effect in improving the national singing. New methods have been adopted in many schools to train the children to the execution of hymns with a fine and simple harmony; and the effects have been so far pleasing. But something was wanted to reach the mass of the people; and that, the kindness of Providence has supplied.

A few years ago, M. Kaupert, a Saxon gentleman, who has long resided at Morges, proposed to teach gratuitously the whole population of young and willing persons in any village or small town, to sing together. The rumor attracted considerable attention, and drew forth a variety of opinions. But soon his promises were realized, and all scepticism was silenced. At Morges and in the neighboring villages, concerts of the voice alone were heard, produ-

cing such a noble and simple harmony, as no person in the whole country had before the least idea of. He was induced to extend his benevolent labors. He electrified, as it were, the whole side of the Lake down to Geneva. Every where the *Magician of Song* was followed by crowds. The *moral* effect of this is beyond calculation; already the result, in this respect, excites astonishment.

M. Kaupert commonly began in schools and other large rooms. Persons of all ages and of every rank in society flocked to these meetings. It was soon necessary to ask for the use of the churches; and sometimes large assemblies have been held in the open air. In the former places, hymns are sung; and in the latter songs, patriotic or descriptive, but all free from any immoral taint.

His plan is to trace, in a simple and clear manner, upon a large black board, the notes of each lesson; and he furnishes each one of his pupils with a card or paper, containing what he judges fit for each step of instruction. He usually succeeds in ten lectures to qualify these vast masses to execute the simple and touching hymn or song, in parts and full concert, enrapturing all who witness the scene. In the introductory lectures, he strongly affects the imagination and the sensibilities of his hearers, by his description of the powers and the intention of music to breathe noble and generous sentiments, to harmonize the minds and hearts of men, to honor our country, to excite admiration of the works of God;

and, as the highest point of all, to show forth his praises. These large assemblages follow his instruction, and catch his manner of execution with an enthusiasm perfectly astonishing. His kind manner and untiring patience have a great share in producing the effects which so surprise us.

The great and learned city of Geneva invited the musical philanthropist to visit and charm its population. Some of the higher classes became alarmed; but, in the result, they too were carried down the stream. Pastors, professors, magistrates, ladies of the first rank, persons the most distinguished for learning and science, were seen side by side with children and poor people, listening and learning from M. Kaupert. When the grand meeting took place, no church could receive the multitude, and they repaired to the Plain Palais, in number four thousand singers. Here, however, the success did not answer expectation; the wind acted unfavorably upon the vibrations of the air, and perhaps the distance of the extremes made it impossible to keep time. But M. Kaupert was loaded with expressions of admiration and thanks, and a medal was struck in honor of him; a mark of respect, which in Switzerland is never conferred but upon what is judged to be in the highest order of merit.

At Lausanne, his instructions were sought with universal avidity. Many, who had been accustomed to spend their evenings in dissipation, began to employ them entirely in learning the new style of music.

Children and their parents, all the schools, the professors and students of the college, servants and mistresses, workmen and masters, persons who had been the most opposed to each other in religion and politics, the inhabitants of different villages distinguished by banners,—all were attracted, all seemed to be of one heart and soul. When the previous training was complete, a day was fixed for the grand concert. More than two thousand singers were arranged in the great church, the noblest Gothic building in Switzerland; the flags of villages and societies were tastefully arranged in an ivy-clad tower; the vast multitude who came to hear were disposed within and without; and then was sung a hymn to an air of Luther's composing,—simple, grave, noble. But, O the effect! No words can utter it! The impression will never be forgotten. Other hymns were sung; and a most touching patriotic song, the words of which we owe to Mr. Oliver, named La Patrie, 'Our country, Helvetia! Helvetia!'

The happy fruits of this *Musical Revolution* show themselves almost every where. In the summer evenings they are seen in the churchyard, or on the village-green. In the streets and on the roads, the ear of the passenger is met by the sweet sounds. In these groups we perceive some failures of execution, compared with the fine style when led by M. Kaupert; but attention and practice will remedy them.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the Music declamatory Academy held in the Concert-room of the 'Friends to Music in the Austrian Empire,' on the 8th of December, in honor of the immortal masters, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. N. VOGL.

Man on his pilgrimage delights to build
A monument to what is beautiful,
E'en if a transient one, which shortly flies,
Follows the lost one, as the dew of night.
Man loves to show, that from his heart responds
The beautiful, which he has learned elsewhere,
Even as the tones which sound from Memnon's head,
As soon as morning lights it with her ray.

The very savage piles a heap of stones
In desert spot, where some dear friend has died;
Yea, he erects it, though he does not know,
Whether man's foot shall e'er approach the place;
It is his heart, which urges on the task.
The man of wealth builds high an ornament,
Adorned with statue, column, and deep verse.
The singer sings a song, a waving leaf,
Which he anon to wanton winds resigns,
Himself is as the sower, scattering grain;
And e'en as they, so does each noble soul
Build silent in his bosom's deep recess,
A monument to what is beautiful.

Then take it not amiss that also these,
Euterpe's sons, in honor of their masters,
Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, have built up
A transient monument of their esteem.

O, have you often shown, by the applause,
Which music's power forced you to bestow,
How much you joy'd in lovely tones, how felt,
When those great master's holy, charmed sounds,
Like spirit voices from a better world,
Enwrapp'd in divinest melody.

Then grant these youths the privilege, that they
May honor in their works the mighty dead,
Be gracious to the tribute that they pay,
Their homage to the manes of the great.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

The Javanese have a tradition, that their first idea of music arose from the circumstance of some one of their ancestors having heard the air make a melodious sound as it passed through a bamboo tube, which hung accidentally on a tree, and was induced to imitate it. Thus the fable that music came from heaven.

In some of the Australasian islands, they have a curious specimen of Æolian instrument, formed of Bamboo. Mrs. Labillardiere listened to one hanging vertically by the sea shore. It elicited some fine cadences, intermixed with discordant notes.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

At the time when the operas of *Ariodant*, *Euphrosine*, and *Statonice* compositions of Mehul, received the greatest applause, the Consul Napoleon could not cease taunting the composer with the observation, that his works were without doubt very fine, but did not contain one single melody that could be compared to those of the Italian masters. 'Learned music, learned music you give us, it is true my friend, but as to sweetness, pleasing and enlivening melody, in that you Frenchmen are as deficient as the Germans? Mehul made no reply, but went forthwith to his friend, Marsollier, and begged of him to write a small and very lively opera, the plot of which should be sufficiently insipid to be ascribed to a *libretto* poet; but at the same time enjoined him to preserve the greatest secrecy on the subject. Marsollier set to work immediately, and wrote the opera *Imalo* with the greatest possible rapidity. He delivered it to Mehul who as speedily composed to it the well known charming music, which to this day never fails to enrapture the public. Marsollier now waited on the committee of the *Opera Comique*, to inform them that he had received from Italy a score, the music of which was delightful, and that, notwithstanding the insipidity of the poem, he had taken the trouble to translate it from the Italian. (The score

had previously been copied in an unknown hand writing.) The actors on hearing the new work were enraptured with it, and wished to study the parts forthwith, not without much contention as to their allotment, and all the journals were filled with pompous announcements of the expected production of a delightful opera by an Italian master. The first representation was advertised, the Consul expressed his intention to be present, and invited Mehul to accompany him. 'It will be a sore subject for you my poor friend, but perhaps while hearing melodies so totally different from your school, you may be cured of the mania of writing nothing but scientific abstruseness.' Mehul pretended to be offended with Buonaparte's remarks, and refused to go to the theatre. On being further urged, however, he consented. At the very overture the Consul began to testify the loudest applause; every thing was charming, natural, full of grace and freshness; the signs of his approbation became louder and louder, and he exclaimed in raptures,—'In truth nothing can surpass Italian music!' The opera was concluded amidst the most enthusiastic applause, and the names of the authors were called for with intense curiosity. Martin, the manager, asked Marsollier if he wished to be named as the translator? 'No!' replied the latter, 'but as the author of the drama; and you may announce at the same time that the music is by Mehul.' The astonishment on the stage was universal, for the secret had been so well kept, that none of the

performers had even guessed the truth. The curtain rose again, after the three usual universal bravos. The Consul had sense enough to make the best of the joke; he laughed, appeared satisfied, and took the trick in good part. 'May you always deceive me in a similar manner,' said he to Mehul; 'I shall always be glad, both for the sake of your reputation, and my delight.'

THE LOVELY LAND.

BEETHOVEN.

Know'st thou the land where the swee citron grows,
Where mid dark leaves the golden orange glows,
Where the soft zephyrs from blue heavens breathe,
And gentle myrtles with proud laurels wreathe?
Know'st thou it well? Then Oh!
With thee, my dearest, thither would I go.

Know'st thou the house that rests on columns high,
Whose sparkling halls oppress the dazzled eye,
Where marble figures look on me so mild,
And seem to say, 'and could they harm thee child?'
Know'st thou it well? Then Oh!
With thee, my dearest, thither would I go.

Know'st thou the mountain, and its air-built bridge,
Within whose caverns lurks the dragon's brood,
Whence rolls the rent rock, and the rushing flood?
Know'st thou it well? Then Oh!
With thee, my dearest, thither would I go.

CHOIR MUSIC.

Time and tune lay at the foundation of all musical performance. Without tune we should have discords and jargon beyond measure; and without time the effect can be scarcely less disagreeable. In choir singing these are the first steps, the elementary principles, without which the performance does not deserve the name of music. In regard to tune we shall at present say but little. It is a point that constitutes so important an item in the discipline of the school, the rehearsal, the concert room and the choir, that no man would long be tolerated, who should habitually violate its laws. It is an essential, the absence of which is readily detected, and even handed justice is generally dealt out to the offender. We by no means say that every singer is perfect in regard to tune. But as a general thing, those who sing out of tune are not tolerated by musicians of any class or grade.

In regard to time the case is somewhat different. In some of our best choirs——Best did we say? No. In some of our most popular choirs, in many, whose reputation stands at the very highest point, habits are cherished, which destroy all precision, and which sacrifice the time continually. We wish at present to mention but one circumstance, that seems to us to be a more fruitful cause of inaccuracy in time than any other that can be mentioned.

In most of our cities, large towns, &c. the organ is very generally used in connection with the choir. This is well. In a large proportion of the churches where the organ is used, it is played by the same person, who officiates as chorister. The propriety of this practice in general, we feel disposed to deny; and though there are some undoubted exceptions, this by no means affects the rule as a matter of general interest. It is a fact, that a great majority of singers will take their time from some one who leads, rather than discipline themselves to mark it with perfect accuracy for themselves. Some one in every choir must act as conductor. If instead of doing this himself, the chorister takes his seat at the organ, and by means of the instrument governs the movements of the choir, then the organ and not the chorister becomes the conductor, and is listened to as the real leader. Instead of being an accompaniment as it should be, the organ immediately assumes the position of principal, and the choir is degraded to the rank of accompaniment.

Under such circumstances, it may be possible to produce strict discipline and a proper degree of promptness. But whatever may be said in relation to *possibilities*, experience shows that all the *probabilities* are in the other scale. For a choir to be well drilled in regard to time with the chorister at the organ is a circumstance, that rarely happens. The choir almost invariably get in the habit of taking from the organ both time and tune. When they

hear the instrument, they give the response; and the voices come in after their forerunner like an echo from a distant hill-top.

When listening to some of our fashionable choirs, we have often been at a loss to decide whether to be more vexed or amused, more disposed to censure or ridicule the performance. The whole mode of operation seems to be this. A hymn is read. The chorister takes his seat at the organ and plays the prelude. At a proper time the members of the choir rise in their places with all possible precision. When the proper moment arrives, the organ bursts in upon the tune with awful grandeur, followed the next moment by the choir in full chorus with equal majesty. The organ takes the lead, and the choir follows at about half a beat behind.

In the days of our childhood we were often amused by a description of what the old people called deaconing the hymn. It was formerly the custom for the deacon of the church to rise in his place, and read two lines of poetry, after which the choir struck up the tune and sung the same. The deacon then read two more lines, and the choir sung as before. This process, which was technically called deaconing, we once considered entirely obsolete. But in this respect we acknowledge our error. The days of deaconing are not past. Perhaps we should rather say, the days of deaconing have returned. Formerly the grave officer of the church, deaconed the hymn, and the choir followed at their leisure.

Now the organ does the deaconing, and the choir follow as of yore.

If we should hear a performance, in which the base was allowed to strike every note a half beat before the treble, we should call such a freak the very height of absurdity. And yet the organist may be guilty of the same act, and come off with perfect impunity. Now there certainly is 'no accounting for tastes,' or as our old schoolmaster used to say, 'De gustibus nil disputandum.' And many of our organists may be unable to comprehend the taste that we avow. Yet in sober truth, we would as soon choose to hear the base lead off, and the treble follow at their leisure, as to hear an organ driving away at high pressure speed, while the choir follows at an unmeaning pace,

"And like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

The remedy for this habit will be reserved as the subject of a future article.

BAD SENTIMENT.

The evil effects of bad sentiment in music may not be seen or felt immediately, but, like malaria inhaled in the sunshine, it *will prove* destructive. Like poison taken in Nectar, it may be sweet to the taste, but still it is *poison*, and will work its deadly influence!

ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC.

THOMAS MOORE.

In its infant state, poetry has been seldom separated from music, and it is probable, that most of the stanzas cited by the analists were meant originally to be associated with song. Of some of the juvenile works of St. Columbianus we are told, that they "were worthy of being sung;" and a scene, brought vividly in a few words before our eyes, by the Irish biographer of Columbia, represents the holy man sitting, along with his brethren, upon the banks of the beautiful lake Kee, while among them was a poet skilled, we are told, in modulating song or verse after the manner of his art. That it was to the accompaniment of a strange instrument, called the *cruit*, they performed these songs or chants, appears to be the most general opinion. In some districts on the death of Columbia, preserved in the annals of the four masters, we find mention of this kind of harp in rather a touching passage. "Like the song of the cruit without joy, is the sound that follows our master to the tomb." The common use of this instrument in the eighth century, as an accompaniment to the voice, may be implied from Bede's account of the religious poet Caedmon, who, in order to avoid taking a part in the light songs of society, always rose, as he tells us, from the table, when the harp was sent round, and it came to his turn to sing

and play. The Italians, who are known to have been in possession of the harp before the time of Dante, are by a learned musician of their own country, Galilei, said to have derived it from Ireland. The instrument, according to his account, was no other than a *cithara* with many strings, having at the time when he wrote, four octaves and a tone in compass.

How little music, though so powerful in its influence on the feelings, either springs from the intellect or is dependent on it, appears from the fact, that some of the most exquisite effusions of this art have had their origin among the simplest and most uncultivated people. Nor can all that taste and science bring afterwards to the task do more in general, than diversify by new combinations those first wild strains of gaiety and passion, into which nature has infused her original inspiration. In Greece the sweetness of the ancient music had already been lost, when all the other arts were but on their way to perfection. And from the account given by Giraldus Cambriensis of the Irish harpers of the twelfth century, it may be inferred that the melodies of the country at the earlier period, of which we are speaking, were in some degree like the first music of the infant age of Greece, and partook of the freshness of that morning of mind and hope, which was then awakening around them.

With respect to the structure of the Irish harp, there does not appear to have been any thing accu-

rately ascertained; but from that retentiveness of all belonging to the past, which have characterized this people, it appears most probable that their favorite instrument was kept sacredly unaltered, and remained the same perhaps in later times, when it charmed the ears of English poets and philosophers, as when it had been modulated by the bard Cronan in the sixth century upon the banks of the lake Kee.

It would appear that the church music likewise of the Irish enjoyed no inconsiderable repute in the seventh century, as we find Gertrude, the daughter of the potent Maire de Palais, Pepin, sending to Ireland for persons qualified to instruct the nuns of the Abbey of Nivelle in psalmody; and the great monastery of Bangor or Benchoir, near Carrickfurgus, is supposed by Ware to have derived its name from the White Choir, which belonged to it. A certain set of antiquarians, whose favorite object is to prove that the Irish church was in no respect connected with Rome, have imagined some mode, through the medium of Asiatic missionaries, by which her chant or psalmody might have been derived to her directly from the Greeks. But their whole hypothesis is shown to be a train of mere gratuitous assumption; and it is little doubted, that before the introduction of the Latin or Gregorian chant by St. Malachy, which took place in the twelfth century, the style of music, followed by the Irish in their church service, was that, which had been introduced by St. Patrick and his companions from Gaul.

RECITATIVE.

GARDINER'S MUSIC OF NATURE.

This is a species of musical declamation, in which the singer interweaves the inflections of the speaking voice. If melody is the poetry of music, recitative may be considered as the prose; a discourse in which the performer is neither restricted to sound nor measure, so long as he keeps to the harmony upon the bar. The perfection of recitative depends upon a happy choice of words, in which contrary emotions are expressed; nor should the melody of the words betray the singer into those cries and psalmodic tones, which render the language flat and inarticulate. Its character should be that of force and distinctness, and it may be said that *we recite the best when we sing the least.* In the opera, the business of recitative is that of narration in the dramatic dialogue, forming a connecting link between the concerted pieces and the airs. In the works of the old masters it is carried to a tiresome length. Though it raises the language of the stage above the common dialect, yet it falls very short of the fascinating powers of song. Without it, the richness of the airs would lull us into satiety and drowsiness; for as Rosseau observes, Demosthenes speaking the whole day would tire in the end; but it would not thence follow that Demosthenes was a tiresome orator.

PROPERTIES OF MUSIC.

IDEAS AND REFLECTIONS BY PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER. FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 126.)

Another masterpiece. Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, makes present to the listener the pride of a ruler, the arrogance of a priest, paternal, maternal and filial affection, the gentle ties of love, the courage of a hero, a people's cry for vengeance, the pains of separation, the agonies of death, the exulting overflow of rapture at unhoped-for salvation—all with such inimitable art, so incomparably complete, that the audience are on the very point of giving way under the excess of the storm of feelings excited in them.

As a musical representation of an incident of social life, Carl Von Weber's composition, *The Summons to the Dance*, is remarkable for the truth and precision with which all the peculiarities and trifling occurrences of a ball are sketched; the invitation of the gentlemen, the acceptance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation during the interval, the repetition of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat, with the grateful acknowledgments of the gentleman—all this accurately conveyed to the ear of the listener, by the music.

In the introduction to the *Norma* of Bellini may be found the representation of a neighborhood in the most exalted style of art. Beginning with deep tones, it unfolds itself in gloom-inspiring harmonies, and truly reflects the impression which the gloom of an extensive wood produces on our feelings. Occasional glancing and disconnected tones appear to betoken light, breaking through the darkness of the grove; and thus is the first drop-scene of the opera, the grove of sacrifice, fitly delineated. Assured by this, the striking qualities of this tone-picture will still more forcibly suggest themselves to the reader, when I mention the exclamation of a person deprived of sight, who, on first hearing this introduction, instantly exclaimed that the scene then actually represented on the stage must be a forest.

Instrumental music has the peculiar property of addressing itself to each listener, and calling out his individual feelings, independently as, and in addition to its general influence on the mass. This is the effect which the poet in the prologue to Goethe's *Faust* is told to expect from a drama composed on popular principles. Each one sees what he carries in his heart.

Vocal music, from the earliest period to which history or tradition can go back has been found married to immortal verse, and though they have been now divorced for two or three thousand years, neither of them has yet learnt to appear to full advantage when apart. The best and most forcible illustration of vocal music, and that which richly

merits all the praises that have been lavished upon it, is in the Erl King of Goethe, set to music by Schubert. The fearful gloom in which the night veils the country is made present to us, and the shuddering sensation, which an actual night-scene of the kind would excite in us, is worked up to the highest pitch.

The timorous urging and complaining of the child, the pacifying assurances of the father, the allurements of the unearthly voice of the spirit, the hurried tramps of the horse, the terrible shock of the father at discovering the death of his child—all these various periods could not be portrayed by music alone in so touching a manner as in this composition. The poem alone would fall short of such an effect, although by one of the greatest masters of any time or country.

Much has been said already as to the many-sidedness of this art. But there is no more convincing proof how thoroughly music is the language of our feelings, how closely interwoven with our whole being, than the reflection, in how many ways and to what different purposes it is applied.

The inhabitant of a civilized country may daily convince himself of this; he, however, has the jewel within his grasp, and often ceases to think about it, or does not know its value.

But place a savage, who either had no previous acquaintance at all with the capabilities of music, or knew it only in its rudest, most unfinished state,

in the capital of a European country, particularly on a Sunday, and let all the ordinary applications of music be brought before him. In the first place go with him to church. He hears a christian congregation proclaim the glory of God in solemn songs of praise accompanied by the impressive harmonies of the organ; and, moved to his inmost soul, wrapped in the deepest wonder, he will stand lost in admiration of the sublimity of this tribute to the supreme being. After divine service he repairs to the parade, where he sees the troops exercised to the sound of military music, and the love of battle and the spirit of manhood are upstired and inflamed in his breast, and he would fain press into the ranks of war. He is next taken to the palace of the sovereign, where he finds the joys of the table heightened by pleasing, inspiriting music. On his return he sees a grand military funeral move majestically through the streets, and hears the solemn wailing tones of the mourning music, mingled with the dead beat of the drum. In the evening he visits the theatre, and hears an opera, in which the music, thoroughly corresponds with the action. By way of conclusion, he is conducted to a ball, where he sees a numerous society of dancers moving to the nicely-tuned tones of stirring instruments. This savage, beside himself with wonder and admiration, would infallibly be brought to the conclusion that almost all the actions of the inhabitants of this capital, their doings, joys, and sorrows, are invariably

accompanied by music. He would tell his friends in his native land "I have discovered a people who can neither dine, nor dance, nor amuse themselves in society, nay, not even bury their dead, without music!" And this is actually the case with all civilized communities. Music has become every way indispensable to every one who knows its value, in all the circumstances of life.

It may not be known that the Crown Prince of Hanover is suffering under a temporary deprivation of sight, borne with a pious cheerful fortitude, which has endeared him tenfold to those who have been about him since the first approach of this calamity. He has been known to remark, "When nature buttons up one sense, it becomes necessary to unbutton another;" and, like Milton, he has found in music a never-failing solace and resource. This is the true key to the high-toned enthusiasm and profound spirit of devotion with which the preceding article is imbued; and it also accounts for much which may seem over-wrought and exaggerated to those whose sensibilities have not been compressed into a narrow channel, nor their attention concentrated perforce on the impressions received through the medium of a verse.

He himself is doubtless the blind man who discovered the scene to be a forest; and there is nothing

at all surprising in the fact; for with an ear cultivated to the highest degree of delicacy, a memory stored with images of natural beauty, and a heart overflowing with sympathy, the slightest, faintest train of association, a passage, note, or tone, indicating any one of the characteristic features of forest-scenery, might suffice,—

> "And as a fort to which beleag'rers win
> Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within;
> One clear idea, centred in the breast,
> By memory's magic lets in all the rest."

The grand object and highest prerogative of all the fine arts is, or ought to be, the same; to present images of power, beauty, and sublimity, capable of expanding, refining, or elevating the mind; and excite passions, feelings, affections, or emotions, corresponding with those which the most striking scenes in nature, or the most touching passages of human existence might call up. Even in painting, necessarily the most imitative, mere facility of imitation is a vulgar quality at best; and Parrhassius's curtain which his rival attempted to lift up, or the supposed door at Greenwich Hospital which visitors were wont to run against, rank far below the most outrageous libel in nature which Fuseli himself ever perpetrated. We would therefore rather rest the fame of the acknowledged masterpieces of musical composition, even those so judiciously selected as examples by the Crown Prince, on the broad general impression produced by them, than on their

imitative felicities. Handel must have felt prouder of the vague tumultuous feeling of awe and veneration called forth by the choruses in his Messiah, than of the resemblance discovered, by critics between a passage in one of his sorenatas and the walk of a giant; and the attempt to represent the sun standing still, in the Oratorio of *Joshua*, almost reduces him to the level of the ingenious inventor first brought into notice by the late Charles Mathews, who, to illustrate his scheme of imitative action, used to give his hands a rotary motion at the mention of his globe.

Haydn, again, has been frequently commended for representing the thing itself, where it would be much higher praise to say that he had simply called up the higher class of associations, connected with it.

Ed. London Quarterly Review.

PRUSSIA.

In Prussia, the best unrepresentative government in Europe, education is regulated by law, and music forms a necessary part of it. Drinking to excess, which from the time of Tacitus, and probably earlier, down to the commencement of the present century, was the cardinal vice of all Germany, has yielded to the charms of song throughout the whole of the Prussian dominions. In no country, of which we have any knowledge, are the people more honest, industrious, happy and enlightened.

PLAGIARISM.

Since the commencement of this work, we have been accused of undue severity, and of manifesting a bitter spirit in some of our articles. We are not aware of any such circumstance. We have done no more than was our duty, and as we really believe, not half of that. In order to convince our readers that this opinion is correct, we shall go into a short investigation of the subject, and explain what we understand by plagiarism. If those individuals, who object to our criticisms, possessing as they do so much regard for harmony, will for a moment examine their own feelings on the subject, they may possibly discover, that their repugnance to our course arises from some cause, that differs widely from true love to the science.

In regard to music we need the same severe and just criticisms, that we have in any and every other science. It is for the want of these criticisms that musical men make no higher attainments. Let our musical performances, music books and periodicals be what is vulgarly called 'soaped up' by the public press, and music becomes shorn of all her beauty, and expires beneath her unnatural load of filth. Her votaries want the critic's lash to start their vital energies, and keep them on the borders of originality. Let musical works be reviewed and criticised like

other productions, and we should soon see the science assume a dignity and importance equal to her intrinsic merits. Just look at the criticisms on some of our literary works, and see if we are not completely behind our cotemporaries in regard to severity. Take the following article as an illustration, which appeared some time since in the American Monthly Review, criticising a work on Geology by D. J. B. of this city. We copy the language of the writer.

"Mr. D. J. B. is a hardened literary burglar. He has been admonished, and doubtless the public has inflicted on him some pecuniary mulct. He is however very bold, but we trust not incorrigible. The book before us is the first of a dozen thefts, which this old offender has now determined to perpetrate. He openly avows his plan, telling us that this is only the first number of a series of "First Lessons in Natural History," a series on "Chemistry, Mineralogy, Zoology, Mazology, Ornithology, *Piscology*," &c. As this is the determined purpose, the malice prepense, of D. J. B., we know not how to shame him out of it, except by setting him in our pillory, and depositing there some of the goods he has already purloined from other men. Let every man claim his own; there can be no mistake about the property, and its rightful owner.

"This stringer together of stolen patches, lacks the tact and cunning, common to adepts, "so far stept in" in mischief. He has not taken the usual precaution, of altering the secreted articles, except in a

few cases; and the alterations consist in wanton defacement. Perhaps D. J. B. thought himself perfectly secure in taking page after page for his book, from De La Beche's "Manual," because this work is, unfortunately, very little known among us. Well then might the compiler of this book think, that he could freely take word for word, sentence for sentence, page for page, notes, and even the very punctuation, from De La Beche's "Manual," without the slightest acknowledgment, not even so much as " " to show us that he was indebted to any person for sentence or syllable."

We have not room to copy the whole of this writer's criticisms on the production of Mr. D. J. B. Nor is it necessary. The spirit of the writer is manifested in what we have already quoted. We give however his closing remarks.

"The book is worthless, fit neither to buy, borrow, beg nor *steal*; though on the last point we differ "*toto caelo*" from D. J. B.

The inference we draw from the last remark is not that the book contains nothing within itself valuable; for the writer has already shown, that the scraps were stolen from a very valuable work, but that the author has presented them in a form so mutilated as entirely to destroy their value.

How far the foregoing criticism of D. J. B's. book will apply to our musical productions, we leave the public to judge. We certainly need such bold and manly attacks as these on the works of every man

who would palm off the productions of others as his own, whether he be engaged in compiling matter for the musical public, or treatises on Geology.

The criticism on D. J. B's book, which will apply with equal justice to a multitude of musical works, reminds us of a story concerning a thief, who once stole a quantity of clothing from a tailor's shop, and, in order to pass it off to his customers without detection, dissected the garments, and transposed the sleeves, legs, &c. from one garment to another, so that no particular article could be identified. For a time he succeeded to admiration; for no decent workman would claim a coat, where only one half resembled the original. This literary thief——we mean chattel thief,——was in a fair way to become rich by this business-like transaction, and would in spite of every obstacle have become rich, had he not become slack in his alterations; when his garments assumed too much of the original. How he finally succeeded we know not, but presume he shared the fate of all burglars, whose days are short, and whose histories are soon told.

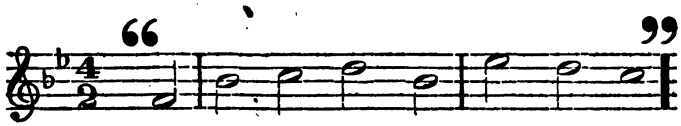
If, in the foregoing illustrations, plagiarism is not sufficiently defined, to meet the views of our readers, we will just refer them to Noah Webster, who has given a most critical definition. "Plagiarism," says he, "is the act of purloining another man's literary works, and putting them off as one's own;" "literary theft." Plagiarism, when applied to musical composition, consists in introducing passages or

strains from the works of other composers, and then claiming them as original. The analogy of language is perfectly to the point. Letters and syllables, separate and detached, are common property, because they convey no ideas. But when connected into words, and as such become identified in the language of another, they are his property so far as regards their peculiar construction. Hence the necessity of copy-rights. Notes are analogous to letters, and cannot alone express ideas. A group of notes or perhaps a measure may be compared to single words, and as such belong to all. But when a sufficient number of notes stand connected together, so that by their peculiar situation, they convey the ideas of him who arranged them, they then become his property; and whoever copies them without giving credit is a plagiarist.

Any alteration in the rhythmical construction does not alter the nature of the transaction. The greatest ignoramus in composition may in some way alter the character of a tune by changing the key, the rhythm or the metre; but in so doing, he displays either the ingenuity of a rogue or the vanity of a fool. No man can become a composer without deep study and application. An off hand composition will almost inevitably be an imitation. He, who has for years been in the habit of listening to music or performing himself, will always find strains floating in his mind, which will adapt themselves to any words he may desire; and he may have the vanity to think

himself an author, when not a single original idea ever flowed from his brain.

A writer on any other subject whatever, when he uses the language of another, gives credit, either by naming the author if he be known, or inclosing the borrowed passage in marks of quotation. We would suggest this plan to our musical composers. Whenever a composer has arranged a production, that contains a quantity of selected matter we would propose, that the borrowed strains be marked thus;



To this plan we can see but one objection. Some composers would be obliged to inclose more matter than would escape. To all such we would recommend the shorter course of inclosing all original matter, declaring to the world fairly, and plainly that all strains not inclosed are selected.

MUSIC.

"Ere night bade chaotic darkness flee, or the heavenly bodies were in harmonious order framed, Music struck her golden harp, and strains of harmony echoed around the eternal Throne."

THE BAGPIPE.

PER. ANECDOTES.

The bagpipe, or at least an instrument very similar to it, appears to have been known to the ancients. Representations of it are frequently met with on coins, vases, and other monuments of antiquity; and among the Romans, it was known by the name of *tibia utricularia.*

Although the horn, the trumpet, and the harp, appear to have been early in use in Scotland, yet the bagpipe, which is now almost entirely confined to the Highlands, appears to have been the most common musical instrument in the low part of the country. James the First introduced the bagpipe to heighten the disorderly festivities of "Peblis to the Play."

> "The bagpipe blew, and thai out threw,
> Out of the townis untald."

It appears from other old poems, that it was an instrument equally adapted to war and peace; and that the piper whose station was "full in the van," in the day of battle, used, in harvest time, to play behind the reapers while at work; thus, in the Elegy on Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan, it is asked,

> ——"Wha will cause our anearers shear?
> Wha will bend up the brags of weir?"

It has been, with great appearance of probability,

supposed, that "to the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive, we are probably indebted for many of those airs and songs which have given Scotland so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors of them remain as unknown, as if they had never existed."

The bagpipe, however, was not peculiar to Scotland. In England, too, this instrument seems to have been pretty early introduced. A bagpiper was retained in the court of Queen Elizabeth, and Shakspeare gives Falstaff for one of his similes, "as melancholy as thedrone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe."

The bagpipe appears to have been an instrument of great antiquity in Ireland, though it is uncertain whence they derived it; but as it was also introduced at a very early period into Britain, it is probable that both the Irish and Danes borrowed the instrument from the Caledonians.

There are several distinct kinds of bagpipe, of which the Irish pipe is the softest, and, in some respects, the most melodious, so that music books have been published with directions how to play on it. The Highland pipe is exceedingly loud, and almost deafening if played in a room; and, therefore, it is chiefly used in the fields, for marches, &c. It requires a prodigious blast to sound it, so that those who are not accustomed to it, cannot imagine how Highland pipers can continue to play for hours together, as they are often known to do. The Scots' Lowland pipe is also a very loud instrument, though not so much so as the Highland pipe.

The attachment of the Highlanders to their *pibrochs* is almost incredible, and on some occasions is said to have produced effects scarcely less marvellous than those ascribed to the ancient music. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment, of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said he with great warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action. Nay, even now it would be of use." "Let them blow as they like, then," said the general, "if it will bring back the men." The pipers were then ordered to play a favorite martial air; and the moment the Highlanders heard the music, they returned to their duty with the most cheerful alacrity.

Formerly there was a kind of college in the Isle of Sky, where the Highland bagpipe was taught; the teachers making use of pins stuck into the ground, instead of musical notes. This college has, however, been long dissolved, and the use of the Highland pipe was sinking rapidly into disuse, when a society of gentlemen, thinking it impolitic to allow the ancient martial music of the country to decline, resolved to revive it, by giving an annual prize to the best performers on the instrument. These competitions were first held at Falkirk, but they have now been for for many years established at Edinburgh.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

SEE MUSIC ON PAGES 190 AND 191.

This is a hymn written on the death of the Emperor Francis by Castelli, and adapted to the air composed by Haydn for the coronation of that monarch. It is now performed both publicly and privately, in every part of the Austrian dominions; the government of Francis was quite paternal, except in that part of Italy which was under his sway; and he was naturally affable and benevolent.

Simple in appearance and manners, and kind from disposition rather than from policy, he was much beloved by the Viennese, with whom he mixed in public walks, and even in the streets, often unaccompanied by an attendant, and always without any external indications of either royalty or superiority.

But, better to express sorrow, the first two stanzas are sung in the *minor* key of G. Thus it is called *Trauer-Gesang*, i. e. *grief-song*. With the last stanza, denominated *Hoffnungs-Gesang*, or *hope-song*, the major third is restored, and we have Haydn's hymn in its original form. We give a copy of the hymn, the first two verses of which are to be sung in the key of G minor, the last in the key of G major.

SONG OF GRIEF.

1. God, our Emperor has taken,
Francis from this earth is flown.

Good and just, of faith unshaken,
He receives the heavenly crown.
In our tears our hearts, grief stricken,
Are reflected every one.
We have lost our noble Father,
Emperor Francis, thou art gone.

2. Trust in God was all his armor,
Guarding him in evil hour;
Heaven's command alone his mandate,
Justice was his staff of power.
Hence the love of all his people,
Was his shield his proudest boast.
Francis! ne'er shall we forget thee,
Never shall thy name be lost.

SONG OF HOPE.

3. Though the cup be fraught with sorrow,
Sweets of hope are mingled there;
One shall yet succeed his virtues,
Ferdinand, his son and heir,
Like his father, he will guard us,
Tend his people, tend his land;
Live, long live our noble Emperor,
Our new Emp'ror Ferdinand.

NOTE.

On page 129 of the number for March in noticing a concert by the Academy, we said "with the drum we were by no means pleased." We intended this remark for the side drum, which we considered decidedly out of place, and not for the double drum, which was beat with skill accuracy and good taste.

CONCERTS.

Since our last we have heard of concerts and rumors of concerts almost without number. Braham and Russell have made a united effort to enlighten and edify the public, which for a season seemed to be the most important subject of general conversation. Mr. Müller has had a concert, vocal and instrumental, which has engrossed a due share of attention, and carried off a portion of the laurels. Mrs. Mills, alias Ellena Rainer, has given several farewell concerts for her own especial benefit. By the way, we are rather inclined to think, that the modern method of giving farewells by the dozen is somewhat advantageous to the pocket,—rather a profitable speculation. We have recently heard of this mode of operation not only in regard to music, but in various other departments of the active world. Whether it be a yankee trick or something else, we know not; but we venture the prediction, that many a yankee, will get out-witted by it. But we digress.

The Handel and Haydn societies, and the Musical Institute are industriously continuing their operations. for the benefit of the art. The Boston Academy has just closed a course of ten concerts, six of which were vocal and four instrumental.

In general, we think that musical performances

are the most popular amusements of the day. Certainly nothing else occupies so many evenings, and calls out so large a number of crowded assemblies as popular concerts. All this is very well so far as it goes. In relation to the character of the music, we cannot bestow indiscriminate praise. Some portion is good,—very good, and some may well be denominated very bad—mere trash and humbug. Every thing finds a ready market, and every thing comes off with unbounded praise, and gets a full round of applause from the public press. If the performance be really good, it is so proclaimed by those editors, who have a sufficient degree of discrimination to know good music from bad. If it be of the lowest and coarsest kind, some editors will be found to raise a breeze and cry bravo, till their very lungs are ready to burst with high sounding notes of unmeaning clamor. Such is the rage for puffing, that the man, who pays out his cash the most freely, gets his wares puffed the most loudly, whether they be pills, razor straps or concerts.

We would recommend, that hereafter all such puffs of empty air be placed where they really belong, under the advertising head. Let Humbug & Co. speak for themselves, tell their own stories, and puff under their own colors, and puffing will pass for just what it is worth.

MORNING. L. M.

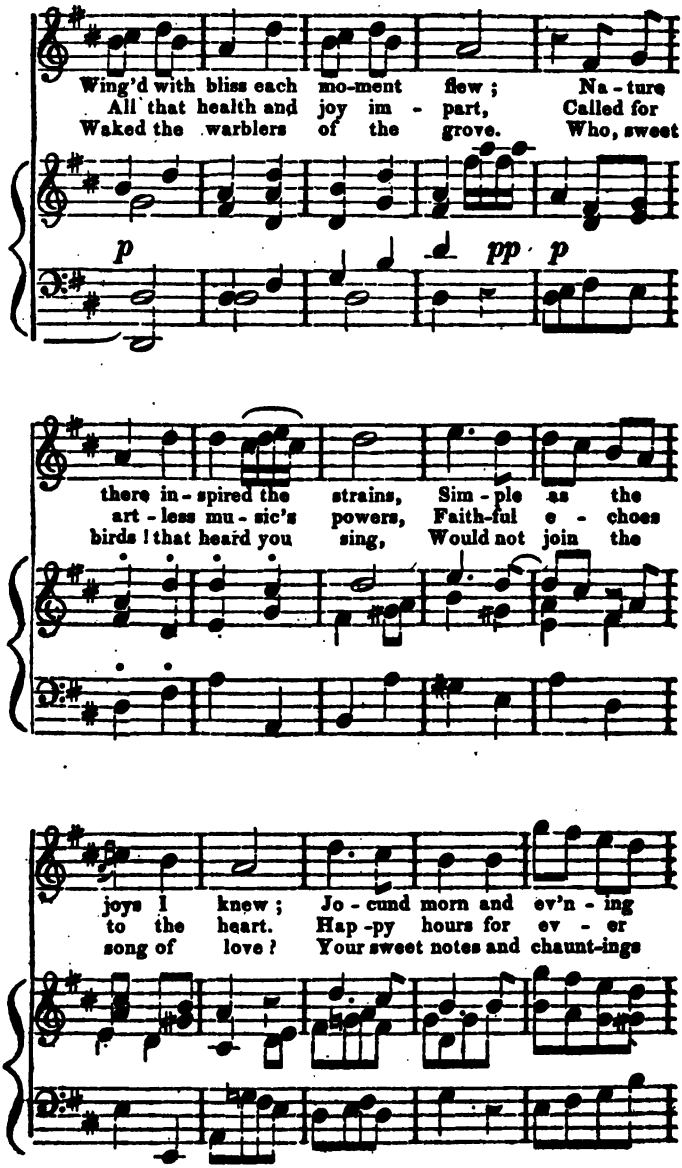
J. SMITH. From the English service.

With spirit.
The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines; But, when our eyes be -
- - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
p
f
Organ.

ROUNDELAY. In my pleasant native plains.

FROM THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE. (1781.) LINLEY.

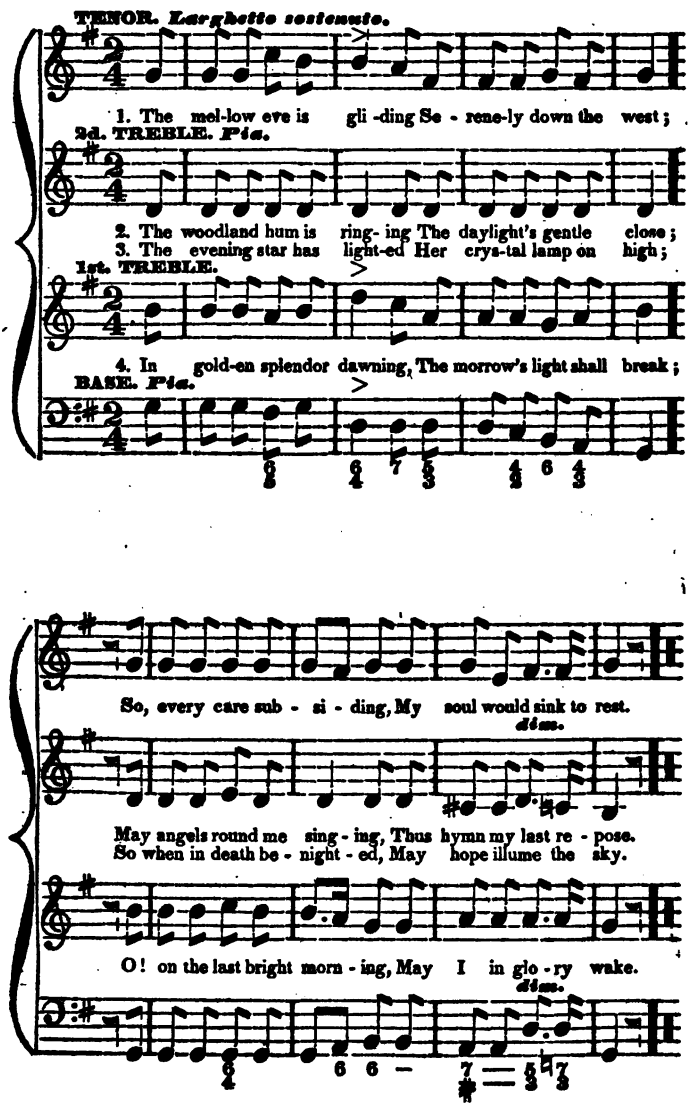
Allegretto.
men.
1. In my plea-sant na - tive plains,
2. Fields and flocks, and fra - grant flowers,
3. But the breath of ge - nial spring,
pp
pp


Wing'd with bliss each mo-ment flew ; Na - ture
All that health and joy im - part, Called for
Waked the warblers of the grove. Who, sweet
p
pp
p
there in - spired the strains, Sim - ple as the
art - less mu - sic's powers, Faith-ful e - choes
birds ! that heard you sing, Would not join the
joys I knew ; Jo - cund morn and ev'n - ing
to the heart. Hap -py hours for ev - er
song of love ? Your sweet notes and chaunt-ings

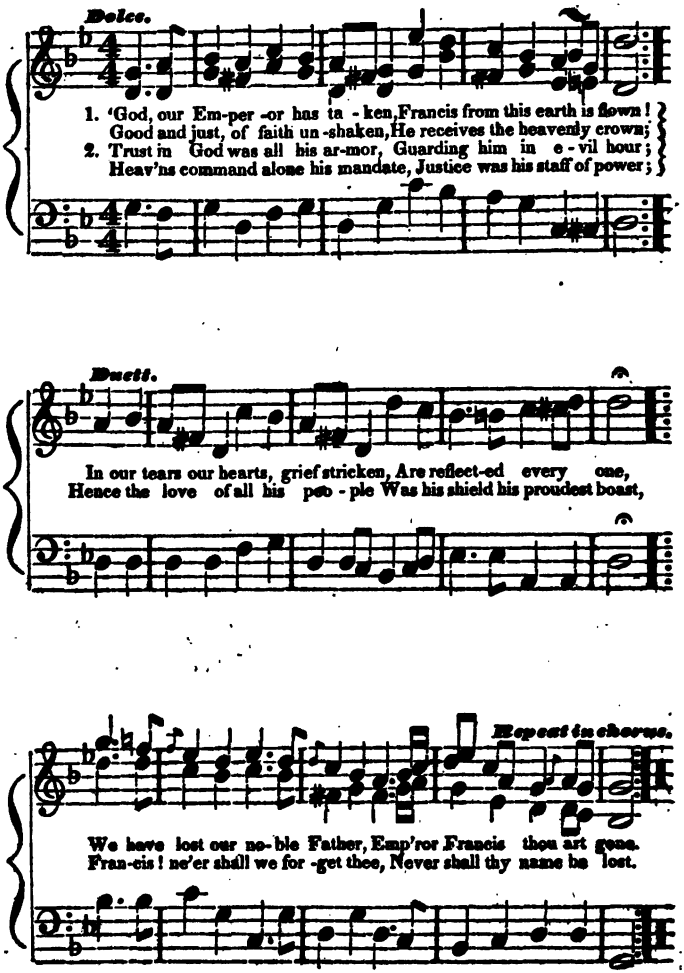
gay,
gay,
gay,
Claim'd the merry, merry roun - de - lay.
Claim'd the mer - ry, mer - ry roun - de - lay.
8va.
più for.
fz

HYMN AT SUNSET.

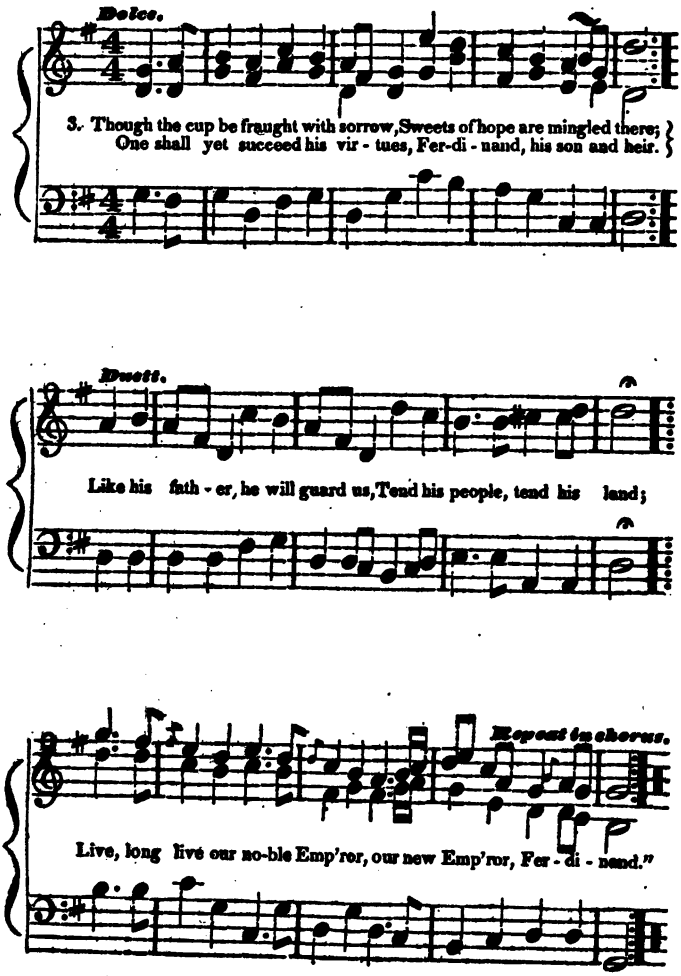
GEO. J. WEBB.


TENOR. Larghetto sostenuto.
1. The mel-low eve is gli -ding Se - rene-ly down the west;
2d. TREBLE. Pia.
2. The woodland hum is ring- ing The daylight's gentle close;
3. The evening star has light-ed Her crys-tal lamp on high;
1st. TREBLE.
4. In gold-en splendor dawning, The morrow's light shall break;
BASE. Pia.
So, every care sub - si - ding, My soul would sink to rest.
dim.
May angels round me sing - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.
So when in death be - night - ed, May hope illume the sky.
O! on the last bright morn - ing, May I in glo - ry wake.
dim.

SONG OF GRIEF.


Dolce.
1. 'God, our Em-per -or has ta - ken, Francis from this earth is flown!
Good and just, of faith un-shaken, He receives the heavenly crown;
2. Trust in God was all his ar-mor, Guarding him in e - vil hour;
Heav'ns command alone his mandate, Justice was his staff of power;
Duett.
In our tears our hearts, grief stricken, Are reflect-ed every one,
Hence the love of all his peo - ple Was his shield his proudest boast,
Repeat in chorus.
We have lost our no-ble Father, Emp'ror Francis thou art gone.
Fran-cis! ne'er shall we for -get thee, Never shall thy name be lost.

SONG OF HOPE.


Voice.
3. Though the cup be fraught with sorrow, Sweets of hope are mingled there;
One shall yet succeed his vir - tues, Fer-di - nand, his son and heir.
Duett.
Like his fath - er, he will guard us, Tend his people, tend his land;
Repeat in chorus.
Live, long live our no-ble Emp'ror, our new Emp'ror, Fer - di - nand."

VERNON. L. M.

Arranged from Louis Spohr.

First and Second Treble.
1. Blest be the Lord, the God of love, Who showers his bless - ings from a - bove;
2. He to his saints re - demp - tion gives; The weak and hum - ble he re - lieves;
3. All they, who make his laws their choice, Shall in his prom - is - es re - joice;
The rock, on which the righteous trust, The hope and sa - vior of the just.
Sup - port - ed by . , his grace we stand, For life and death are in his hand.
With glad - ness in their hearts, shall raise Be - fore his throne, tri - umph - ant praise.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
MUSICAL EDUCATION	193
THE ORGAN	205
ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE	207
GEORGE III.	210
THE SWISS HORNS	212
THE FLUTE	213
TRINITY CHURCH	216
FEMALE EDUCATION	218
MASSACHUSETTS COLLECTION OF PSALMODY	219
HAPPY MOMENTS	220
CONSECRATION OF BELLS	221
OURSELVES	223
MUSICAL DICTIONARY	226
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW	227
THE PARROT	229
NEW PUBLICATIONS	230
CONCERTS	231
DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON	232
Music. VESPER HYMN	232
SONG OF MAY	235
ROUND. THE HAYMAKERS	240

[KIDDER & WRIGHT,—MUSIC PRINTERS, BOSTON.]

MAY, 1841.

MUSICAL REPORTER.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. GRETRY.

There is no truth that should be more frequently, and certainly no one that can be more profitably, repeated to the student than this; "That it is by observing and following nature, that the imitative arts are brought to perfection." It must, however, be at the same time remembered, that all the modes of following nature are not equally good. Every passion, every character, has a variety of features; and according to the subject treated and the situation presented, there is always one, which will claim the preference over the rest. Hence the danger of imitating even a good production, if that production be itself but an imitation; this copy of a copy cannot but feebly reflect the lively sentiment, with which the man of genius was animated. In a word, if in his productions the artist imitate only the works of man, his labors will perish, whereas the nearer he approximates nature, which is imperishable, the nearer he approaches to immortality.

There is nothing that would tend more to the happiness of my declining days, than to be able to point out to the young artist the path he ought to

follow; to inspire him with a confidence of being able to attain the object in view; to awaken in his breast a spirit of emulation which no checks, no discouragements, can cool. Whatever the road he had marked out for himself, whatever the peculiar bent of his genius, I should wish to encourage him in the race by pointing out the prize that awaits him at the goal. In a word I should wish to convince him of this important truth, that his talents must be directed to some particular branch of excellence, to which he should limit his ambition; for that, of all delusions, the most fatal is the presumption of being able to attain to universal perfection.

But, it may be urged, is it not according to the more or less active nature of his being, according as his organization is more or less favorable to the science, which forms the object of his pursuit; is it not after having called all his faculties into activity, and tried every kind of excellence, that the young artist succeeds in selecting that which is best adapted to him? In some respects this is true. Such is the course which many have followed in reaching the term of their studies; but it is not the best. It requires a mass of dispositions, which do not fall to the lot of all the aspirants to excellence, to enable them to surmount the dangers, by which this method is attended. We may rest assured, that many talents, which would have attained perfection, have been destroyed in the very bud of their promise from an ignorance of the means of giving them a due direc-

tion, and of forming them according to models of acknowledged excellence. It will not be denied, *first*, that a young man is often thrown almost at hazard into the hands of an ignorant master, who has no pretension either to taste or discernment; and that, unfortunately, whatever his master does, whatever he esteems, admires and prefers, will, in his pupil's regard, become the model of perfection to which he will aspire. Is it not melancholy to see that, in such a case, every step he takes towards the point of imaginary perfection is but an aberration from the right line? *Secondly*, that the pupil, ere yet scarcely initiated into the science, may fall into the hands of some pedant, who by dint of checking the sallies of genius, and of moulding nature, as he terms it, may render both the one and the other contemptible. *Third*, that he may fall into the hands of some coterie, some knot of partisans of a particular species of bad taste, who recognise nothing as good beyond their little, contracted sphere of excellence. *Fourth*, that, if he frequent the society of amateurs of noisy music, of the grand effects of harmony, of a curious complication of chords, he will be persuaded into the belief, that this is the only course he ought to adopt. *Fifth*, that if circumstances should throw him in the way of church music, either in Germany or Italy, where he will hear little else than figures, learned counter point and figured song, it is much to be feared that the happiest disposition for painting the passions, for creating felicitous melodies, would remain smothered

beneath these scientific masses. *Sixth*, that if he should labor for the theatre, and it should fall to his lot to try his talents on some meagre and ill-digested subject, which affords no exercise for the imagination, he will believe himself destitute of talent. *Seventh*, that if, after having composed good music to an unsuccessful poem, his music should be treated with neglect, he will think that he has deceived himself, and wish to change a manner that is good, for one which is inferior.

When the pupil has been sufficiently instructed in the principles of the art, a good master will choose the favorable moment for reasoning with him upon the grounds and nature of the art itself, in order to determine him in the choice of what is excellent; he will demonstrate to him what is the excellent of all times and places, in opposition to that which depends upon fashion, or is upheld by the mania of particular times and particular men. Nothing will tend more effectually to determine the pupil's mind, and convince him of the certainty of a real standard, in opposition to that which is uncertain and the product of circumstances, than an examination of the method pursued by those masters, who have obtained celebrity, and a consideration of the reasons why such a style and character of music has constantly maintained its ground, while others have suddenly sunk into oblivion, or insensibly fallen into neglect, after enjoying their hour of celebrity.

Convinced of the truth of such observations, the

pupil would be prompted thus to reason with himself; "Yes, I now begin to see which is the true road to excellence; by following it, I shall, according to the means with which nature has endowed me, approach nearer to perfection, and shall no longer run the risk of being led astray by that which has only the semblance of truth. If I have talent, I may hope to obtain that reputation which will not perish with the fleeting breath of popular applause; and without aspiring to perfection, I may reasonably hope to have made some advances in the path of excellence, and leave behind me some memorials of industrious and not ill-directed study, by which those who succeed me may possibly profit."

There are two roads which conduct to celebrity in the arts and sciences, that of theory and that of practice. Theory in science is speculation pursued as nearly as possible to mathematical exactitude, from which results a code of laws. Practice consists in the employment of these rules, modified so as to produce the most pleasing effect, and brought into action by being applied to some determinate object, which the artist wishes to describe. In all cases it is doubtless necessary to possess more or less of the theory of an art, before proceeding to the practice of it; but we may also devote ourselves exclusively to theory, and become learned, without ever reducing the elementary rules to practice, without ever employing them to the end for which they were made.

But let us consider whether by dedicating too much time to the theory of the arts, particularly those which administer to our pleasures, we may not estrange ourselves from the very object, which those arts have in view. If in our days too great an ambition has been shown to appear learned; if a curious complication of harmony has been too studiously sought to the detriment of genuine melody, it is surely time to return to that noble simplicity which is the very soul of art; it is surely time to change our system by consulting our feelings, which reproach us with having run into excess. Yes, let the youthful votary of the art be persuaded of this important truth, that the more we affect learning, the more we shall depart from the true, the touching and the beautiful. I do not fear to assert, that the smallest original air is preferable to the most ingenious and scientific complication of harmony. The author of a beautiful air has done something for our enjoyment, the author of a series of calculated harmonies has surprised us, has led us into a labyrinth, from which we are generally anxious to extricate ourselves as quickly as possible. The real amateur, the true musician, will ever hold it as a principle, that it is only those who are strangers to the soul of melody, that will show an exclusive preference for the laborious system of harmony. No, harmony is but a beautiful problem, of which song is the solution.

One of the first objects therefore of a good master will be to teach his pupil to construct melodial

phrases, and to unite them with grace. He does this from a conviction, that the art of constructing captivating melodies is the art *par excellence*. The very reverse of this is the method usually pursued by masters of composition, who begin by giving a base, upon which they make the pupils construct a melody. But it will be found, that the result of such a method is not a melody properly so called; it is the product of a base, and according to the best masters, the song is good if it proceeds in a contrary movement to the base; if consecutive fifths, double octaves, and the intervals irregular be avoided, &c. Why then give the pupil a base, which can only produce a formal melody, an artificial production, a mechanical song, in which sentiment is out of the question? No, a good master will pursue the very opposite method to this; he will teach the pupil to compose a melody, in which taste and feeling have a share, and which will assuredly be susceptible of a base; he will be cautious not to impede the free march of feeling; he will habituate the pupil to the creation of easy and pleasing melodies; he will teach him to regard the base, the harmony of accompaniments, in a word the scholastic part, in the light in which they ought to be considered, namely, as the support of the melody, as the pedestal of the statue. What indeed can be more ridiculous than to occupy the pupil's time in the erection of pedestals, without ever speaking of the statues?

But it may be said, if the pupil has genius, he will

afterwards naturally proceed to the production of sentimental melody. I would answer, no; he will not do so, unless urged by the force of nature herself. And why should not the system of education have been sedulously from the beginning, to follow the course which nature herself spontaneously suggests? Our system of education chains down the pupil to the mechanical branch of the art, at the very time he ought to be exercising his talents upon that which is essential; I call it the essential part, because it is thence that all our pleasures result. Having first of all fixed the ideas respecting melody, I am aware, that in order to form a finished composer, a painter of the passions, recourse must necessarily be had to the study of counterpoint; but then there will be nothing to fear; song, the essential branch of the art, will have taken deep root, and harmony and counterpoint will come at a favorable moment to foster its growth, and impart to it its necessary strength. Heretofore masters appeared to have been more solicitous with regard to science than to song; on the contrary, it were to be wished, that harmony should ever be considered as the assistant, as the support of song; and that the most effectual method of becoming a good harmonist is, in the first instance, to have the mind deeply imbued with the essence of melody. Let this art, which is justly entitled to the name of *sentimental music*, be once developed; let the pupil be taught to analize his feelings, to give a satisfactory reason why such a par-

ticular note in such a particular situation produces so powerful an effect, making our bosom either thrill with delight, or shudder with horror, and it will be seen what a progress will be made in the real art of music!

Never let us doubt of the important truth, that it is melody alone which can guide us secure through the labyrinth of modulated chords; that it is she alone who can keep us within the bounds marked out by good taste; that when melody ceases to be pleasing, we are arrived at the point at which science ought to stop. A good master therefore will make his pupil compose the most pure and simple airs, and proceed to the art of modulation, before he attempts to initiate him into the mysteries of thorough base. He will make him compose airs of a passionate and terrible kind, progressing into a variety of modes. He will be under no apprehension of his producing a medley not susceptible of an accompaniment; for he has already taught him that song must be his guide throughout. He will not therefore make incoherent errors; it is only the ambition of passing for learned, that betrays us into the commission of sublime blunders like these. According to this principle, let us suppose that the pupil begins a subject in C major; he will afterwards pass into G, into D, and into A; he will be made to pause and remark the note, which has made him quit the key in which he began, and conducted him into these different modes. It will be observed to him; 'You

were in C; you touch the F sharp, the leading note of G, you are therefore in G; you touch the C sharp, you are therefore in D, &c.' Always obliged to be *cantabile*,* observe what his course will be. If he commence his air in C major, and the train of his impressions at the moment be of the tender and pathetic kind, he will change his key, descending by fifths into the minor mode. If, on the contrary, after commencing in C major, his feelings should be of a joyous cast, or mounting to the region of sublime ideas, should he be prompted to sing of the glory of heroes, he will ascend by fifths into the major mode. If, in modulating, he should fall into an error, and he will fall into a thousand before he becomes an adept in the art, he should be told; 'You have committed a grand error against rules; for in this place you are no longer *cantabile*.' It should then be pointed out to him in what respect he has erred against rule; and the key should be pointed out to him, into which he ought to have progressed; but he should never be told with that coarseness which is too common among masters; 'You are ignorant sir;' but, 'You have been betrayed into an error here? And if you destine your pupil to be a painter of the passions, permit him to make some blunders; it will make him more conscious of his strength afterwards.

In this manner it is, that instinct or sensibility will

* In a style, graceful, smooth, elegant, and replete with feeling.

lead your pupil to science; while it may be set down as a principle, that science would never have led him to that melody, which is the result of sensibility. When these happy dispositions have been superinduced, when the mind of the pupil is thoroughly imbued with song, and skilled in the art of modulation, then is the happy moment to render him a composer; for *composition*, in the strict sense of the word, signifies the art of making several parts move together. Then it is that he may be taught to form a scholastic theme of two, three, or more parts upon a given base; for then, as before observed, there will be nothing to be apprehended; song, the essential part, will be predominant in all his compositions, and harmony and counterpoint will now come at the happy moment, to impart to them additional force, and strengthen their expressions.

In order to render more clear the reasoning here pursued, I would class the talents of composers as follows;

First. The harmonist, without the faculty of melody.

Second. The melodist, without the science of harmony.

Third. The melodist, who is also master of harmony.

The harmonist, who possesses not the faculty of melody, but who occupies himself in researches upon the theory of the art, doubtless merits our esteem; he calculates, he prepares the materials which await

the vivifying touch of genius; but such a one runs the risk of being forgotten, when the man of genius has exhausted these materials, when he has enlivened them with song, and imparted to them those accents of passion which render them indestructible.

The melodist without the science of harmony is a child of nature. There is no one of his accents but produces an agreeable sensation; he has the gift of pleasing the multitude, who are solicitous only to be pleased, without troubling themselves about science. Even the man of science is constrained to love him, and experiences in listening to his accents, a charm, which pierces through the scientific coating, in which he is enveloped. Yes, those melodial phrases, which imprint themselves on the memory, which haunt us night and day, are the genuine treasures of music, in the same manner as those fortunate verses which are short in words, but comprehensive in sense, constitute the reputation of the poet.

The master-melodist, who at the same time possesses a thorough knowledge of harmony, is the musician *par excellence;* but how rare to find a man in whom these great requisites are equally balanced! It is sensibility that produces melody; it is the patient study of harmonial combinations that constitutes the learned man. To conciliate the two faculties is a task more than difficult. Let the youthful artist consult his own feelings, and be studious to follow nature; let him build his music upon melodies that are pure and expressive, and they will possess a charac-

ter of truth, which must survive all the vicissitudes of fashion. Let him emulate the truth and melody that reign in the declamations of Pergolesi, the tender and angelic song that breathes throughout the compositions of Sacchini, the expressive harmony that prevails throughout the scores of Gluck. Study to preserve your melodies so pure, and to render the phrases so correspondent, one to the other, that their impression may be instantaneous, and the effect of the whole be seen at a glance. It is thus that they will charm the fancy, and produce so indelible an impression on the imagination, as never again to be effaced. Such is the case with respect to all the great master-pieces that remain to us. In some of their lesser details, they may have partly grown out of date, but their broader features possess a character of nature and truth, which bid defiance to the influence of times and fashions.

THE ORGAN.

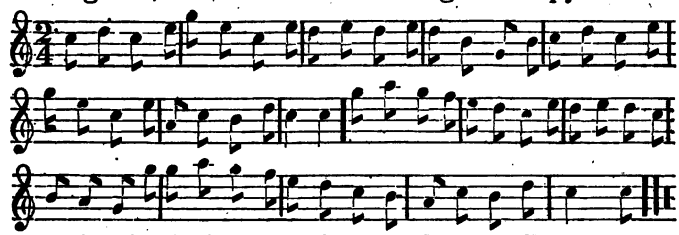
MUSICAL GAZETTE.

It stands sublime,
Lofty and beautiful, in burnished gold,
And seems to say, let no unholy hand
With touch profane, pollute with earthly song
This instrument of the Almighty's praise!
How soft that swell! It rolls, and shakes the place
With motion tremulous; then in thunder tones,
As of the upper sanctuary on high,
The resting place of Nature's Mighty King,

Who built the skies, and made the rolling floods.
Trumpets and cymbals, dulcimers and shawms;
The classic pipe and lute, psaltry and harp,
Of ancient time, in every varied strain
In concert full, and cadence loud, all strike
Sweetly, the soul of music-loving man.
Where, where am I? Ah, let me drink these notes,
Forgetful of the hated cares of earth,
While panting for that home of song above.
'Tis not enchantment! This is Heaven let down
To man below, to draw him up on high,
To that Celestial City whose golden gates
Are named in prophecy, the gates of Praise.
* * * * * Music floats again,
O'er seas ethereal, in luxuriance vast;
Wafting, thrice pleasing, like the summer winds,
In murmurs through the dark and awful pines,
As by some river's brink they lonely stand.
Ecstatic sounds, like seraph voices, wrapt
With blissful melody! O let my ear
Catch from the altar of all Love Divine,
Sounds such as these!—more grateful to the soul
Than evening breezes, when the sultry day
Is past, and all its vexing cares are gone.
Hail, sacred instrument! I love thee well,
I tread the courts of the Eternal King,
Invisible, Immortal, only wise;
And like to him while on the shining Mount,
Who from the excellent Glory heard a voice,
All fearful, smitten by th' Immortal Power;
Here would I dwell. But ah! it must not be;
In Heaven alone these diapason strains
Through long eternity ne'er cease to swell
In endless choruses. Prepare for Heaven;
And be thy home beyond yon sparkling vault.

ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

This tune has so long been considered as national property, that most persons have supposed it purely American in its origin. Yet so far as we can learn, this is not the fact. It appears that, previous to the time of Charles I, an air somewhat similar to the one in question, was common among the peasantry of England, of which the following is a copy.



This air during the time of Cromwell was set to various ditties in ridicule of the Protector. One of these began with the words, "THE ROUNDHEADS AND THE CAVALIERS." Another set of words was called "NANKEE DOODLE," and has throughout a striking resemblance to some of the popular stanzas, which were common in the American Colonies from the time of their origin to the Revolution, and in some sections of the country, even to the present day. The song, "Lydia Locket" or "Lucy Locket," has been sung to the same tune from time immemorial. This air seems to have been the foundation of Yankee Doodle.

During the French war of 1755, the provincial army, sent against Niagara and Frontenac, was commanded by Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts, and Gen. Johnston of New York. Through the early part of the season the army lay encamped on the Hudson a little below Albany. While the troops were in this position, they were continually receiving recruits from the New England states in the form of drafts and volunteers. They came in, company after company, just as they had issued from their farms and firesides, and their appearance is said to have equalled any specimen of the ludicrous ever exhibited, save and except the famous company of Sir John Falstaff. Some of them had long hair, some had short, and some wore enormous wigs. Some had black suits, some had blue, and some had gray. Some had long coats, some had short ones, and some had no coats at all. Their accoutrements were equally varied, and all together furnished the most grotesque and amusing spectacle, that can well be imagined, and abundance of sport for the British Regulars.

The music played by the volunteers was such as had been out of date in the British army for centuries, and assisted finely to add point to the amusement afforded by the whole scene. In the British army at that time, was one Dr. Shackburg, a surgeon, who was a skilful musician and a great wag. The Dr. immediately turned his attention to the Yankee volunteers, and determined to pass off a joke by

composing a tune for their particular use. He accordingly remodeled the old air of "*Nankee Doodle*," called it "*Yankee Doodle*," and with all the gravity imaginable recommended it to the new-comers as one of the most celebrated airs, that his country had ever produced.

The volunteers admired the tune; and notwithstanding the hearty laugh and noisy ridicule of the Regulars, it soon became a general favorite through the whole American camp.

Thus originated an air in pure levity and ridicule, which many a British soldier in a few years had cause to consider the knell of all his glory. The same soul-stirring strains were heard at a subsequent period on Bunker's hill; the same on the plains of Yorktown; and the same strains will continue to warm the American heart, so long as music hath charms to inspire the breast and rouse the soul to action.

"My daughter's music. Sometimes I was conscious of gathering roughness from the continual conflict with passion and prejudice, and that the fine edge of the feelings could not ever be utterly proof against the corrosions of such an atmosphere. Then I sought my home, and called my bird of song, my daughter, and listened to the warbling of her high, heaven-toned voice. The melody of that music fell upon my soul like oil upon the troubled billows, and all was tranquil."

GEORGE THE THIRD.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

George the Third ranked high as a lover and patron of music. Early in life he evinced a strong predilection for its innocent and intellectual gratification, availed himself of Handel's instructions on the harpsichord, and practised and listened to the best compositions, till he formed his taste, and imbibed such correct notions of the principles of the art, as to be qualified to compose. Among the many pleasing offsprings of his majesty's imagination, is the melody applied to the song "In love should we meet a fond pair," in the opera of *Love in a village*, which is both original and interesting, and manifests an easy and elegant conception. Throughout a long reign, this sovereign continued to cultivate his musical taste and judgment, and acquired as accurate and nice a discrimination in regard to some of the greatest composers, and the respective compositions of each, as compared with themselves, as could be boasted by the first masters of his time. A stronger proof of these facts the compiler of this work could not receive, than that afforded him by the observations of his friend the late Sir William Parsons, on the subject of his Majesty's critical knowledge of the beauties of our best ecclesiastical composers.

As a patron of music and musicians, George the

Third holds a conspicuous station among the sceptred amateurs of the eighteenth century. Dr. Boyce, Dr. Nares, Dr. Sir William Parsons, Stanley, Kelway Roch, and Abel, Joah Bates, Cramer, the violinist, Harrison the singer, and many other distinguished composers and performers, enjoyed individually his Majesty's favorable notice; while by his munificent support of the Concert of Ancient Music, and the oratorios, one or other of which, for many successive years, he regularly attended, the whole musical profession was honored and benefited. The idea of the commemoration of Handel was no sooner suggested to the King than he granted five hundred pounds towards the expenses. He graciously promised his patronage of the magnificent undertaking, and accordingly, accompanied by the Queen and Royal Family, honored each day's performance with his presence.

THE MESSIAH.

This oratorio has been performed in Europe by a band of more than a thousand singers and players. Those who were not present can have no adequate idea of the power, splendor, and magnificent effects of this grand performance.

THE SWISS HORNS.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Formerly it was a custom among the herdsmen of Switzerland to watch the setting sun. When he had already left the vallies, and was visible only on the tops of the snow-capt mountains, the inhabitants of the cottages which were in the most elevated situations, would seize their horns, and turning towards their neighbors next beneath them, sing out through the instruments the words "Praise the Lord." The sounds were then taken up in the same manner by those to whom they were addressed, and again by those beneath the latter, and thus were repeated downwards from Alp to Alp; and the name of the Lord was re-echoed and proclaimed in song till the music reached the vallies below. A deep and solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the splendid luminary disappeared; when the herdsmen on the mountain-tops sung out "Good night;" which was repeated by those beneath, as the other words had been, till every one had withdrawn to his resting-place.

THE FLUTE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

This instrument, which was held in such estimation in days of antiquity; which filled so important a part in festivities, in the service of the temple, in triumphant strains, and in the sadness of funeral obsequies; which was deemed so essential to oratory, that speakers regulated the tones of their discourse, and poets the rhythm of their verses, by its sounds, has, though invented at so very early a period, only in modern times obtained that degree of perfection which we may be justified in terming its culmination point. Not only is its treatment and mode of performance altogether different in our days from what it was formerly, in respect to its being more free and more decisive, but the taste for this instrument has become more extended and more refined, and the important part which has been assigned to it in the modern opera has so far extended the circle of its utility, that the flute may be almost said to rival the violin. In a word, such is the degree of perfection to which it has attained, that all the acquirements of our ancestors on this instrument would now appear mean and contemptible.

This most delightful of wind instruments, and which, of all others, is thought to approach the nearest to the human voice, is, however, sometimes

misemployed by players, in forcing it to produce a kind of trumpet tone, instead of its natural mellifluous sound. This tone is quite foreign to the character of the flute, and has, in a great measure, been the means of strengthening the prejudice that prevails against it, and which will not allow it to be a proper instrument for concertos. This prejudice is still more confirmed by the generality of compositions of this kind, as they are, in many instances, much too uniform to keep attention alive, or to interest strongly the hearers during any long series of passages. If players were more studious to imitate the varied and more delicate bowings of the violin, and particularly its effect in *legato*, and above all in *staccato* passages, then the flute concerto, instead of resembling the tones of a musical clock, could not fail to touch the heart, and to produce the powerful effects of the human voice, to which the sounds of this instrument so much assimilate. The *virtuoso*, who, to justify his very name, ought to be one who prizes excellence only, is, according tho the taste that now prevails in the musical world, rather solicitous to excite surprise by the powers of execution, and by artificial difficulties, than by simplicity and purity of taste; he considers that which costs the most, the most worthy of attention. Art is now every thing; and, as this always stands opposed to nature, the *virtuoso*, who studies only to excite admiration and surprise, frequently exercises his powers at the expense of the ear, to which he ought always

to pay the greatest deference, and without whose approval all music is vain and ineffectual. The true master of his instrument is able to show on that alone all the power which music possesses of touching the heart, of unlocking all the sacred sources of the feeling, and will require nothing from his instrument that is contrary to its genius. Real art is only from within; where she reigns, mechanical art must always yield due submission. She holds the command over the powers of execution, and creates a language peculiar to herself, in order to give utterance to deeply-seated feelings, and to impart them to others. Devoutly is it to be wished that those performers, who are ambitious of drawing from the flute the tones of the bassoon or the clarionet, would well consider this, and be governed by the predominant character of their instrument, which is confessedly the elegiac; a character productive of the greatest sweetness, and of that pathos which goes at once to the heart.

BACHELORS OF MUSIC.

LONDON MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*A grand Musical Festival*, held at Frankfort in Germany, on the 30th of July 1838, was remarkable for having the vocal department sustained entirely by *male voices;* of which there were *twelve hundred*, collected from all parts of Germany."

TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

At no time have we been so forcibly reminded of the power and influence of music, as when we have attended the service of this church. The soul stirring eloquence of harmonious sounds, the melting strains of music's language, were more impressive than any eloquence we have ever heard.

The choir of this church consists of five or six individuals, including first and second treble, one or two tenors, and two bases. The harmony of the parts, the expression of the words, and the excellent taste in which the music was performed, we think excels any thing of the kind we have ever heard. There may be faults, and probably a critic, who went to hear for no other purpose than to criticise, might find many; for where indeed can we find perfection? We write from the impression produced on our own minds, and not merely for the purpose of criticising. Notwithstanding a slight defect in the time, we felt as if the soul of music was there. We observed its influence. Freed from the shackles of mechanical execution, it spoke at once a language intelligible to all. It was the language of the soul. We cannot better describe it than in the language of the Poet.

"So rich, so melancholy, and so soft
The strains that rose and fell upon the ear,

So fitly modulation of the tones
Was married to the language, blending sense
With melody, and to the heart and head
Conveying truly, sweetly, mournfully,
The import, that my soul was satisfied,
And yet was troubled. Could I help but go
With the sad story?* Could I help but hear
The voice of Salem's daughters, as they wept?
Or could I then resist the plaintive call;
"Come, saints, and drop a tear or two for Him,
Who groaned beneath your load!" Could I refrain
From joyful tears, as the triumphant burst,
Gave token that the God had left the tomb,
And risen, Conqueror and King?
It speeds devotion, when intelligence
And skill, and piety, in concord join,
Producing music. Softened by its power,
The heart flows forth, and meekly entertains
The gospel message. Let not tuneless choirs,
Where life is not, nor melody, nor taste,
Essay the lofty praises of the King;
For to his shrines should such false fire be brought,
'Twould mar the sacrifice. How heavily,
How wearily would grieved devotion's wing
Soar then! New unction must the soul require,
If thus disturbed, to worship God aright."

In alluding to this choir, we wish to make no invidious comparisons. We write for the purpose of giving our friends an opportunity of observing the difference between a dull, drawling, monotonous, execution, produced by a heavy choir, dragged on by a powerful organ, and that tasteful, natural, expressive music which may be heard at the Trinity Church.

*Referring to that passage "He dies! the friend of sinners dies."

FEMALE EDUCATION.

YOUNG WOMAN'S GUIDE. *Alcott.*

Attention to music, vocal music, especially, should always form a part of female education. The day is gone by, as I trust, when it was customary to say, that none but the *gifted* could acquire this accomplishment. It is now, I believe, pretty well understood, that all persons may learn to sing, as well as to read. Not, of course, equally well, in either case; but all can make a degree of progress.

I have called singing an accomplishment; but it seems to me to be much more. Its bearing upon the health, and even upon the intellect, is very great. Even its moral tendency is by no means to be overlooked.

The value of music, to soothe the feelings and cast out the evil spirits which haunt the path of human life, has never yet received that measure of attention which it deserves. Even in those parts of continental Europe, where all the peasants sing, and are accustomed to fill the air with their cheerful and harmonious voices as they go forth to prosecute their daily tasks, no less than in their families, even there, I say, the full power and value of music are not understood. They make it, by far too much, a sort of sensual gratification. Let it be redeemed, for a better and a nobler purpose. Let it become a companion of science and literature, as well as of industry and of virtue, and of religion, still more than all.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLECTION OF PSALMODY.

GEORGE J. WEBB, EDITOR.
PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER.

We have received a copy of the Massachusetts Collection of Sacred Music, consisting of psalm and hymn tunes, Anthems, Sentences, Chants, &c.

We have observed two prominent characteristic features of this work which give us much pleasure. The first is the preservation of the old melodies with the author's name attached; the second, the effort which the author has made to present a melody in all the parts.

The contents of the work embrace about one hundred and sixty-five old, familiar tunes, one hundred and twenty-five by the editor, and one hundred and eight European and other pieces, which are new to this country.

The impression we had on first examination of the work was that on account of the new music it would not be so popular as some other collection. The music is however evidently of a high order, and requires some practice before it can be appreciated. Choirs generally through the country give so little time to practice, and have so little idea of true refinement and taste, that they most readily appreciate that music, which strikes the ear in some familiar strain, although they remark nothing in it which

they have heard before. Such music is exceedingly commonplace, and can be manufactured in waggon loads to order at the shortest notice. It is pleasing because it is easy, and requires but little effort in the performance. The constant succession of new books containing this kind of music, reminds us of the old lady who kept her child in Webster's spelling book, through something like twenty editions, because she supposed each new edition would carry the young urchin one step further than the previous; when forsooth the editions were just alike excepting the dates and terminations of some of the words.

For ourselves we like a little new music now and then, while we would see the old unaltered, rather than have variety by altering old music with not a particle of originality developed.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

HALLECK.

There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long, sad night and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some mild air
Of distant music, when we know not where
Or whence the sounds are brought from, and their power
Though brief is boundless.

CONSECRATION OF BELLS.

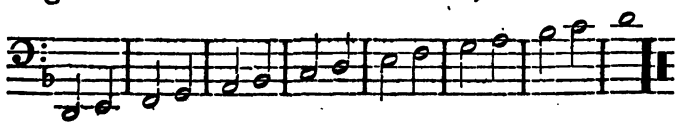
The custom of consecrating bells was introduced in the year 968 by Pope John III. The uses of the bell were thus described;

"*Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata pango, excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.*

These lines have been translated thus;

Funera plango,	Men's deaths I tell By doleful knell.
Fulgura frango,	Lightning and thunder, I break asunder.
Sabbato pango,	On Sabbath, all To church I call.
Excito lentos,	The sleepy head I raise from bed.
Dissipo ventos,	The winds so fierce I do disperse.
Paco cruentos,	Men's cruel rage, I do assuage.

COMPASS OF VOICE. The following scale shows the compass of voice possessed by a celebrated Base singer in the church of Notre Dame, Paris.



OURSELVES.

We have thus far avoided saying much in relation to ourselves and the Reporter, except what was said in the prospectus. After the circulation of four numbers, we think it fair to lay before the public some particulars in relation to the enterprise in which we are engaged, the reasons that have induced us to commence the work, our intended course, and some of the obstacles to be encountered.

It has long been a severe matter of regret among musicians and musical amateurs, that this country has never been able to support a musical periodical, in which the great mass of the people could be interested. Various works have been started, run through a year or two and then have died; or which has been far more common, have died almost at their very birth. And if any have been able to survive, and still have a being, they can hardly be said to live, so meagre is their support, and so small is the amount of labor that their proprietors are able to afford them.

Several reasons may be assigned why such have been the results of all former experiments. In the first place the science of music has been less cultivated in this country than any other on the catalogue of sciences. For this reason musical works have not been generally appreciated, and as a matter of course

not sustained. We really hope this state of things is passed, or rapidly passing away, and that the present general thirst for musical knowledge will result in a firm and generous patronage for all such works as tend to advance the cause. For such a result we intend to shape our course.

Another reason, why such periodicals have not been sustained, is the fact that they have been in no good degree adapted to the state of musical information in the country. The people have been considered more as they should be than as they really are. The works have been more suited to the taste of men of science than of the great mass of the people, more agreeable to an advanced state of the science than to circumstances as they actually exist. Whether we shall in this respect succeed better than others, is a problem yet to be solved. But the growing interest in this subject gives us strong hope of success.

In relation to our course and the position we intend to occupy, we have already given some intimation. The four numbers that have preceded the present one to some extent speak for themselves. Yet we would say, and wish to have it distinctly understood, that we intend to sail our bark entirely "on our own hook." We cannot afford to work for others, to assist in building up a particular set or sect in music, while the science itself is suffering martyrdom continually for their benefit. Our intention is to furnish such selections as may be termed

good library matter, matter that will make the work valuable not only for the time being, but after the close of the year, and in all future time. In regard to original matter we shall endeavor to keep pace with the times, present the subject of music in what we consider its true light, expose whatever in theory or practice we believe erroneous, and act at all times in a manner independent and decided. If, in exposing the humbugs of the day, we should happen at any time to cross the track of any of our cotemporaries, we shall endeavor as nearly as may be to find the right, and then act according to its dictates, regardless of consequences.

In carrying on this work, it is a matter of course, that many obstacles will impede our progress. We are told by some that the times are hard, — a sort of stereotype objection to anything and everything, that requires a farthing for its support. Others tell us they have so many calls for subscriptions, that they can hardly save money enough for their bread. This objection has also become stereotyped in the hands of those who never spare a cent for any such purpose. In relation to these points we have nothing to say. The same difficulties are in the way of every similar enterprise, and we fare as well as others.

There is however one circumstance, that in many parts of New England has been a serious obstacle to the introduction of the Reporter. It is well known to many persons, that the editors of the Reporter

were concerned more than a year since in starting a small paper, called the MUSICAL VISITOR. This paper soon passed into hands, over which we had no control. It immediately became the vehicle of the most degraded system of begging, that can well be imagined. The so called original music showed the most bare-faced plagiarisms. The bad grammar that filled its pages disgusted every reader, that ever heard of Lindley Murray; while in England the paper has been held up to the scorn of the public, as a specimen of yankee begging and bad English. All these things combined so disgusted the subscribers, that in many cases they refused to take their papers from the Post office. When, a year afterwards, the Reporter was presented to them, the almost universal reply was, "These men were concerned in the VISITOR, and we will have nothing to do with them." And it has been with the utmost difficulty that this impression could be removed. We mention this, because we have suffered severely from the false impression that has gone abroad, and having the cause of music somewhat at heart, we do not wish to see it the "laughing stock" of the whole world, or all its votaries set down as illiterate beyond redemption.

All these difficulties we hope in time to overcome. The Reporter has now taken such a foothold as to insure success. The plan is before the world, and all we ask of the community is, that they will examine for themselves and approve or condemn us

according to the intrinsic merits of the case. We ask no favors but a fair trial and equal justice, while we intend that every man who pays us his money, shall obtain the value received in good honest measure.

MUSICAL DICTIONARY.

STACCATO. This term implies that the note should be struck in a short and pointed manner, and is expressed by a vertical accent placed over the note. It is usually applied to forcible passages.

EXAMPLE.

MARCATO. This implies that the note should be struck short in a most light and tender manner, aiming at neatness rather than a sharp brevity.

EXAMPLE.

LEGATO. This expression is the opposite to *Staccato* and *Marcato*. It implies that the notes should be performed in a close, gliding manner, holding each note smoothly till the next is struck. Its character in instrumental music is the common tie. In vocal parts the word should be written; thus;

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

In the North American Review for April 1841, an article has appeared entitled MUSIC IN AMERICA. A large portion of the article is just, and as we think very much to the point. There was however one sentence, containing an assertion that very much surprised us. Of the Boston Academy of Music it says;

"It would have been impossible for the Academy thus to cause the introduction of the study of vocal music into the schools, on a systematic and useful plan, had it not been for the previous labors of Mr. Woodbridge, who translated some of the best German elementary works on the subject, and of Mr. Mason, who from them prepared the "Manual" of the Academy, a work unsurpassed in simplicity, clearness, and method."

For aught we can say to the contrary from personal knowledge, this may be strictly true. But if so we have been sadly misinformed. It is doubtless true, as stated in the advertisement of the Manual, that Mr. Mason received "the loan of very valuable German treatises" from Mr. Woodbridge, and that from these he prepared the Manual. But we have always supposed that the *translation* was made chiefly or entirely by Mr. James F. Warner of this city, and not by Mr. Woodbridge. If so, Mr. Warner deserves credit for his labor. "Render unto Cæsar &c." The writer in the North American can finish

the quotation, and will no doubt be sufficiently ingenuous to inquire into the facts, and if mistaken, to inform his readers of the result.

We have selected one paragraph from the article in question, which is true to the letter, and ought to be read by every American.

"A circumstance which renders music of extraordinary and almost inappreciable value in this country, is the necessity of discipline, strict conformity to rules, the subordination of the different parts and voices, and the distinctness of each department. In music, every one, from the highest to the lowest, has his appointed, fixed place, which he can neither quit nor neglect without marring his own enjoyment, as well as that of others. What an inestimable incident is this, in any study to be pursued in this country, where every man is so apt to entertain the idea that he is born with a genius for any thing he may choose to undertake, and that he not only may acquire, but actually possesses, as much knowledge as anybody else upon any given subject. We are self made, or we are born, statesmen, orators, mechanics and merchants, as well as poets, painters, and sculptors. It is quite unnecessary for anybody to undertake to instruct us; and serving an apprenticeship to any art or trade is a thing entirely exploded from the modern system of society. Submission to authority was all very well in earlier and simpler periods of the world; but now even respect for the opinions or reasonings of the ablest and best of our cotemporaries is quite behind the spirit of the age, and the march of mind. The organ of reverence is in a fair way of being obliterated from the American brain; and the time has already arrived when the attempt of one portion of society to restrain another to any degree beyond its own convenience, is universally considered unconstitutional, and interfering with those natural rights which cannot be alienated nor abridged. States nullify, whenever it suits their pleasure; towns comply with State requisitions, if convenient;

individuals obey town laws, if they find it for their interest; children obey their parents when it is not more desirable that the parents should obey them; teachers are at the mercy of their pupils, and master and servant is a relation no longer known to exist. Every one, in short, places himself on his reserved, natural right of rebellion; and the constitution itself is made to maintain the most self-destructive doctrines. We consider it providential that there is one pursuit of an attractive character, which cannot be thus inverted; in which learners must submit to teachers, the less advanced must yield to those who are more so, and where every one must take his appropriate place, and not seize upon another for which his natural and acquired powers do not fit him. The base cannot sing soprano, nor can the bassoon play the violin part. Neither can one voice or one instrument say to another, "I have no need of thee." All are wanted, and so long as they will submit to be governed at once by nature and by the rules of art, all are indispensable to the production of great effects. But the moment that disobedience or carelessness is suffered to prevail, the charm is broken, music takes her flight, and the air is filled with "wild confusion's dreadful noise."

THE PARROT.

"Some years ago, a parrot in Boston, that had been taught to whistle in the manner of calling a dog, was sitting in his cage at the door of a shop. As he was exercising himself in this kind of whistle, a large dog happened to be passing the spot; the animal imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about and ran towards the cage of the parrot. At this critical moment the bird vehemently cried, "Get out, you brute!" The astonished dog hastily retreated, leaving the parrot to enjoy the joke."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The first part of WEBER'S UNIVERSAL MUSICAL GRAMMAR, translated by *Mr. Warner*, has just been published. This portion of the work is one of four numbers which constitute the entire treatise. Since its appearance we have had no time to give the work even a cursory perusal. We shall therefore reserve the subject for future remarks, when we shall go more into detail. At present we can only say, that, judging from the general appearance of the work, the celebrity of the author, and the well known ability of the translator, we feel confident the work will be of immense value to all who wish for a good knowledge of music as a science.

NEW MUSIC. Published by WM. H. OAKES, BOSTON, 1841. The Freebooter, a Glee. The Emerald Isle. Tyrolese Melodies, a variety of airs sung by the Rainers, with accompaniments by F. F. Miiller.

We have received a variety of Guitar music by Ph. Ernst of New York; also several songs, with accompaniments for the Guitar by Geo. H. Derwort of New York.

CONCERTS.

The proper time for concerts is past. Those that are given at present are for the most part but thinly attended. Some indeed of the most recent have been losing concerns, or have barely paid their expenses. There have been some performances within the past month of rather a high order, both vocal and instrumental, but in general they have been nearly the same, which we have heard from time to time through the season; mere repetitions of the same matter. For this season the reign of concerts is over, and when the autumn returns, we hope to see a proper degree of effort, not only to gratify the passions and please the fancy of the community, but also to raise the standard of musical excellence, and cultivate a purer and more rational taste among all classes. The operations of the past season have no doubt done much to accomplish this end. The simple melodies and sweet harmonies of the Rainers, the grand performances by the Academy's orchestra, and the severe discipline of the Handel and Haydn society in chorus and solo singing, have made an impression which cannot be effaced. They have opened in the minds of many such new sources of rational enjoyment, as cannot fail to give a new impetus to the musical art, advance the cause of civilization and make men better in all the various relations of social life.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

JAMES F. WARNER.

Whence those sighs of wide-spread sadness?
Whence a nation's sudden grief?
He is dead who woke our gladness,
All our hopes in him,—how brief!

But his name shall never perish;
Virtue's friends shall speak his fame,
Long as patriot deeds we cherish
Shall our lips his praise proclaim.

Guileless truth, like beams of morning,
Play'd around his ev'ry deed;
Gen'rous love, his life's adorning,
Kindly blest the sons of need.

Not in him did proud ambition
Find a heart that sought a crown,
Not on men of low condition
Did his feelings love to frown.

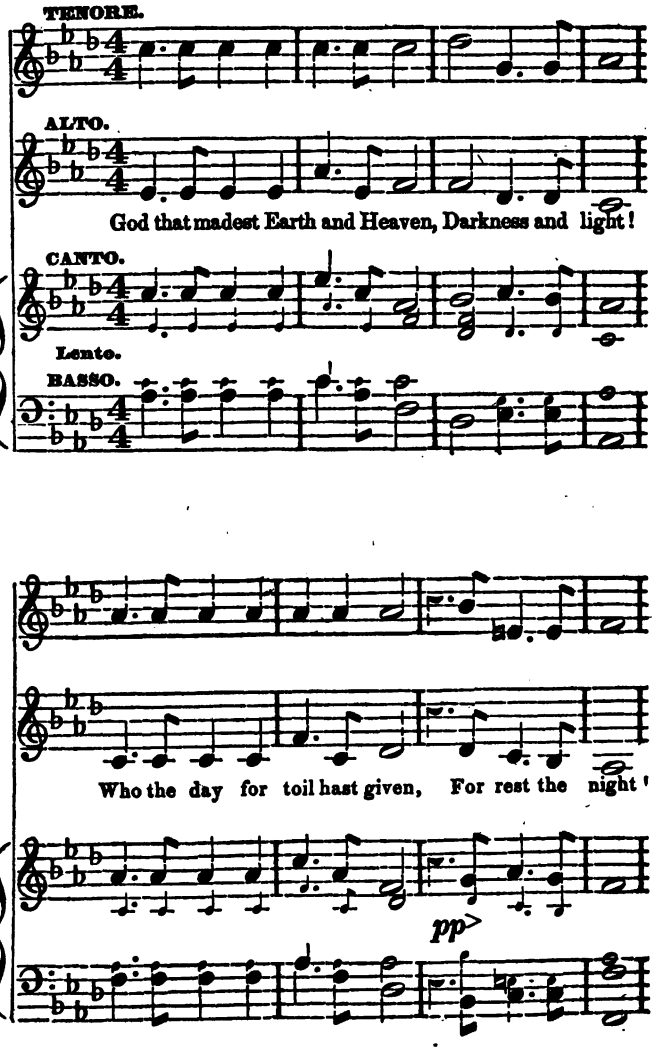
Fortune's smiles had not caress'd him,
Fame for him scarce rais'd her voice;
Yet a grateful people bless'd him,
Yes, he was the people's choice.

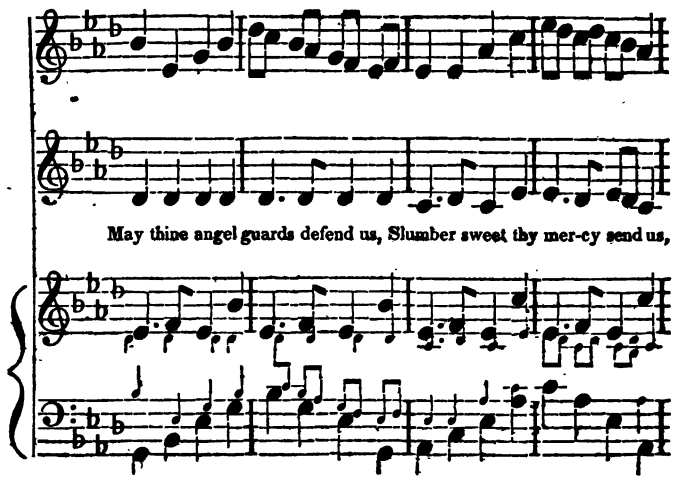
Dark and drear that billow's rolling
Which has borne his life away,
But may He, who's all controlling,
Yet again this loss repay.

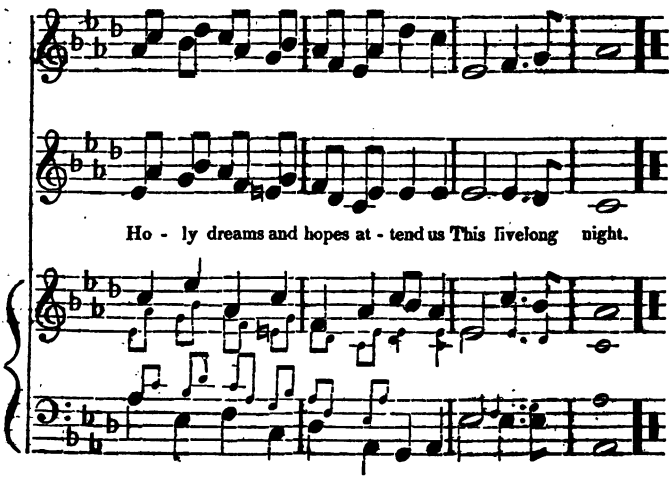
This hymn may be sung in the tune Greenville; eight lines.

H. W. GREATOREX.

Words by HEBER.

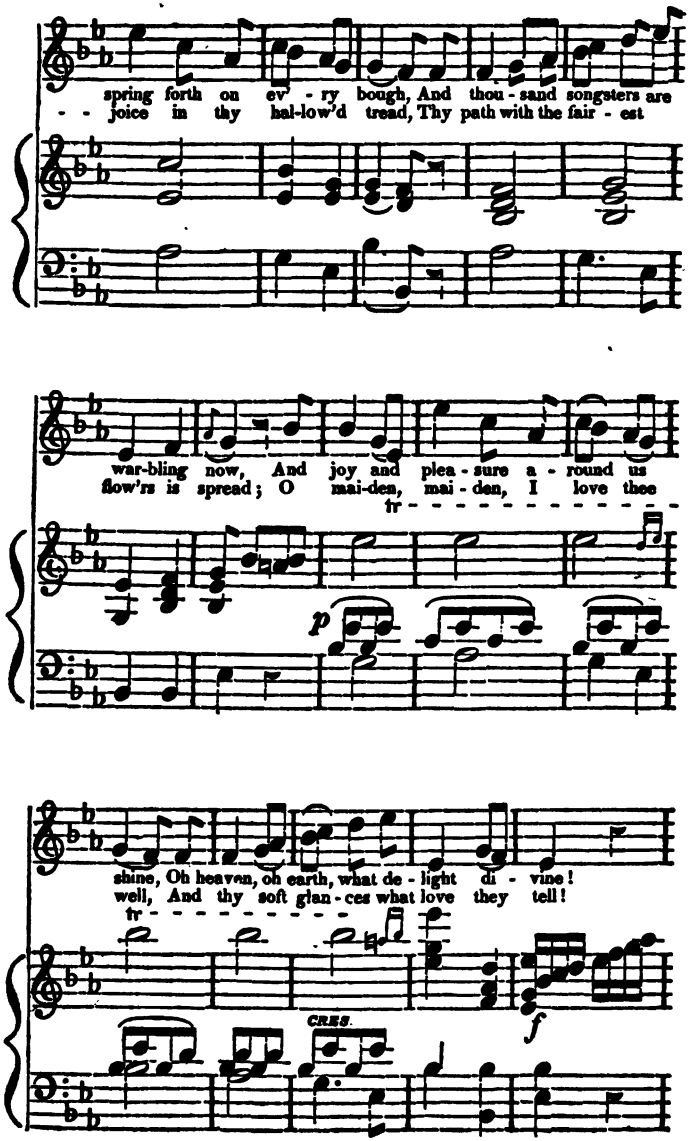



May thine angel guards defend us, Slumber sweet thy mer-cy send us,


Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us This livelong night.

SUNG BY MADAM CARADORI ALLAN. TRANSLATED FROM GOTHE.
ADAPTED WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY A. U. H.
COMPOSED BY BEETHOVEN.

Allegro.
p
tr
How love-ly na-ture shines forth to-day, How
Oh! love! oh love! so heavenly fair, As
tr
laugh the fields in new ver-dure gay! The blossoms
gold-en clouds in the morning air, The fields re-


spring forth on ev' - ry bough, And thou - sand songsters are
- - joice in thy hal-low'd tread, Thy path with the fair - est
war-bling now, And joy and plea - sure a - round us
flow'rs is spread; O mai-den, mai - den, I love thee
tr
p
shine, Oh heaven, oh earth, what de - light di - vine!
well, And thy soft glan - ces what love they tell!
tr
CRES.
f

The

warbling lark as he soars on high, Loves not the

fra-grance of morning sky! Nor flow'rs the dark-ness of
ev'ning's dew, As I love thee, and with love so
true; New life, new soul I have caught from thee; Be

ev - er hap - py as thou lov'st me! Be
ev - er hap - py as thou lov'st me, Be
f
ev - er hap - py as thou lov'st me.
p
f

This beautiful Air, has never (we believe) been published in any form in this country, and is scarcely known; it is here inserted as a pure specimen of a flowing and simple style.

ROUND.—THE HAYMAKERS.

Allegro.
1
2
3
Hark! hear the lark sa - lu - ting the dawn!
Work, work, work while you may;
Now 'tis falling; hear them bawling down yon - der vale,
Ye mer-ry, mer-ry haymakers, a - way to the lawn!
Work while the dew is seen on the spray;
Where mirth and joy with la - bor pre - vail.

SAXTON & PEIRCE,

(OLD STAND OF RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.)

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CONTENTS.

		Page.
ELIZABETH BILLINGTON		241
THE HEART'S EASE		247
WELSH BARDS AND MINSTRELS		249
AIR		252
CARL MARIA VON WEBER		258
NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION		265, 280
ORIGINALITY		261
ADVICE TO VOCALISTS		265
THE SACRED HARP		265
THE TYROLESE MINSTRELS		266
THE ORGAN		272
INSTITUTES' COLLECTION		273
AIRS OF GERMANY		275
TO A CORRESPONDENT		278
NEW MUSIC		279
NEW PUBLICATIONS		280
Music. OXFORD		281
DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON		282
MADRIGAL. Silver Swan		284
CHEROKEE DEATH SONG		287
PHILO		288

[KIDDER & WRIGHT,—MUSIC PRINTERS, BOSTON.]

MUSICAL REPORTER.

ELISABETH BILLINGTON.

FROM THE FRENCH.

TRANSLATED FOR THE REPORTER.

Elisabeth Billington, a celebrated cantatrice, was the daughter of Weichsell, a German musician, who was born at Freyberg, in Saxony. She was born at London, in 1765. Her mother, who was a singer of some merit, died young, leaving this daughter and a son, C. Weichsell, a good violinist, at a very tender age. Destined from their birth to a musical career, these two children made such rapid progress, that, at six years of age, they were able to perform in public upon the piano and violin, at a concert given for the benefit of M'lle Weichsell, at the Haymarket theatre. The first master of M'me Billington was Schrœter, an excellent German pianist. Her father watched over her musical education with a severity which the progress of his pupil could hardly justify. When scarcely seven years of age, she performed some concertos upon the piano at the Haymarket theatre, and a little while afterwards made some attempts at composition,

which indicated a happy talent for the future. But she soon neglected her talent as an instrumental performer and composer, in order to devote herself to the study of singing, and to the development of the fine voice which she had received from nature. At fourteen years of age she sung in public at Oxford, and at sixteen she married Billington, a contrebassist, who had been her teacher in singing, and who, shortly afterwards, carried her to Dublin. Her first debut was made in the opera of *Orpheus;* but, whatever was the beauty of her voice, she proved, from her first steps in the theatrical career, that success depends sometimes rather upon the caprice of the public, than upon correct judgment; for a singer, (Miss Wheeler,) far inferior to M'me Billington, was then exciting the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Dublin, and the latter was scarcely noticed. Sensitive and proud, M'me Billington could not but be wounded by this injustice, and was upon the point of renouncing the theatre forever. The reputation of Miss Wheeler having procured her an engagement of three years at Covent-Garden theatre, M'me Billington followed her to London, determined to neglect nothing in order to eclipse her rival. But fresh mortifications were in reserve for her. The managers of the theatre were unwilling to engage her except as an experiment, and when it became necessary to fix the salary, she was given to understand that she could not claim so large an amount as Miss Wheeler, whose reputation was

established. This unfortunate comparison roused anew the courage of M'me Billington; but it finally became necessary that the triumph of success should efface the shame of her mortifications—she felt this, accepted all the conditions, and made her debut in the character of Rosetta, in Dr. Arne's opera of *Love in a village*. Never was a voice heard more clear, more sonorous, or more comprehensive; never had more brilliant singing fallen upon English ears; and never was enthusiasm carried to a higher pitch. The name of M'me Billington was in every mouth, and she who had caused her so much anxiety was entirely forgotten. The managers of the theatre waited only until the twelve representations of their experiment were completed in order to enter into a new engagement with the virtuoso—she demanded a thousand pounds sterling and a benefit, for the remainder of the season—it was all granted her, and there was likewise allowed her a representation in addition to the benefit she had demanded, in consideration of the considerable gain which she had procured for the establishment. Nevertheless, M'me Billington, without allowing herself to be dazzled by so great success, labored zealously, and took lessons constantly of Morelli, a skillful professor of singing, who lived at that time in London.

While the theatre closed, she took advantage of the recess to go to Paris, where she received instruction of Sacchini. On her return to England in 1785, she sung at a concert of ancient music.

M'me Mara had just arrived at London, and, it was said, did not hear without vexation a person whom they presented as her rival. From that time there arose between them disputes unworthy persons of so great talent, although this is but too common under similar circumstances. The reputation of M'me Billington continued to increase; she appeared at all the concerts, attracted the crowd to Covent Garden, and sung at the memorable meetings of Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of Handel. But, notwithstanding such success, she resolved in 1793 to abandon the stage, and wished to travel upon the continent, in the hope of dissipating the melancholy which was habitual with her. Her heavy expenses soon absorbed the considerable gains which she had made, and the reputation of her conduct with her suitors, had imposed on her a sort of obligation to forget herself. In Italy she succeeded for a while in preserving her disguise, but upon her arrival at Naples the English ambassador, W. Hamilton, recognized her, and persuaded her to sing, first at *Caserto*, before the royal family, and afterwards at the Saint Charles theatre; and she made her debut there in the month of May 1794, in *Inez de Castro*, which Bianchi had composed for her.

Her success was complete—but an unhappy event arrested the progress of her representations, Billington having been struck with a dreadful apoplexy at the moment he was about to accompany his wife to the theatre. Singular reports were circulated

respecting this death, and the English journals allowed the suspicion of an assassination either by poison or the stiletto. It was supposed that a new lover of the beautiful English-woman wished, in a paroxysm of jealousy, to punish her for some trifling incivility of her husband; but it is certain that Billington expired after a hearty dinner, while descending the staircase of the hotel, on his way to the theatre. About the same time a violent eruption of Vesuvius occurred, which calamity the superstitious Neapolitans attributed to the fact of a heretic's having sung at Saint Charles. The friends of M'me Billington even had serious apprehensions as to the result of this opinion among a fanatical people. Fortunately, however, the eruption ceased, tranquillity reappeared, and the talent of M'me Billington triumphed over the prejudices of the Neapolitans.

In 1796, this great singer went to Venice; but, after her first appearance, she was seized with a serious illness, and could not sing any more during the season. The air of that city being unfavorable to health, she went to Rome, and afterwards visited the principal theatres of Italy. She arrived at Milan in 1798, and there married M. Felissent; but she always retained the name of Billington when she appeared in public. On her return to England, the directors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden were so eager to contract for an engagement with M'me Billington, that they were obliged to refer the matter to an arbitrator, who decided that she should

sing alternately at each theatre. Her residence in Italy had perfected her singing; and she excited the greatest admiration in the *Artaxerxes* of Dr. Arne, where she introduced an air from *Inez de Castro*, which afforded her an opportunity of displaying the full compass of her fine voice. At that time the famous cantatrice Banti arrived in London, and made her debut in the character of *Polyphronte*, in the Mérope of Nazzolini—M'me Billington played the part of Mérope. The combination of such talent produced such an effect that the theatre could not hold the spectators, and even the stage was filled. A similar effect was produced on the 3d of June, 1802, the day on which M'mes Billington and Mara sung together for the first time, in a duett composed expressly for them by Bianchi. And what added still more to the eagerness of the public was, that it was known that this was the last soirée at which M'me Mara would sing. Nothing can give an idea of the finished execution of these great singers, of their genius, and of the effect which they produced upon the spectators. The reputation of M'me Billington continued to increase. The managers of each theatre endeavored to engage her, and, for six successive years, she sung at the Italian Opera, at the King's concert, at the Hanover Square concert, and at a great number of private concerts. Finally, having amassed a considerable fortune,* and perceiving that her health was impaired,

* About £70,000 or $350,000.

she retired altogether in 1809, and sung in public but once more, which was at a concert given for the benefit of the poor at Whitehall. In 1817 she left England and went to an estate which she had just purchased near Venice; but she enjoyed only a short time the advantages of her new position, for on the 25th of August, 1818, she died of a severe sickness, leaving a name illustrious in the annals of the lyric theatre.

THE HEART'S EASE.

Sweet modest flower!
Emblem of peace and sweet content,
Of Eden's bower
Thou wert a favored ornament,
When Eve in wondering rapture o'er thee bent.

Thy simple blossom
Now opens on a world of wo;
And many a bosom,
Aching and restless, fain would know
What spell with calm repose arrays thee so.

Ah, then impart,
While thus we gaze, thy silent lore;
The mourning heart
May cease its losses to deplore,
The anxious, live to-day, and fret no more.

With equal grace
Thy bloom in shade and sunshine's given;
Then let us trace
Thy pattern lowly, temper even,
With steady eye, serenely fixed on Heaven.

WELSH BARDS AND MINSTRELS.

MUSICAL WORLD.

Dr. John David Rhys, who flourished about 1579, published a very valuable work, in Latin, on Welsh prosody; in the Appendix to which are some very curious observations relative to the state of music in Wales at various periods; these were translated by the Rev. W. J. Rees of Cascob, and published in the second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Cambrian Institution; from which the following extracts have been made, and forwarded to us, by Mr. Parry, Barrd Alaw.

Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan, about the year 1042, issued out rules and regulations respecting the bards and minstrels; among which were the following. That no person was to exercise two callings, as poetry and playing on the harp* or *crwth*.† That no bard or minstrel was to possess more than the

* The Welsh harp has three rows of strings; the two outer ones are tuned in unison, and the inner row contains the flats and sharps: for instance, between F natural and G in the outer row, will be found F sharp. The Welsh harpers play the treble with the left hand, and the base with the right; the reverse is customary with performers on the pedal harp.

† *Crwth*, or crowd, is a very ancient British instrument; the shape of it is an oblong square, and it has from three to six strings; is played on by a bow; the tone is very thin and soft; it has been many years out of use; but it certainly is an ancestor of the fiddle family.

value of *ten shillings*, either in horses or cattle, or expensive apparel, under penalty of forfeiting it to the king—for *rich* men seldom devote themselves to study! An itinerant minstrel was not to go to the house of a gentleman; nor a chief minstrel to the house of a plebian. It was the office of the itinerant minstrel to rebuke, to mock, to deride, and to entreat, by means of reproach, and all that under the pretence of singing; for which he was to receive a penny, on his acknowledging himself to belong as a mere weed to the bards; and a gibe from the company was to be given to him, that he might make light of the devil, who enticed him to idleness, riotous living, and sloth! The chief minstrel of the country was to have the marriage fines of the daughters of minstrels; he also was to have the presents of young women when they married; that was four-and-twenty pence.

When the king was desirous to hear a song, the chief minstrel was to sing two songs, first in the hall, addressed to God, and the other respecting the king.

When the queen wished to hear a song in her apartment, the domestic bard was to sing three songs to her, *with a moderate voice*, not to occasion any disturbance in the hall. The chief minstrel must be acquainted with all the laws both of poetry and music, and be able to sing both in *harmony* and *concord*, also in cross consonancy [*query* counterpoint] and alliterations; be fond of entertaining subjects, and fertile in wit; also to be able to retain

long in his memory the praise of the nobles. The graduated probationary pupil must know *ten concords, one fundamental, five concords of accompaniment, and eight tunes.* The disciplined pupil must know double the above. The master pupil must know three times as many, and be able to explain them. The chief minstrel must know four times as many, and be acquainted with all the canons and their rules; also the *system of canons as it is set forth in the book of science.* He must be able to compose a piece for himself, and be able to give an explanation of every part of it; such as every division, and subdivision; every quantity and rest, and every change of the drawings, and key-notes, *hidden and apparent;* and to show them forth warranted from his own performance, musically and masterly, so that the doctors and chief minstrels may conscientiously adjudge and elect him, to be an author and master in science.

The tunes which are named on the mixed, or minor key, are 31 in number; those on the *sharp* key A, 27; those on the *flat* key, F, 10. The contending concords, named on the mixed key, B, are 11; the concords in the flat key, F, 7, and those on the sharp key, A, 18.

That no pupil compose a song without showing it to his master, to know from his judgment that it be correct, before it be sung aloud to any one, that it may not bring shame either on the master or the pupil. [Good. Ed. Rep.]

Bards and minstrels are to be of a friendly conversation, peaceable, obliging, humble, and fond of doing good offices; and all who are true subjects of the king and his magistrates should countenance and patronize the bards and minstrels.

The pupils to inquire of their masters, a month before each festival, where they are to go, lest too many go to the same place: and that but one go to a person whose income does not exceed *ten pounds* (!) and two to him who has *twenty pounds!*

Order of Bards and Minstrels.—There are eight kinds of bards and minstrels; four graduated, and four frivolous.

The first four are—1. Bards who wear the band of their order. 2. Harpers. 3. Performers on the crwth. 4. Vocalists. The four kinds of frivolous ones are—1. The piper. 2. The juggler. 3. The drummer, and 4. The fiddler, or player on the *crwth* with three strings. The gratuity of each of these is one penny, and they are to perform standing. The singer ought to know how to tune a harp, or *crwth*, and accurately sing several musical lessons through their regular parts: he should also be acquainted with the four-and-twenty metres of poetry; and be able to correct any old piece of poetry which he may receive incorrect from another. He should, likewise, know how to serve from the kitchen to the table of a person of dignity and power; and to carve every fowl that comes before him. And his office at a royal wedding is to serve at the table

of the bride; a white covering is to be about the harp or *crwth*, which he brings with him.

The Club-head Vocalist is one who sings without being able to play on an instrument. He is to stand in the middle of the hall, and beat time with his club, and sing a poem or ode, with the beats.

Royal Weddings.—A notice of a year and a day is given to the bards to prepare themselves to attend royal weddings; and the chief minstrel is appointed the *butt* of the rest, and he gives them an entertaining subject to exercise their poetical talents upon. After dinner the chief minstrel sits in a chair: and those who put questions to him stand; they are permitted to say against him, in poetry, any thing they choose; and, on the morrow, he answers them on the subject for the amusement of the company.

AIR.

GARDINER'S MUSIC OF NATURE.

The chief excellence of that measured strain of music called air, resides in the beauty of its melody, the symmetry of which lays hold of our affections in a peculiar way. When addressed to the gentler passions, its tender expressions are more intelligible than words, of which few are necessary to assist its

meaning; and the less it is encumbered with them, the more powerful is its charm. Melody demands the expression of its own thoughts, before it attempts to express the ideas of the poet; "a means exclusively its own, and which acts upon us in a pleasurable way." Its power of calling up ideas of the past, upon which the mind loves to dwell, is often a source of great delight: with music of this kind, the singer seldom fails to please; he trusts to the charm of the melody rather than the force of the words; recollecting, that "we must first please the ear before we can touch the heart."

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Lo! Music waves another wand! and fade
The unclouded southern skies. Around me sweep
Gloomy pine-forests, through whose silence deep
Wild elvish voices shout: the quaint parade
Of fairy revel shines in every glade;
I'm in the North!—upon its foaming sea,
With the stout Jarls I take my pastime free,
Or with brown gipsies ramble thro' the shade
Of oaken woods;—and now, from mountain hold,
Brave knights come riding down, with casque and spear,
And broider'd scarf of emerald and gold,
Wrought with some choice device;—and now I hear

Wild clarions call to war.—I wake—How well
Sweet wizard of the North, hath wrought thy tuneful spell.

Child of Romance!—how varied was thy skill!
Now, stealing forth in airy melody,
Such as the west wind breathes along the sky,
When golden evening lingers on the hill:—
Now with some fierce and startling chord did'st chill
The blood to ice, and bathe with dew the brow;
Anon, thou did'st break forth in brilliant flow
Of wild rejoicing, such as well might fill
The bright sea-chambers, where the mermaids play;
All elemental sounds thou did'st control,
The roar of rocking boughs—the flash of spray—
The earthquake's muttered threat—the thunder's roll,
Scattering, like toys, their changes through thy lays,
Till wonder could no more, and rapture silenced praise.

O, had we but the monarch's ring of might
That ruled the spirit world, we would compel
Thy shade to visit earth—*thy* voice to tell
The secrets of the grave:—'twere strange delight
To hear, some starry breathless winter night,
When on thy solemn form the moonbeams shone,
The awful mysteries of those realms unknown,
Which old tradition mantles with affright:—
Come back, mild spirit! from the golden shore
Where thou hast joined the white robed seraph choirs;
And let thy song, tuned to celestial lore,
Comfort our sorrows, quicken our desires—
Vainly for such a bliss we weep, we yearn;
Hark! how the night-winds sigh—"the dead no more return!"

NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION.

In the month of August, 1834, a course of lectures was delivered by the Professors in the Boston Academy of Music, to teachers of singing schools and others. The design was to illustrate the Pestalozzian method of teaching vocal music in classes as contained in the Manual of Instruction, then recently published, under the sanction of the Academy. These lectures were attended by twelve persons, most of whom had already been accustomed to teach.

In August, 1835, a similar course, including additional lectures and exercises, designed to illustrate different styles of church music, taste and appropriate manner of performance, was repeated with still greater success. This class was attended by eighteen persons, besides several of the class of 1834.

In August, 1836, the number of the class was increased to twenty-eight, besides members of previous classes. The gentlemen present on this occasion organized themselves into a Convention, for the discussion of questions relating to the general subject of Musical Education, Church Music, and Musical Performances, during such hours as were not occupied by the lectures. These discussions were found to be highly interesting and useful.

In 1837, Mr. Mason being on a tour in Europe,

THE ORGAN.

We heard a lecture a few evenings since at the Odeon, by Professor Cleaveland of this city, on the nature and structure of the Organ. In connection with the lecture, illustrations were given on the instrument by Mr. Greatorex. The whole performance was able, well sustained, and instructive. We would at this time give a general outline of the lecture, were it not that we intend at some other period, to devote an extended article to the same subject.

In connection with this subject we wish to make one suggestion for the consideration of the public. Can nothing be done to prevent the disturbance, which is made continually on such occasions by lawless boys? Cannot this cheering,—this relic of the dark ages,—be frowned down by an enlightened community? It means just nothing at all, and is really no compliment to the performer. The meanest and most degrading performances are applauded with as much zeal as the very best. The most uproarous applause, that we heard on this occasion, was at a time when the organist merely placed his hands on the instrument and gave a single chord.

If there is any desire of improvement among us, or any law in the land of more authority than brutal force, we do hope this nuisance will be abated forthwith.

BOSTON MUSICAL INSTITUTE'S
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.
T. COMER, EDITOR.
Published by *Otis, Broaders, & Co.*

We have before us a copy of this work, which is beyond doubt a valuable addition to the works on psalmody. The books on this subject have rapidly increased in numbers within the last few years. If this multiplicity of singing books is any proof of general improvement in the department of church music, then the cause is certainly on the advance. The multiplication of such works argues a demand, which did not formerly exist, to supply which requires an increase of talent, greater variety of matter, and more extensive research. This is the true state of the case. The interest, which is taken in the science of music in general and church music in particular, is far greater at present, than it has been at any previous time in the history of our country. Musical education is on the advance, and as a matter of course all its various departments will receive due share of attention.

The work before us is of rather a high order. It contains about one hundred and sixty old tunes, and about one hundred and seventy specimens of European music. There are about twenty-five tunes by the Editor, and as many more by other American

composers, with a few select pieces added. In regard to the character of the music, we are disposed to judge favorably, though our examination has necessarily been somewhat limited. Most of the writers have been happy in the production of easy and pleasing melodies. This we regard as the first and most essential point. Another important circumstance is, that the harmonist produce a tolerable melody in each of the parts. In this respect the Editor has certainly done better than a majority of his cotemporaries, though we think there is still great room for improvement.

The elementary department of this work is very simple and concise. The chapter on the gamut is a valuable document. The subject is disposed of with simplicity and clearness, without any effort at display or unnecessary affectation of learning. This part of the work, we understand, was prepared by the venerable President of the Institute.

In addition to the matter usually found in works of this kind, the Editor has devoted about forty pages at the end of the book to old American music, that has to a great extent gone into disuse. This we consider a valuable addition; and with many choirs, especially in the country, would be considered as worth the full price of the book.

Notice of the Manhattan Collection, by Thomas Hastings, next month.

AIRS OF GERMANY.

This is the title of a work published in Philadelphia by WORCH & THOMAS, and noticed in the REPORTER for February. It consists avowedly of the popular airs of Germany, with German words and an English translation. The plan is a good one. The cause of music requires the introduction from any quarter of every thing, that has a tendency to improve the American taste, cultivate the ear, and introduce a higher standard of musical excellence among the people. We have very little fears in relation to the more fashionable and wealthy portions of the community. The select and exclusive circles will always possess the means of improvement, and these advantages will to some extent be prized and enjoyed. But so long as the great body of the population is excluded from these advantages, we shall never become a musical nation.

If music is to be cultivated generally among the people, the process must be commenced in the simplest, most pleasing and earliest stages. The diffusion of musical knowledge is good in its place and absolutely necessary. But the dry details of matters of fact, and the discussion of abstract principles are rather "dull music," without the enlivening power of those sweet melodies, which warm the heart, stir the feelings, and create a desire, a thirst for music, among all classes from the highest to the lowest.

The circulation of German airs can no doubt be made conducive to this general effect, and to some extent we have been much pleased with the work before us. "*Look up to heaven,*" is a beautiful air in No. 1, from REISSIGER. "*Longing for Spring,*" in No. 4, is a charming melody from MOZART, and deserves a better specimen of poetry [?] than we find attached to it. By the way, cannot the publishers of AIRS OF GERMANY make arrangements to furnish their subscribers with better translations? We are not sufficiently well versed in the German language to judge unerringly of the original. But we do know, that every translator has liberty to make good English and decent poetry. The words set to the last mentioned air are the following.

Come lovely May and cover
The trees with green again;
And let the violets blossom
By flowing brook and plain.
How well I'd love to gaze on
The violet's eye once more,
And tread in lovely May-time
The verdant meadows o'er!

The winter is not cheerless,
And many joys it brings;
We skip among the snow-drifts
And play at evenings;
We play at building houses,
At blind man's buff and pawn,
Or run our tinkling sledges
Upon the snow-clad lawn.

But when the birds are singing,
To frisk with joyful spring
Upon the turf's green carpeting
Is quite another thing.
My hobby-horse is standing
In yonder corner now;
We cannot walk the garden
For mud and melting snow.

O, were it only smoother
And greener out of doors!
So come thou lovely May-day
We, children, love thy hours.
Oh, come and bring us violets,
Let thousands round us spring;
And bring again the cuckoo,
And nightingales to sing.

Shades of Mozart! Greet us not with thy presence! Peace be to thy slumbering dust! We hope no English voice will ever chant such jargon beneath the shadow of thy urn. We have no objection to juvenile poems; we would not debar the poet from putting his lines in the mouth of the infant. But let them be decent; let them be poetic.

"We skip among the snow-drifts,
And play at evenings."

Whue!

"Upon the turf's *green carpeting*
Is quite another thing."

There's a touch for you! This beats any thing we ever heard except once. We did on a particular occasion, accidentally see the following stanza

written on the wall of an old time-honored tenement.

"Blow, O blow, ye heavenly breezes,
All throughout the leaves and treeses;
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
While I mend your boots and shoeses."

We recommend to Worch & Thomas, to hire a poet forthwith and pay him for translating. We like the Airs of Germany very much; but we do not like to see Mozart's music made the unwilling instrument for giving currency to such specimens of "prose run mad."

Force of Sound. Dr. Clark in sailing from Asia Minor to Egypt, is said to have heard the sound of a sea fight at the distance of one hundred and thirty miles.

To a correspondent. We have received a communication from W. G. M., in relation to the *National Musical Convention*, the last year's report, the committee, &c. This we are obliged for want of room to omit. Our friend will however see that we have anticipated his remarks in an article on the same subject. We doubt not the convention will ask an explanation, as our correspondent has done, and no doubt it will be promptly given.

NEW MUSIC,

Published by PARKER & DITSON, *Boston*, 1841.

Summer Night, a Song by E. Ranford. Sunbeam of Summer, a duet by Bellini. The Sailor Boy's Carol. The Maniac Girl, a ballad by I. W. Hobbs.

Also, INSTRUCTIONS and PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES in the ART OF SINGING, by D. Crivelli.

This work commences with a series of introductory remarks in relation to the nature and quality of the voice and its exercise in practising the scale. Rules are also given for the management and control of the voice, the best methods of cultivating and disciplining it in order to produce the highest degree of perfection. These remarks are followed by a series of examples, which the author intends as a thorough course of education for the voice and ear. The work appears to be the result of much labor, study and observation, and cannot fail to accomplish its object, wherever the system is thoroughly applied.

We have just received the Caledonia march, a new production by Edwin Tilden, published by the author.

We are also requested to say, that the New York music noticed in our last, is for sale by George P. Reed, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In our notice, in the last number of the Reporter, of *Weber's* work on music, now being translated by Mr. Warner, we termed it a "*Universal Musical Grammar;*" but lest this appellation should be taken as the author's title, we wish to say that the proper name of the entire work is the THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION, while that of the first or introductory part—the part now published—is the GENERAL MUSIC TEACHER.

NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION.

The next meeting of the National Musical Convention will be held in Boston, commencing August 19, 1841, at 11 o'clock A. M. at the Odeon, corner of Federal and Franklin streets, when it will be opened by religious services and a lecture from Rev. Mr. Peirce, of Brookline.

All teachers of music, leaders of choirs, and other practical musicians and amateurs are invited to attend and join the Convention.

The standing committee, during the recess, have made arrangements for another lecture on the subject of music to be delivered before the Convention.

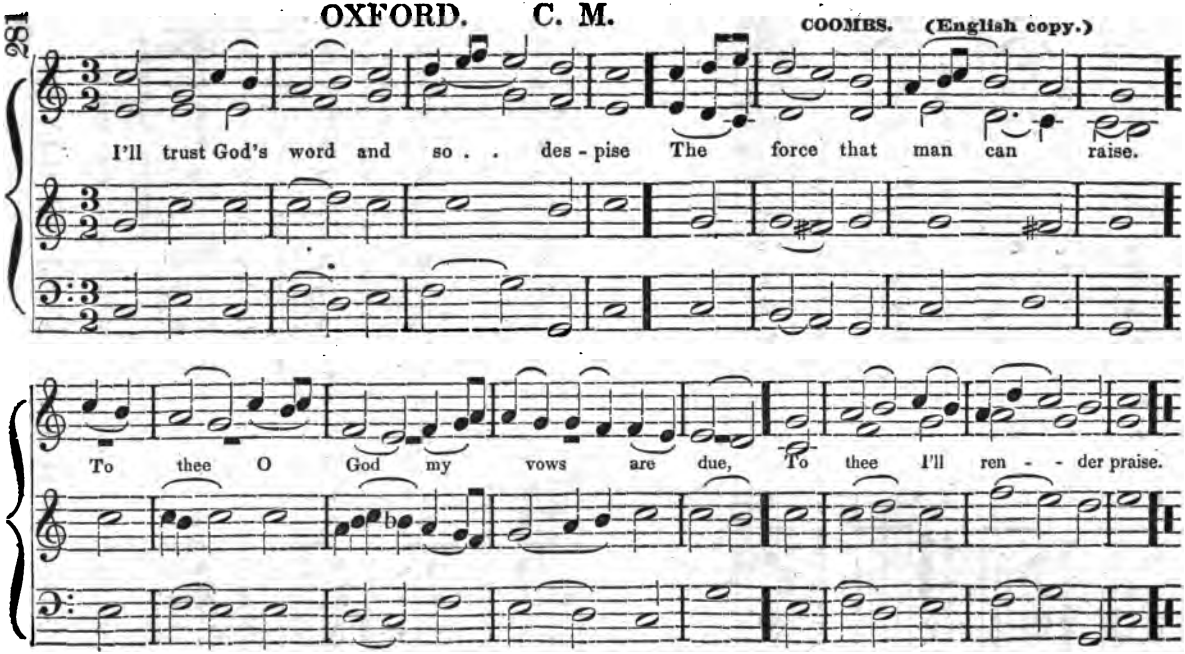
All publishers of newspapers and other periodicals in the United States, who feel interested in the progress of the science of music, will confer a favor by giving this notice circulation.

H. THEODOR HACH,

Chairman of Standing Committee during the recess of the Convention.

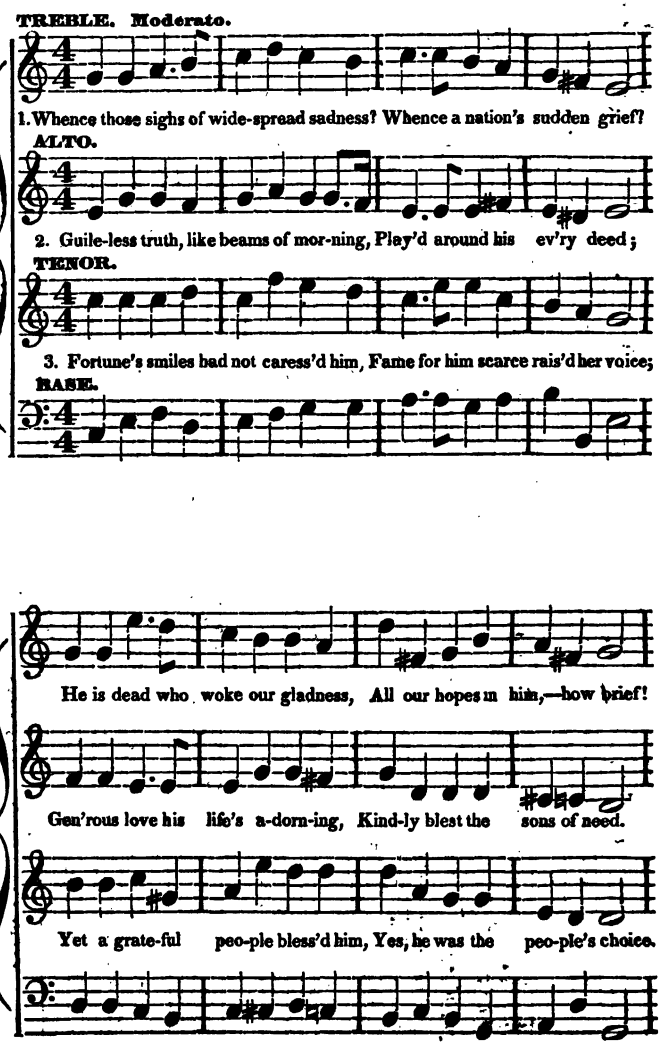
OXFORD. C. M.

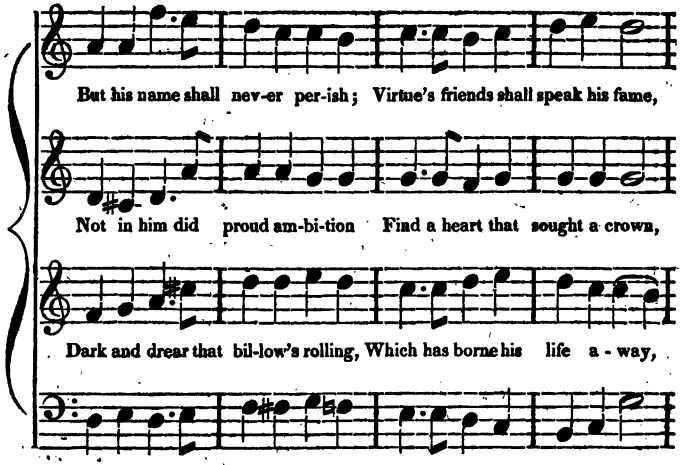
COOMBS. (English copy.)

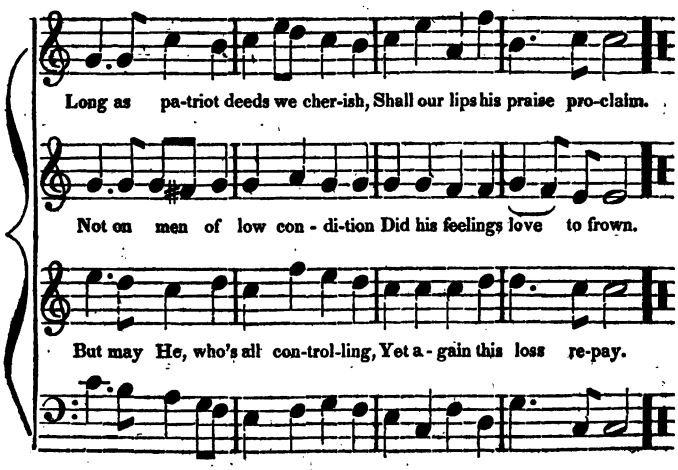


DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Words by J. F. WARNER. Music by G. J. WEBB.


TREBLE. Moderato.
1. Whence those sighs of wide-spread sadness? Whence a nation's sudden grief?
ALTO.
2. Guile-less truth, like beams of mor-ning, Play'd around his ev'ry deed;
TENOR.
3. Fortune's smiles had not caress'd him, Fame for him scarce rais'd her voice;
BASE.
He is dead who woke our gladness, All our hopes in him,—how brief!
Gen'rous love his life's a-dorn-ing, Kind-ly blest the sons of need.
Yet a grate-ful peo-ple bless'd him, Yes, he was the peo-ple's choice.


But his name shall nev-er per-ish; Virtue's friends shall speak his fame,
Not in him did proud am-bi-tion Find a heart that sought a crown,
Dark and drear that bil-low's rolling, Which has borne his life a - way,


Long as pa-triot deeds we cher-ish, Shall our lips his praise pro-claim.
Not on men of low con - di-tion Did his feelings love to frown.
But may He, who's all con-trol-ling, Yet a - gain this loss re-pay.

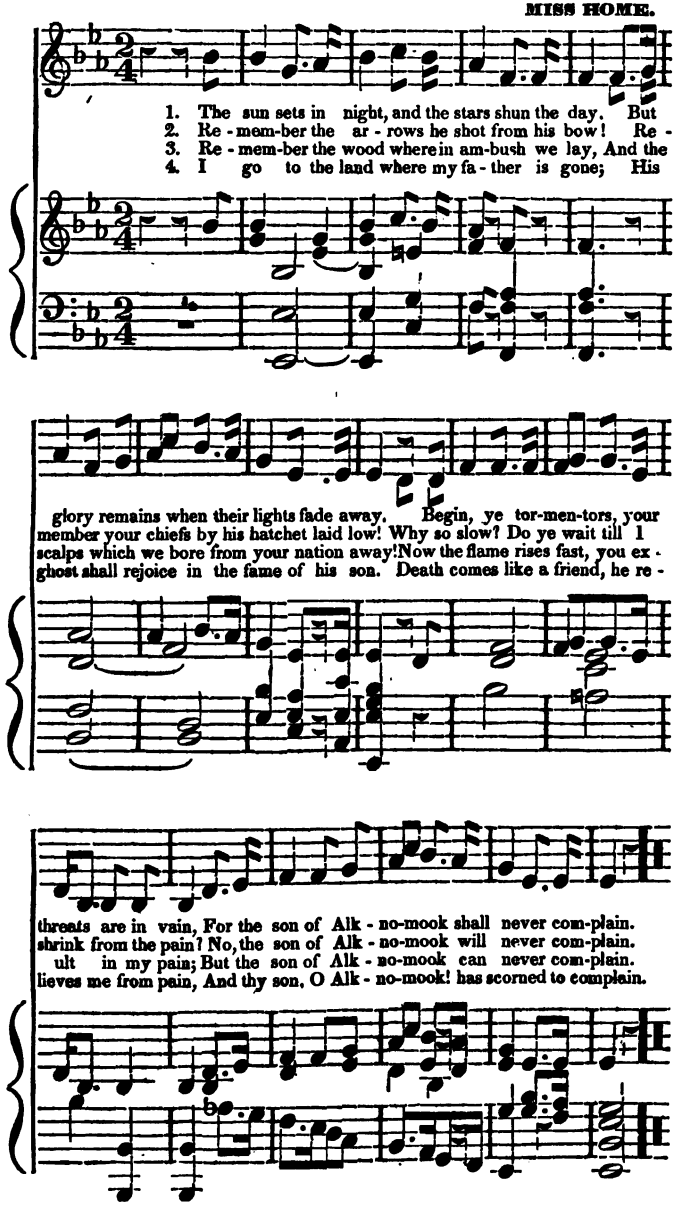
ORLANDO GIBBONS.

The sil - ver swan, who liv-ing had no
The sil - ver swan, who liv-ing had no note,
The sil - ver swan, who liv-ing had no
The sil - ver swan, who living, who liv-ing had no
The sil-ver swan, who liv-ing had no
note, When death approach'd unlock'd her si - lent throat;
. . . When death approach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat; Leaning her
note, When death approach'd unlock'd her si - lent throat: Lean-
note. When death approach'd un - lock'd her si-lent throat; A-
note, death
When death approach'd, When approach'd unlock'd her silent throat; Leaning her

Lean-ing her breast a - gainst the ree - dy
breast a-gainst the ree - - - dy shore, Thus
. . . ing her breast a - gainst the ree - - - dy shore,
gainst the ree-dy shore; Thus sung her
breast a - gainst the ree-dy shore,
shore, Thus sang her first and last, and sang no
sang her first and last, and sang no more; Fare -
Thus sang her first and last, and sang no
first and last, and sang no more; and sang, and sang no
Thus sang her first and last, and sang no

more; Farewell all joys! O death, come close my
well, all joys! O death, come close . . . my eyes; More
more; Fare-well all joys! O death come close my eyes;
more; O death, come close my eyes; More geese than
more; Farewell all joys, O death come close my eyes,
eyes; More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.
geese than swans now live, more fools, more fools, than wise.
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.
swans now live, more fools than wise, more . . . . . fools than wise.
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

MISS HOME.


1. The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day. But
2. Re - mem-ber the ar - rows he shot from his bow! Re -
3. Re - mem-ber the wood where in am-bush we lay, And the
4. I go to the land where my fa - ther is gone; His
glory remains when their lights fade away. Begin, ye tor-men-tors, your
member your chiefs by his hatchet laid low! Why so slow? Do ye wait till I
scalps which we bore from your nation away! Now the flame rises fast, you ex -
ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son. Death comes like a friend, he re -
threats are in vain, For the son of Alk - no-mook shall never com-plain.
shrink from the pain? No, the son of Alk - no-mook will never com-plain.
ult in my pain; But the son of Alk - no-mook can never com-plain.
lieves me from pain, And thy son, O Alk - no-mook! has scorned to complain.

PHILO. L. M.

G. E. WILLIAMS. (English service.)

Moderato.
Up to the hills I lift my eyes, Th' e - ter - nal hills be - yond the skies.
Thence all her help my soul de - rives; There my Al - migh - ty ref - - uge lies.

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MUSICAL REPORTER.

The Reporter will be published *monthly*, on the first day of each month, commencing with January, 1841. Each number will contain forty-eight pages, on fine paper, done up in a style equal to that of any periodical, which the country affords. Of this matter, eight pages will be music, sacred and secular, arranged for the piano-forte, and selected from the best authors, or written expressly for this work. Any individual, becoming responsible for four subscribers, shall be entitled to the fifth copy gratis.

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Asa Fitz,
E. B. Dearborn.

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Volume 1.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
THE ROMANTIC IN MUSIC	289
WILLIAM BILLINGS	297
HYMN FOR CONCERT	304
EMOTIONS	305
NEW INSTRUMENT	307
BEETHOVEN'S WILL	309
MANHATTAN COLLECTION	314
MADRIGAL	317
CHOIR MUSIC	318
DA CAPO	320
HISTORY OF MUSIC	321
OLD HUNDRED	325
THE HUSBANDMAN	326
NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION	328
Music. THE HUSBANDMAN	327

[RIDDER & WRIGHT,—MUSIC PRINTERS, BOSTON.]

MUSICAL REPORTER.

THE ROMANTIC IN MUSIC.

FROM THE GERMAN.

When Carl Maria Von Weber opened to himself a new path, by that work of genius, *Der Freischutz*, what is called romantic music was by several stamped as belonging to a peculiar school, and many an unsuccessful imitation was attempted under the title "Romantic Opera." The wonderful and the legendary were alleged to be the necessary foundation of this species; spirits, and whenever possible, Satan himself, were essential ingredients. This kind of opera was pronounced to be the only one truely German, and opposed to the comic conversation opera, and the heroic opera.

I cannot see what is to be gained by such a classification, or that it will at all tend to enlighten us on the question of the real essence of music.

The essence of the romantic was sought for in various contingencies, or single peculiarities; the

first united with the second renders plain the conception of the romantic. My own views of romantic art, briefly shown, may serve to justify what I have said.

First, I must state, that, according to my views, the romantic and musical art are akin to each other, and that all music is of a romantic nature; a proposition that will seem paradoxical to many, but which I shall endeavour to demonstrate.

The source of all the fine arts may be traced to the worship of God,—to religion. From this they have sprung; from this were formed their first rude beginnings, and the general religious feelings of a people have also given an individual coloring to their arts. The tie of religion and art is so close, that even those who will not acknowledge it unconsciously feel its power. The religion of antiquity was essentially a natural religion. Only among the oriental nations the traces of a belief in divine manifestations display themselves. The art, which sprung from this natural religion, could not conceive other than sensual deities; it sought among natural forms for the expression of divinity, and hence in works of art the nearest approach to Nature's master-piece was held to be the noblest design.

According to Aristotle, the *beautiful* consists in the imitation of nature, a view of the matter, which, in the days of skepticism, *e. g.* among the French, revived in all its power.

Plato's views of art and the beautiful are opposed

to these; he assumes original forms of beauty in the soul of the artist, which he has brought with him into the world, and which spring from a former and better state. Thus, he regards most the ideal, while Aristotle chiefly regards the real.

Grecian art in general bears the character of an imitation which is so perfect, that we should vainly strive to equal it, since we want the eye of the Grecian artist. The summit of human strength and beauty is, with the Greeks divine; hence their heroes are allied to the Gods; hence their Gods, though in heaven, live after the manner of men. The spirit of Grecian art displays itself in works of architecture, poetry, and sculpture. This last, which most obviously exhibits the forms of nature, bears very evidently in itself the elements of the national spirit, and hence ancient art is in general called plastic. But with respect to the music of the ancients—what was it? Gfr. Weber has, in his Theory of Composition, long ago called our attention to this point, namely, that the key to any closer acquaintance with that art is lost, and that our endeavors to attain it must fail. We have, we must almost say, less proof that we understand accurately the expressions of Ptolemy, Plato and Plutarch relative to music, than that we have sufficiently, and in the spirit of the ancients, mastered the quantity and mode of expressing Greek and Latin words. The scanty remains of ancient music afford us no view of that art; and to increase the confusion, the Christian

beginnings in music have been often mingled with those remains, and under the name of Greek, proudly displayed themselves as the result of investigation into antiquities. Von Winterfeld's *John Gabrieli* will contribute much to the clearing up of such doubts.

If we consider attentively the choruses of the Greek tragedies, and combine the expressions relative to music uttered by Plato in the third book of his Republic, we shall soon be convinced that the essential beauty of that music consisted in the rhythm, hence in systematic motion. Indeed the same spirit, which in ancient sculpture announced itself in space, speaks in the rhythm, but not otherwise in motion, therefore in time. The rhythm of antiquity, so far as we can obtain an idea of it by investigating the laws of metre is of a plastic nature. Hence music was, as it were, rendered visible by the peculiar arts of motion, viz, dancing and mimicry. Music was but the servant of other arts; and though the ancients knew the difference between high and low in sounds, we have nothing to justify us in assuming that they knew anything of a harmonic base, on which what we call melody depends. Rhythm could display itself in tones, but the knowledge of the combinations of tones was reserved for a later age. The unison of the Eastern nations of the present day now affords an instance of that infancy in music.

It is well known how music displayed itself

simultaneously with the rites of Christianity; how music was the art in which Christian worship was first developed. The power of the musical spirit was alone calculated to present to the senses, the Christian idea of Deity; while in ancient times this was done by sculpture, when the divinities in the form of men, filled the situations of men. This in the Christian world, could alone be accomplished by an art, which had for its end the representation of the Infinite; an art, the elements of which are varying and fluctuating, that is to say, music. Sound dies away like the existence of man. A pictorial composition remains fixed to our gaze, and thus embraces the forms of earth. A musical composition has nothing more, when he has first idealized them.

It was natural enough that the musical art should exert an influence over other arts. Poetry shows us this in the origin of rhyme. Harmonic euphony began to gain ground on the rhythmic, and showed itself not only in rhyme, but in alliteration and assonance. Now did all art strive to elevate man to the Infinite, to God; as the ancients, degrading Deity sought to approximate it to man. Jean-Paul and Frederich Schlegel have, long ago shown that the Gothic style of architecture was designed to express that endeavor.

In like manner Christian art produced what is called romantic art, which is by many totally misunderstood. The essence of the romantic depends on

the endeavor of man to soar above the sphere of his knowledge; it strives to acquaint us with the unattainable, which no intellect can comprehend.

The opinion will be found correct that the power of music completes that of language; that the kingdom of the former begins, where that of the latter ends; that without a sweet fancy, being itself in the magic of sound, no genuine musical work can exist. If we call Beethoven the master of all masters, the reason is, that he has exhibited in the plainest view that striving after the infinite. Every work of art requires a form, but to go so far above it without annihilating it, was reserved for Beethoven alone. I place him above S. Bach, because the genius of the latter was more immediately subservient to divine worship; because he did not lose himself, like Beethoven, in the magic of sound. I place him above all, because he is independent of words, and lets his inarticulate sounds speak freely for themselves. Instrumental music, as E. T. A. Hoffmann has justly remarked, is the most romantic of all arts. However among vocal composers there is more than one, who is entitled to stand by Beethoven's side. If he was the mightest in instrumental music, so was Mozart in another sphere. No other opera composer has expressed the romantic spirit as he has in *Don Giovanni.*

Among the moderns the romantic spirit has appeared in Weber and Spohr; with the former it is almost unbridled; with the latter it is more confined.

Mendelssohn and Lowe are to be reckoned among those of the present day. Yet in all modern art the free *unconscious* power of creation has become rare. The intellectual education on the one hand, and the mechanical on the other, plainly exert an injurious influence. That fancy, which makes individuality forget itself, becomes more and more scarce, like that pious childish faith, in which religion first takes root. The age begins to hate the very essence of the romantic, it desires the bodily, the sensual. To satisfy this desire, thousands of musicians are prepared and ready at all times. With these the very mechanism of music has become living, and the intellect only reckons upon the effect.

A new effect however constitutes neither novelty nor originality, in a work of art; therefore, the romantic should not be misunderstood was inevitable. We had learned to expect from it outward signs, spirits and wonders, above all things. Thus Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* must be called a romantic opera, though there is not the least trace of the romantic spirit to be found in any part.

Let us then be less liberal with a name which conveys above all others, such weighty, such mighty praise. Let us consider that the romantic is the inmost essence of music, that it is the mark which distinguishes all modern art from the ancient; hence, in few words, that in our days every work of art meriting the name must be called romantic, and

then that appellation is understood as being the mark of every good work of art in our time. It will be objected, that the term *romantic* will in fact not at all suit many of our most modern works of art. Alas! such is the case. They have not proceeded from the exaltation of our souls to the infinite; they clave to this earth, they live but an apparent life; they are no productions of the spirit of art, but of intellect, experience and labor. This is particularly remarked in the greater and more comprehensive works. For small, light pictures, for short, feeling songs, which flash like lightning through the night, the powers of creating and feeling are yet sufficient. But even this losing one's self in a number of trifling designs, without being able to apply one's self to a single great work is somewhat dangerous. The arts go begging among each other; we *seek* the matter, being unable to *produce* it; while Raphael painted the Madonna innumerable times, yet ever new, ever with animation. We are poor in matter, because the enjoyers of art are insatiable. Thus our matter gradually becomes more real, more prosaic, and Music is a product of Christianity; instrumental music a product of German spririt. The bias of the German character to religion here displayed itself in its noblest form. Let us in a skeptical age, neither in life, nor in art, be robbed of our faith in what is most sacred.

Breslau.

AUGUST KAHLERT.

WILLIAM BILLINGS.

FOR THE REPORTER.

By Nahum Mitchell of Boston.

For one hundred and fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, no native son of New England had attempted musical composition. This distinction was reserved for William Billings, a native of Boston, whose works were so much admired in his own day, and so much neglected afterwadrs. He was born Oct. 7, 1746, and died in Boston Sept. 26, 1800, aged 54. He was author of six distinct publications, namely;

1*st. The New England Psalm Singer*—108 *pages, published Oct.* 7, 1770.

2*d.. The Singing Master's Assistant*—102 *pages, published* 1778, *being an abridgment of the former work.*

3*d. Music in Miniature*—32 *pages*, 12*mo., published* 1779. *This is principally a collection containing* 74 *tunes*, 31 *new and original, and* 32 *from his former books, and* 11 *old standard European tunes.*

4*th. The Psalm Singer's Amusement*—103 *pages, published* 1781.

5*th. The Suffolk Harmony*—56 *pages, published* 1786.

6*th. The Continental Harmony*—199 *pages, published* 1794. These with a few separate Anthems,

viz: *Except the Lord build the house, &c. The Lord is risen from the dead, &c. Mourn, mourn ye saints, &c. Jesus Christ is risen to-day, &c.*, comprise all his published compositions; and excepting the 11 European tunes above mentioned, the whole were his own.

Billings was of humble origin and by occupation a tanner. His opportunities for education of any kind were small, and his literary acquirements of course scant. He had little knowledge of counterpoint, having seen probably no work on the science or rules of harmony, except, perhaps Tansur's grammar, a very meagre and imperfect treatise; but his love of music, and skill in the art of singing were early manifested, and even in youth he became a popular singing master, and began to compose and commenced his first publication while quite young. The English publications by *W. Tansur*, *A. Williams*, *J. Arnold*, *W. Knapp*, and *J. Stephenson*, had found their way across the Atlantic about the time he came on the stage. The lovers of psalmody here, who had from their youth heard nothing but the slow isochronous notes of the very few old church tunes introduced in their day in the country, very gladly accepted the more lively and spirited airs, which these authors offered them. Billings was foremost in adopting the new style, and formed his taste and took his cue in his compositions from such tunes as the *3d Psalm*, *34th Psalm*, *Milford*, *Christmas Hymn*, and many other similar fuguing and lively

compositions, then just becoming popular. His works were of course eagerly adopted and all the old sacred melodies, however before approved and established, were entirely laid aside for many years. Those, who succeeded and imitated him carried this style and taste to a still greater extreme. This music therefore, so much denounced and ridiculed by some, and called in derision the American or Yankee style, had not its origin, as has been already suggested, on this side the water. England abounded at that time with the same flashy compositions. Volumes were there published and are still extant, in which not a single solid tune can be found, nor one, of any description, which has found its way into any respectable collection of music there or here. Though their harmony may be more correct, the melodies bear no comparison with those of Billings, who therefore in this respect, at least, far exceeded his models.

His first publication was exceedingly deficient in all the constituent requisites of good melody, as well as good harmony, and particularly as to accent. It will not bear criticism, and it may amuse the reader to see the remarks of the author himself on his own work. In the preface to his second publication he said, "kind reader no doubt you remember that about ten years ago I published a book, entitled, The New England Psalm Singer, and truly a most masterly performance I then thought it to be. How lavish was I of encomiums on this my infant

production! Said I, thou art my Reuben, my first born, the beginning of my strength; but to my great mortification I soon discovered it was Reuben in the sequel, and Reuben all over. I have discovered that many of the pieces were never worth my printing or your inspection." Of course in his second work, which at length finally obtained the name of '*Billings' Best*,' and which professed to be an abridgment of the first, he omitted altogether a great proportion of the tunes, and amended very much those he retained, particularly in point of accent. This work, as well as his fourth, called the Psalm Singer's Amusement, became very popular, and no other music for many years was heard throughout New England. Many of the New England soldiers who, during the revolutionary war, were encamped in the southern states, had many of his popular tunes by heart, and frequently amused themselves by singing them in camp, to the delight of all who heard them. A gentleman now living in Philadelphia distinguished for his great literary attainments, as well as for his musical taste, often speaks of the great pleasure he enjoyed from this source during that period; and that the name of Billings has been dear to him, and associated with the happiest recollections even to the present time. Billings possessed something also of the spirit of poetry, as well as of music, and was author of many of the words as well as the tunes he published. The following words set to Chester were his own:

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We'll fear them not, we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns.

He was a zealous patriot also, and much attached to the late Governor, Samuel Adams, who was also a great lover and performer of psalmody, and it is within the recollection of many now living, that that venerable statesman uniformly was seated at church in the singing choir. One secret, no doubt, of the vast popularity Billings' works obtained was the patriotic ardor they breathed. The words above quoted are an example, and Chester, it is said, was frequently heard from every fife in the New England ranks. The spirit of the revolution was also manifest in his *Lamentation over Boston*, his *Retrospect*, his *Independence*, his *Columbia*, as well as his *Chester*, and many other pieces.

Finally, whatever may be said of Billings' music, and however deficient it may now be thought to be in good taste as well as in many other respects, it certainly gave great delight in its day, and many now living, who were accustomed to hear it in their youth, are much inclined to prefer it to the more elaborate and learned music of the present time. And who can wonder that after an age of slow, dull, monotonous singing in our churches, confined at the same time to half a dozen thread bare tunes, our congregations should have been electrified and delighted with the chanting, song-like, spirited style which Billings introduced?

Besides, the manner of performance should be considered. In the old way tunes were *set* and *struck up* by the chorister at random without tuning fork or pitchpipe, and performed by *rote*, and of course often without *tune* or *time*; while the new style could be performed only by those who had been instructed in schools and in the art of singing. Billings therefore may justly be considered as a reformer, and as having given a new impulse to music generally in our country. Had he lived at the present day, with the superior advantages for obtaining musical skill and science now enjoyed, or had he lived in any other period, there is no reason to doubt he would have been as much distinguished, as he was in his own. And though his name and his music, as improvement in knowledge and taste in the art advanced, soon declined and were almost entirely out of date; yet we now begin to see both his name and his melodies making their way again into respectable notice and the best collections. There is fashion even in music. The style and taste of one period has no charms at another. So we look in vain into the music of the earliest antiquity for the wonderful effects ascribed to it. So is it also with the tastes of different nations at the same period; what prevails in one, is without interest in another. The fugues and divisions, once so common and prevalent, and which abounded even to disgust and satiety in former days, particularly in our American compositions, and which served finally, no less than

their violation of the rules of harmony, to cast them into the shade of neglect and derision, are now much disused and out of fashion. In this respect we have gone to the other extreme. Very few fugues or divisions are admitted, into church music at least, and sparingly into any other. Within the last twenty years much has been done to restore a better taste and introduce a better kind of music among us. The struggle has been to banish the fuguing and frivolous airs, which deluged the country, and in doing it we have returned too far perhaps towards the exclusive use of the old tunes with notes of equal length, and to the plain chant. This cannot last, and the want of more exciting and animating melodies in our churches begins to be manifested and must and will be gratified. Besides, they want a more distinctive character. To the great majority of every audience all tunes seem too much alike. Modern harmony being restricted to a few simple rules, which also restrain the freedom of the melodies themselves, and the time and measure of our sacred music, having settled down into a slow and solemn uniformity, it requires some practical acquaintance with music to distinguish one tune from another. A greater variety and more characteristic difference seem to be called for.

Billings' melodies were certainly many of them very good, and he generally gave something of an air to the base and intermediate parts. This led him often into errors in his harmony, such as the

unnecessary omission of the third, consecutive eighths and fifths, and permitting the inner and inferior parts to transgress their proper limits. These and other rules of harmony and progression were not however then much known or promulgated with us in his time. Correct musical grammers were then unknown in New England. But it cannot be denied that he had genius and talent, which would in any age probably have distinguished him, and raised him above his cotemporaries. And he must be allowed the merit of exciting a musical spirit, which gave to New England an impulse that is felt even to this day.

HYMN FOR CONCERT.

Hail to thee, Melody ! daughter of love;
Soften these hearts, while our voices we raise;
Speed our kind feelings to mansions above;
Swell the loud chorus in anthems of praise.

Hail to thee, Harmony ! raise thy light wing;
Let thy kind presence our meeting pervade;
Tune our loud voices, while praises we sing;
Join in our concert, and lend us thine aid.

Hail to thee, Music ! thy loftiest strain
Mount on the breezes, and swell on the gale;
Calm the wild surges, that roll o'er the main;
Cheer the bleak mountain, and float through the vale

Music, sweet Music, how charming the sound !
Swift through the nations thy billows, shall roll.
Music, sweet Music, thy name shall rebound,
Flying the earth through from centre to pole.

EMOTIONS.

FOR THE REPORTER.

In literary compositions, the importance of maintaining legitimate emotions is well understood. The dramatist must feel the spirit of his personations, the novelist must sympathise with the adventures of his heroes, and the poet must be affected by the creations of his own fancy, if he would give them a place in the sensibilities of his readers. And this principle is just as true in the sacred as in the secular department. The writer of religious hymns may furnish a convenient illustration. To-day, perhaps, he is filled with the sweet breathings of spirituality, and writes as he feels out of the overflowings of a full heart. To-morrow he is pleased with the little effusion, and makes a second effort under the influence of mingled emotions. The third day his religious feelings become languid, but as he has, in his own imagination, succeeded well in the two former instances, he is encouraged to try again. His first production was distinguished for the chaste breathings of spirituality, his second, perhaps, for poetic sentiment and his third for the dullness of mere verbal propriety or pure versification. On the fourth day his spiritual enjoyments return; when he prefers the first of his three productions, adds another equally interesting in its

character; but burns the third one, if not the second, as unworthy of preservation. But now since he has become a writer of hymns, he must improve his time, and add to the stock as he can find leisure. Some of his efforts have been commended by good judges, and others have gained the public favor; and now a little vanity mingles with his emotions. He writes upon all occasions, in various states of mind and with different measures of success. As his reputation increases, he writes more and becomes more careless as to what he preserves for the public eye; and his productions, as they issue from the press, seem gradually to depreciate in excellence. Should the poet at length discover the true secret of his diminishing success, and begin more carefully than ever, to school his heart with divine influences and teachings, he will again succeed, and outdo his earliest efforts; but otherwise, the best that can be hoped is that he will produce beautiful imagery and fine sentimentality, as in some sort a compensation for the dearth of better ingredients. He will become either too imaginative on the one hand, or on the other begin to think with the great master of English literature, that there is too much pausity in religious topics, to admit of poetical success.

But has this subject no application to music? Music and poetry are twin sisters, equally commending themselves to the affections of the heart through the medium of that, which addresses us as sentient beings. In this point of view emotions should be

better understood by the musician, than is usual in these modern days. Mere declamation is just as idle in song as it is in poetry or prose. And the principle here illustrated is as important to the executant, as to the composer. Our secular musicians have need enough to be guarded against, "overstepping the modesty of nature;" but those of us who furnish music for the church, have surely need of some quickenings of admonitions. An occasional lesson from the schools of the prophets might be of service to us, and lead the church to be gainers.

A few hints are all intended by this article; if they prove seasonable as a word to the wise; all I have desired will be accomplished. Z.

NEW INSTRUMENT.

We have seen within a few days a new musical instrument called the '*Organ Piano Forte.*' It is a reed instrument of the Seraphine genus, so arranged with slides, stops, &c., that the dynamic character of the tone may be varied at pleasure. The effect is produced by an apparatus similar to that of the swell organ, combined with other machinery of a nature perfectly simple. This apparatus has the effect, not only to increase or diminish the volume, but to destroy in a great degree the unpleasant

reedy sound, which is peculiar to instruments of this description. In regard to these points the manufacturer has certainly made a vast improve ment over the common seraphine. There is however one fault common to the whole class of seraphines, that perhaps cannot be avoided. The quantity of sound produced by the extreme parts, and especially the base, is not at all proportioned to that produced by the middle of the instrument.

One piece of apparatus struck us as entirely new. The finger board is so constructed as to slide a whole octave to the right or left, so that a tune on any key may be played with the same fingering that is applied to the key of C. This arrangement has two important advantages. First, tunes are often arranged on such a letter as to be inconvenient for the voice, or unsuitable to the character of the words or music. The change in this case can be made by altering the instrument, while the music will be read precisely as if no change had been made. Second, those who cannot devote sufficient time to practise to be able to play with ease in every key, can so accommodate the instrument to the key as to be able to finger any piece as in the key of C.

The manufacturer is Mr. Bazin, of Canton, Mass. The instrument can be seen at the store of Otis, Broaders & Co., No. 120 Washington street, Boston.

BEETHOVEN'S WILL.

This curious document, which may be considered as a kind of apology for himself, was written by Beethoven during a dangerous illness, and found at his death among his papers. The brother to whom it was partly addressed, died some years before Beethoven.

"*To my Brother* CARL, *and my Nephew* LOUIS BEETHOVEN.

"Oh ye inconsiderate men, who pronounce me a morbid, strange, or misanthropic being, how great is the injustice you do me! Little do you know the real cause of what you consider singular in my conduct. My heart and mind were framed, from my very cradle for the gentler feelings of our nature, and seemed destined to accomplish something great. To the latter I always felt myself irresistably compelled. But, only conceive, that as early as my 6th year, I was unhappily attacked by a complaint, which was rendered still more afflicting by the blunders of the medical men, under whose hands I was placed. After dragging on year after year in the hope of getting better, I was at last doomed to the unhappy prospect of and irremedial evil; no cure at least, if any were possible was to be expected till after a long series of years. Although born with an ardent and lively disposition,

and a mind susceptible of the pleasures of society, I was obliged early to withdraw from a participation in them and lead a solitary life. Sometimes, it is true, I made an effort to overcome every obstacle thrown in the way of social enjoyment by the defect in my organs of hearing; but, oh, how painful was it to find myself incapacitated, repelled by my weakness, which at such moments was felt with redoubled force. How was it possible for me to be continually saying to people 'speak louder;' keep up your voice for I am deaf!' Alas! how was it possible for me to submit to the continual necessity of exposing the failure of one of my faculties, which, but for mismanagement, I might have shared in common with the rest of my fellow creatures; a faculty too that I once possessed in the fullest perfection; indeed, in a greater degree than most of those in my profession. Oh! the thought is overpowering! I entreat your forgiveness if I seem to give too much way to my feelings. When I would willingly have mixed among you, my misfortune was felt with double keenness, from the conviction it brought with it, that I must forego the delights of social intercourse, the sweets of conversation, the mutual overflowings of the heart. From all this was I debarred, except as far as absolute necessity demanded. When I ventured to appear in society, I seemed to myself a kind of excommunicated being. If circumstances compelled me to appear in the presence of strangers, an indiscribable agitation seized

me; I was tortured by the fear of being rendered conspicuous only by my infirmity. In this state I remained a full half year, when a blundering doctor persuaded me, that the best thing I could do to recover my hearing, would be to go into the country. Here, incited by my natural disposition, I was induced to join in the society of my neighbors. But how bitter was the mortification I experienced, when some one near me would stand listening to the notes of a flute, which I could *not* hear, or to the shepherd's song sounding from the valley, not one note of which I could distinguish! Such occurrences had the effect of driving me almost to dispair, nay, even raised gloomy thoughts in my mind of seeking relief in self-destruction. It was nothing but my art that restrained me, it appeared impossible for me to quit the world, till I had accomplished the objects I felt myself, as it were, destined to fulfil. Thus did I continue to drag on a miserable existence; truely miserable, inasmuch as, with so sensitive a constitution of body, any sudden change was capable of hurrying me to the most violent extremes. Yes, patience, I must take thee for my guide and conductress; I hope to follow thy dictates, and persevere to the end, till it shall please the inexorable fates to cut the thread of my existence. Yes, be it for the better or for worse, I am prepared to meet the issue. For one in his twenty-eighth year to become a philosopher is no easy task; and still more difficult is it for an artist than for any other man.

Father of goodness, thou who lookest into the inmost recesses of this heart, thou knowest that feelings of humanity and benevolence find a place there. Oh you that hear this, reflect on the injustice you do me; and let the child of misfortune console himself, that in me he has, at least a partner in unhappiness; and one, who in spite of all the obstacles of nature has still done every thing in his power to gain a place in the rank of able artists and honorable men.

I charge you, my dear brother Carl, and you my nephew Louis, as soon as I am dead to send in my name to Professor Schmid (on the presumption that he will survive me,) that he may take down in writing the nature of my complaint; and I desire that the document may be joined to the present paper, in order that, after my death, at least the world may as far as possible be reconciled to me.

At the same time, I hereby declare you the joint heirs of the little property, if so it can be called, which I have been able to lay up; share it equally and justly; live in harmony together and assist each other. Whatever you may have done against me, be assured that it has long since been forgiven. I thank *you* in particular, brother Carl, for the affectionate attentions I have experienced of you of late. It is my sincere hope and wish, that you may lead a life more free from cares and sorrows than mine has been; teach your children to love virtue; she alone, and not perishable gold, can make them

truly happy. I speak it feelingly and from experience; her hand it was that upheld me in the ills of life. To her influence next to that of my art, do I owe the blessing of not having terminated my existence by suicide. Live morally, and love one another.

I return thanks to all my friends, and in particular to Prince Lichnowsky and professor Schmid. It is my wish that the instruments, presented to me by Prince Lichnowsky, should be preserved by you with the greatest care, but let no dispute arise between you respecting them. If however it be more advantageous to both, let them be sold; for the thought of my having assisted you in life will render me happy even in death; and cheer in some degree the gloom of the grave. So let it be!

With joy do I hasten to meet death; nay, should he come even before time is allowed me to accomplish all the objects of art which I view still in spite of my hard fate, would I welcome his arrival, and wish him early here. And have I not reason to rejoice at his approach, since he will free me from a state of unceasing sorrows? Yes, come when thou wilt, thou stern messenger, I will go with joy to meet thee.

Live well, and be not forgetful of me even in death; I am not undeserving of this from you, since in life you were frequently in my thoughts, in my endeavors to render you happy. So be it *is!*

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, (L. S.)

Heiligenstadt, Oct. 6th, 1802.

MANHATTAN COLLECTION OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

Published by D. Fanshaw, New York.

Among the many collections of Psalmody, which hold an important rank in the musical department of this country, is the Manhattan Collection. This work has been before the public for several years, and in some sections is undoubtedly the most popular work in the market. Whether this or some other work is deserving the greater share of patronage, we shall not undertake to decide. That the Manhattan Collection is really a valuable work, we do say, and that without any fear of contradiction. While the many other works before the public, are deservedly popular, while each possesses some peculiarities, which distinguish it from its cotemporaries, the book before us has also some traits, that distinguish it from almost all others, and render it on this account particularly worthy of notice.

The first thing that attracted our attention as being peculiarly valuable, was Part Second of the rudiments, where the author treats of style. This subject is disposed of under the following heads; *Tone*, *Intonation*, *Time*, *Articulation*, *Accent*,

Emphasis and *Expression.* This subject occupies about nine pages, and is a better treatise on musical taste, than we recollect to have seen in connection with any work of the kind. In relation to early cultivation, the author makes the following remarks.

"Imitation should commence in infancy, and cultivation in early childhood. Experience abundantly proves, that when this is done, the result is uniformly successful. The voice, in regard to intonation, becomes less manageable, in proportion as it has long been neglected, or biased by bad example, or vitiated by wrong instruction. In the period of adult years, it seldom acquires habits that are entirely new. In this respect it resembles the provincialisms of a native dialect. Hence the importance of early cultivation."

Here is an important principle. We learn in the first instance from imitation, and, as the mind expands, we learn to think and act for ourselves. By the same process we learn to speak, to read and to calculate. And early cultivation is at the foundation of the whole. If a person could live to the age of thirty years without ever exercising the faculty of speech, he would probably remain speechless or nearly so for life. If one could live to that age without in any way exercising the mathematical powers, you might as well expect to make a parrot a reasonable being, as to make him even a decent mathematician. The thing is utterly impossible. Does any teacher of mathematics doubt this? So it is with music; and this is the whole secret of what many people imagine an inability for learning to sing. Begin in childhood, and every one, who

is perfect in his physical organization, can learn to talk, to read, to reckon or to sing. Can't learn to sing! No. The trouble is, you will not. You do not try, till the physical powers are so matured and their habits so fixed, that they are no longer susceptible of change. We repeat it, *begin in childhood, and all can learn to sing*. But we digress.

Under another head the author says;

"The vowels are, in reality, the only letters to be sung. The consonants are to be uttered at certain given instants, as in speech, only with greater distinctness and precision. In the word *first*, for example, the *i* only can be sung, while, in the first instance, the *f*, and subsequently the *rst* are whispered."

Now this is all right and true. But the subject is not quite exhausted. We do not however find the least fault with our author for not going deeper into the subject. In such a work it could not be expected. Moreover, if grammarians have themselves almost entirely failed to give us any idea of the real nature of the language, how could we expect it in a collection of psalmody? That such neglect has existed, is notorious, and we are almost tempted to take up the subject as a musical theme, and give our readers a dissertation. But we digress again. If recollection serves us right, we were speaking of the Manhattan Collection. We will therefore drop this subject till 'a more convenient season.' The chapter on taste is really a valuable one. In the remaining rudiments we saw nothing peculiar.

In regard to the music there is one feature that

deserves remark. In most of the compositions by the editor, there is a vein of originality and delicacy of arrangement, creditable alike to his genius and good taste. We find among them very little of that popular habit of using up every body's thoughts but one's own. In this respect Mr. Hastings has a decided advantage over a majority of his cotemporaries. The justice of these remarks may be seen by an examination of *Louville*, page 226, and a variety of other tunes under the same signature. In regard to the selections, there is nothing peculiar. They are made with a good degree of taste and judgment. The book on the whole is decidedly worthy of patronage.

Since the publication of the Manhattan Collection, another work by the same editor, called 'The Sacred Lyre,' has been issued, of which we shall take occasion to speak at some future time.

MADRIGAL. 1. A species of lyric poetry of a small compass, which devotes itself to the expression of ingenious, pretty, sentimental thoughts chiefly relating to love, and which embraces not less than four, nor ordinarily more than sixteen verses; 2. A species of musical composition which was, in general, of a particularly rich and sonorous character, rather nice and studied in its construction, and ultimately transformed into the style of an extended fugue.—[*Weber.*

CHOIR MUSIC.

It is supposed by many, that good Choir Music cannot be produced, while the chorister performs the double duty of conductor and organist. That this opinion is correct in its full extent, is not true. Yet that in a large majority of cases the facts will sustain the opinion, cannot be denied. When the conductor is at the organ, or in other words when the organ is conductor, we *may* have correct time and a good degree of precision in the performance. But it is equally true, that, under such circumstances, in nine cases of every ten, we *do not* produce any such result. There is a *possibility* indeed of good singing, but the *probability* is decidedly against the supposition.

We feel confident that under certain circumstances a choir may sing well with no chorister at all. They may be so disciplined by rigid practice, a severe drill master and the closest personal application, that every individual member may be of himself able to sustain his part with perfect independence, and sing correctly at all hazards. In the rehearsal room they may be trained to such a degree of skill, that in church they shall need no direction and no control. With such a choir good music can be produced under almost any circumstances. It

may be good without a leader; for every member is himself able to lead. Every individual knows his place, appreciates the music, the sentiment of the words, the relative value of each in its proper connection, and the subserviency of every part to the general effect. They understand each other; and every movement is made according to previous instruction, and with a full understanding of the whole matter.

Another circumstance, which may insure a good performance, is the practice adopted by many organists, of appointing some member to conduct the choir for the time being. In such a case however, there is in reality a conductor aside from the organist, so that the circumstance does not come at all within the scope of the argument.

How then can we ensure good music in the church. How can the art be so cultivated and improved, as to unite the highest degree of musical excellence with the most exalted feeling of praise and devotion? How can church music in general be raised from the point of excellence where it now stands, to that degree of perfection, which the sublimity of the subject demands, and which should be the goal of all our efforts? That a few choirs in this country sustain the character, that we have already described, we are prepared to admit. But that such choirs are literally "few and far between," is a fact, notorious to every musical man. And such will be the case, we apprehend for a long time to come.

What then is the remedy? The answer is a plain one. Hire a chorister, who can not only give the necessary instruction, but make himself the very nucleus of the choir. Let him be a vocalist, who is able to direct, and invest him with power to control. Let the choir, the organ and organist be subject to his order. The way is then open for improvement and profit. And if at any time a church should feel unwilling to sustain the double expense of hiring both organist and conductor, we would say by all means, lock up your organ and learn to sing without it. Good vocal music *can* be produced by an efficient choir without the instrument, but where the choir has the least disposition to take their time or tune from the organ, the thing is almost impossible. We admire the organ in church, but we like the vocal performance better, and best of all we love a correct and harmonious union of the two.

Da Capo.—This term is employed at the end of a piece of music, to direct the performer to return to the beginning of the piece, and perform a certain specified portion of it over again, namely as far as to a point where the composer or compiler has placed the word *fine*, (*end*,) or some other mark to indicate the final termination of the piece.—[*Weber.*

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Under this caption, we intend to make frequent extracts from the works of Hawkins and Burney, both of whom have been justly celebrated in England on account of their patient and ample researches into the origin and progress of music, and the able treatises which they have compiled. The history of music must at all times be interesting to the man of science and the lover of general literature. Especially so must it be to the man who is himself a lover of music, and delights in every thing, that has a tendency to initiate him more deeply into the mysteries of his art. Indeed we know of nothing, which will more surely inspire in our breasts a strong and ardent love for the science, than to trace its rise and progress from the earliest ages of mankind through all its winding ways down to the present day. We give below a few introductory remarks to the volumes before us.

"In contemplating the origin of music, a writer finds himself upon the margin of a boundless and unknown ocean, an ocean in which he fears to launch, because he has for his guide, neither compass, chart, nor polar star. If he keep to the coast, he finds nothing new, to add to the stock of existing information, or to gratify curiosity; and if he venture into the wild waste of conjecture, he is

lost. He cannot hope that fortune will throw into his way a new continent, or unvisited island; he is on a voyage of discovery in the regions of imagination, and out of the very tract of truth and reality.

"Any one doubting the verity of these remarks, will soon arrive at a settled opinion, by comparing the related effects of the ancient music with the imperfect knowledge we have, not only of the Egyptian and Grecian instruments, but of the system by which those instruments were tuned, and the manner in which they were performed. Much more sensible, then, will he be of their justness, if he compare the various fables, in which it has been attempted to account for the *birth* of artificial music. *One* of those fanciful narratives bestows the honor of its parentage upon the Trismegistus, or *thrice-illustrious*, EGYPTIAN MERCURY. 'The Nile,' says Apollodorus, 'after having overflowed the whole country of Egypt, when it returned within its natural bounds, left on the shore a great number of dead animals of various kinds, and, among the rest, a tortoise, the flesh of which being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing was left within the shell but nerves and cartilages, which, braced and contracted by desiccation, were rendered sonorous. Mercury, walking along the banks of the river, chanced to strike his foot against the shell of this tortoise, was pleased with the sound it produced, and upon reflection, conceived the idea of a *lyre*, which instrument he afterwards constructed in the form of a

tortoise, stringing it with the dried sinews of dead animals.

"The *flute*, or *monaulos*, according to Plutarch, was the invention of APOLLO; while Athenæus (in Juba's *Theatrical History*) attributes its origin to the great Egyptian ruler and legislator, Osiris. Its first shape is said to have been that of a bull's horn; and Apuleius, speaking of its uses in the mysteries of Isis, calls it the *crooked flute*.

"With respect to the forms of these instruments, whoever suggested the first rude ideas of the frame and effect of the lyre, did, most probably, borrow the approximate conceptions from the vibrations of a distended string; and it is natural to suppose, that the *flute*, in its original simplicity, was but a slight improvement upon the whistling reed of the field. Of this opinion we find the sublime poet, Lucretius, than whom no ancient philosopher ever looked into nature, and nature's secrets, with a more penetrating eye.

"And moved by gentle gales, their murm'ring sound,
The tuneful reeds, soft waving whisper'd round;
To wake the hollow reed, hence, man acquired
The melting art, and all the soul inspired;
Then sounds he learnt to breathe, like those we hear,
When the soft pipe salutes th' enchanted ear,
When to the nimble finger it replies,
And with the blended voice in sweetness vies;
That pipe that now delights the lawns and groves,
Where'er the solitary shepherd roves,
And speaks the dulcet language of the Loves.

BUSBY.

"But however early the formation of the first musical instruments, we cannot reasonably doubt that their invention was preceded by the use of the natural voice. Vocal music was a gift of nature; and a susceptibility favorable to its reception, an unacquired property of the ear. But at what period vocal music assumed any thing like a systematic regulation of tones, or intervals, remains, and ever must remain, a problem unsolved. One fact, nevertheless, appears tolerably certain, that vocal music could not be reduced to any settled rule, without the aid of instruments. A wild and rude succession of sounds, the unguided voice might be capable of producing; but without instruments, to give order, stability, and mechanical precision to the distances; to fix their gradations, and, in a word, form a determined and intelligible *scale*, the sounds themselves, however agreeable to the raw, untutored ear, could not be understood by the mind, and, therefore, could not be sentimentally felt.

"In saying that vocal music was a natural gift, I do not mean that it was wholly unborrowed, perfectly independent of example. The notes of birds, as a living melody, a melody not subject to chance, but no less constantly than agreeably saluting the sense, could not but excite human imitation."

OLD HUNDRED.

We insert the following communication from our friend F. F. MÜLLER, which may perhaps throw some light on the origin of this ancient tune. The composition has generally been ascribed to MARTIN LUTHER, though strong doubts have always existed in the minds of those, who were best able to judge. If any light can be shed on the subject, or such a spirit of inquiry be raised, as to induce a more thorough investigation, we are satisfied.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE REPORTER.

Messrs. There seems to be much doubt in this country respecting the origin of *Old Hundred.* I beg leave to state, that the composition of this tune is ascribed to CLAUD. GOUDIMEL, *Chapel Master* at *Lyons*, who was murdered in 1572, at the celebrated *Blood-wedding*, occasioned by the repeal of the edict of Nante. Of all his French melodies, this was the only one retained. The original key of this tune is G.

These facts are taken from the German Musical Gazette, vol. 9.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

We hope to be excused for inserting so large a quantity of music in the present number. But we think the character of the production is ample compensation for the loss of a small quantity of reading matter. No one can sit down to such a treat as HAYDN'S HUSBANDMAN, and rise up dissatisfied.

NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION.

The next meeting of the National Musical Convention will be held in Boston, commencing August 19, 1841, at 11 o'clock A. M. at the Odeon, corner of Federal and Franklin streets, when it will be opened by religious services and a lecture from Rev. Mr. Peirce, of Brookline.

All teachers of music, leaders of choirs, and other practical musicians and amateurs are invited to attend and join the Convention.

The standing committee, during the recess, have made arrangements for another lecture on the subject of music to be delivered before the Convention.

All publishers of newspapers and other periodicals in the United States, who feel interested in the progress of the science of music, will confer a favor by giving this notice circulation.

H. THEODOR HACH,

Chairman of Standing Committee during the recess of the Convention.

Yon eager swain for toil a-gain Pre-pares with op'ning day,
p
O'er fur-rows long Re-sounds his song, and floats in air a -

way.
Yon ea- ger swain for toil a-gain, Pre-pares with op'ning
day.
O'er fur-rows long Re -
cres.
m

- sounds his song, And floats in air a - way, O'er fur-rows long Re -
1
2
-sounds his song, And floats in air a - - way. - - way.
. . in air a - way, in air a - way, in air a - way.
f

With
p
measur'd pace And manly grace, with measur'd pace And manly grace The seed
[he casts a-
- round,
Where blade and
f

ear shall soon ap - pear, And wave o'er all the ground, And
wave o'er all the ground, And
wave

And wave . . . . o'er all the ground.
f

With measur'd pace And man-ly

grace, With measur'd pace And manly grace The seed he casts a - round,
Where blade and ear
Shall soon ap - pear, And wave o'er all the

ground.
Yon ea-ger swain for toil a-gain, Pre -
- pares with op'ning day; O'er furrows long Re-sounds his song,

And floats in air a - - way, O'er
fur-rows long Resounds his song, And floats in air a - way, O'er
1
fur - rows long Re-sounds his song, And floats in air a - way.

2
- - way, . . in air a - way, in air a - way, in air a -
- - way, . . . And floats in air a -
p
- - way. . . . . .
pp

SAXTON & PEIRCE,

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E. B. Dearborn.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
LANGUAGE	337
GENTLEMEN'S GLEE BOOK	341
MONOCHORD	349
WILLIAM BILLINGS	350
EARLY INSTRUCTION	354
MUSIC OF NATURE	357
HISTORY OF MUSIC	358
THE GENERAL MUSIC TEACHER	362
DOUBLE FLUTES AND FLAGEOLETS	365
NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION	368
HARMONY AND MELODY	372
NEW MUSICAL WORKS	376
Music. JARGON.	377
A GLEE	378
AIR. On three degrees	380
ROUND	382
THERE IS A STREAM	384

[BRIDDER & WRIGHT,—MUSIC PRINTERS, BOSTON.]

AUGUST, 1841.

MUSICAL REPORTER.

LANGUAGE.

FROM GARDINER'S MUSIC OF NATURE.

THE primitive tones of the human voice, which nature has impressed upon us, and which we utter instinctively, are, without doubt, the rudiments and ground-work of speech. The tones of grief, anger, fear, and surprise, are the same in a savage as in civilized man, and his 'howl at the appearance of danger, his joy at the sight of his prey, reiterated or varied with the change of objects, was probably the origin of language in the early ages of the human race.' By the curious structure of the vocal organs, man is capable of making a greater variety of tones than any other animal, and has at his command the power of expressing every emotion.

Children have no difficulty in expressing their wants, their pleasures, or pains, long before they can speak, or understand the meaning of a word.

In the dawn of society, ages may have passed away with little more converse than what these efforts would produce; but as the mind developed, and our wants increased, means would be suggested, by the articulating powers, to break these instinctive tones into particles of imitative sound; and in all probability the first words that were uttered bore some resemblance to the things described, as the boisterous roar of the sea would call for a boisterous expression. The limited number of these sounds would at first lead men to describe many things with different degrees of force; and these varieties, added to an animated gesture, would render the primitive language a sort of musical declamation. From all that has been handed down to us, it is evident that the most ancient languages were composed of simple sounds, as a simplicity of thought produces a simplicity of expression. Two or more simple impressions would form a complex idea, which would lead to the joining of two sounds together. As these combinations increased, the necessity of recording them would soon appear, and symbols or letters would be resorted to as the means of retaining them. The spontaneous sound of the vowel Ah! the sign of which is placed at the beginning of all the known alphabets, would be the first sound to be recorded; and what is more natural than that the form of letters should aim at depicting the form of the mouth requisite for the production of this sound?

Language, like music, is partly an imitative art, and has its origin in an effort to express the names of things by sounds. Its force will depend upon the use of the primitive tones, and its beauty upon the order in which various sounds are arranged. The present object is to speak of the English language, the basis of which is formed upon sounds of the most distant origin, but stamped with great meaning and force.

If we acknowledge there is a beautiful effect in a certain series or disposition of speaking sounds, and that some words are more euphonious than others, perhaps no circumstance has disfigured our language so much as the introduction of words coined from the Latin and Greek. These words retain none of their primitive beauty or force. Had they not lost the sound with which they were originally spoken, they would have mingled with our native tones, and not have remained as dead expressions in our language. That the Latin was at one time the spoken language of Italy, is an opinion that has never been doubted. But a musician, who is conversant with sounds, and who will take the trouble to examine its internal structure, must doubt the truth of this fact altogether. The very plan of it, in both sense and sound, is contrary to what nature would point out. That it may have been a modification of the mother tongue of Italy, systematically arranged by learned men for the purpose of expressing their thoughts in writing, is more than probable;

but that it was the language or common speech of the people, its structure and contrivance at once refute. The formation of a language must at all times, have been gradual and slow; nor could it, from the accidental way in which words arise, preserve any system or order; but as the human mind entered into subjects of deep research, language thus formed would be found 'too cumbersome for literary purposes,' and art would suggest a grammatical contrivance. Hence, in the same country, we should have a written and a spoken language. China still retains both these; and why should we not suppose that Rome possessed the same? The system of classifying words, and giving them certain inflections and terminations, has led to such odd combinations of sound as cannot naturally be performed by the mouth; and the idiom of the Latin is so contrary to that order in which ideas occur to the mind, that we must suppose this arrangement to have been the result of literary taste and contrivance.

We might ask, When and by whom, was the Latin tongue destroyed? Some say by the barbarians who overran the country from the North; but a language could not be laid aside and another adopted at once. Others contend that the Goths cut off the terminations and cases, and improved the logical arrangement; but this supposition staggers credulity itself. Is it not more reasonable to suppose, that the present Italian is the original language of the Romans, softened and polished by the use of eighteen

hundred years? Where are we to look for 'that power of song' which ancient poets speak of, but in the countries which gave it birth?

Persons who have an ear for sounds have only to listen to a language they do not understand, to be aware of its vocal beauties and defects. The northern tongues are less pleasing than those of milder climes. The severity of the regions in which they are spoken keeps the mouth constantly closed, and the act of speaking is principally performed in the throat. Such guttural and displeasing effects belong not to Greece and Italy. Had we resorted to these countries for their living tones, instead of the dead artificial terminations of the Latins, we should not only have enriched our language with facilities of expression, but have added to its vocal beauty. Who can have listened to this humdrum tongue, without noticing the mouth-closing *M* at the end of the words, driving the sound through the nose; or the mean and sibilating *us*, attached to the name of their statesmen and generals? These terminations were never uttered by the people. We hear them called by the Italians, at this day, Marco and Antonio; the same bold and heroic appellations, doubtless, which the Romans gave them.

The force of a language will depend upon such words as instantly raise the ideas in the mind, and its beauty upon their movement and succession. The first produces the picture, the second the coloring; yet we often derive more pleasure, and are

more sensibly moved by the *tone of voice* than by any meaning we attach to the words. Madame de Stael had all her life a sort of organic delight in the melody of certain verses, altogether abstracted from any consideration of their sense. She recited them often with great pomp and emphasis, and said, 'That is what *I* call poetry! it is delicious! and so much the more, that it does not convey a single idea to me.' These effects are purely musical; and the pleasure we derive is similar to that of a strain of music upon the ear.

Language is made up of words and syllables; and these syllables, like notes in music, are of all possible lengths. It is a rude and incorrect distinction which the Latin scholars have made in classifying them merely into long and short. The word *all*, in length of sound, may be represented by a minim,

; but the word *indivisible*, though composed of five syllables, will be spoken in a time equally short

; consequently, each syllable in the last word is only one-fifth of the length of the monosyllable. Since syllables are of various lengths, we have in them an immediate clue to the rhythm of language. A well-constructed sentence, simply as it regards the flow of words, will, when measured by musical notes, have all the

relative proportion of a strain of music, founded upon the laws of musical expression. If we inspect the fine Adagios of Haydn and Beethoven, we shall find them composed of sounds varying in duration from the slowest note to those of the greatest quickness; and if we examine a speech of Shakspeare, or a description of Milton's, we shall find them also composed of words *ponderous* and *slow*, mingled with particles and syllables of great rapidity.

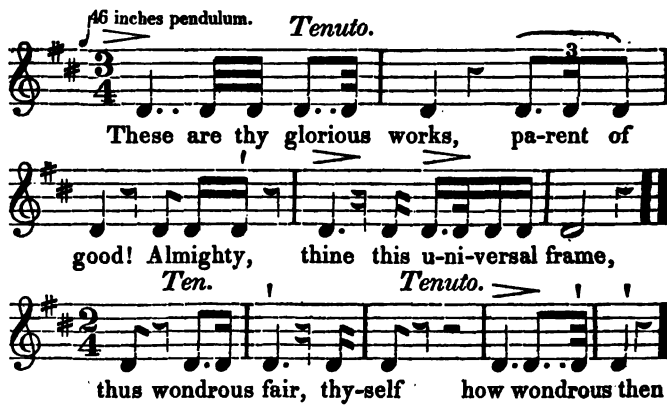
With respect to rhythm,—a cultivated ear will find no difficulty in placing the strong expressions in musical order, so that they shall fall upon the accented part of the bar. These words, where properly sustained by the voice, invariably convey the sense; and into them, when we speak with feeling, we infuse the instinctive tone. The smaller words, which are the mere links of language, should be so placed that they can be driven together, if the speaker require room for the display of his voice.

Words may also be said to be of all colors, shapes and sizes, like the stones and jewels in a lapidary's shop. Their effect in composition will depend upon the order in which they are strung together, so as to render them pleasing to the ear. The English language, though copious in words, is not well assorted. It is more powerful than beautiful. We abound in the rougher tones, and are deficient in those of delicacy.

The sound of *che*, as in our words *cheese* and *chest*, which gives such softness and flexibility to the

Italian, we are nearly without; and in minute sounds we are wholly deficient. We have not a sufficient number of little words like the syllables *té*, *pé*, *ké*, &c.; these particles are useful in accent, while others less acute are serviceable in filling up the chinks, and connecting important words. For these reasons our language is stubborn, and does not work so kindly in musical construction as the Italian.

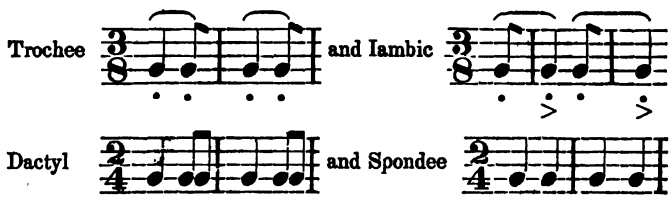
As an illustration of the above remarks, the following extract from Milton is affixed to musical notes, by which we may ascertain the time and accent which the author probably intended.



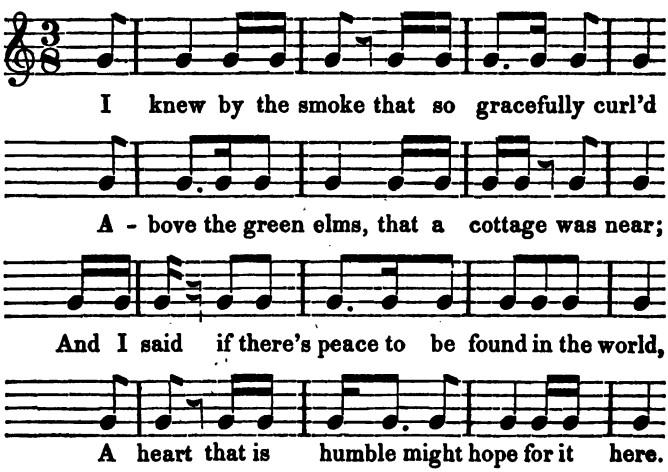
We find in this example eleven sorts of notes, or eleven syllables of different lengths, which, with the rests or pauses, make up a rhythmical order. The notes simply convey to us the exact time in which the words should be spoken. As yet we are without

efficient characters to represent the flashing tones of the speaking voice.

It is but a rude distinction which prosodians make in classing words under the terms



The first two only prove that the syllables move in triple time, and the latter two in common. A cultivated ear will find no difficulty in perceiving that in these measures syllables may be of all possible lengths. To prove which, we may put into notes a poem of Mr. Moore's, in triple time.


I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
A - bove the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.

One of the principal features of measured poetry is that of the syllables partaking of a similar and uniform motion, agreeable to that flow which is impressed upon them by the laws of melody. In heroic or blank verse, this measured effect is but seldom used.

Language then is an art made up of sounds, by which we instantly communicate our ideas. In its earliest stages it simply gave names to things, and expressed the crude emotions of the human mind; but since it has received the intellectual contrivance of grammar, we are enable to describe and define all the properties of matter, and enter into the most abstruse labyrinths of human reason.

Its use depends upon the clearness of its structure and vocality, and its beauty upon the musical disposition of its parts. As it progresses into order it gradually throws out its asperities, retaining only those sounds which are pleasing to the ear. Could we call up the familiar conversation of ages past, and anticipate that of the future, the ruggedness of the one would resemble the Welsh, the softness of the other the flexible Italian.

THE GENTLEMEN'S GLEE BOOK.

BY LOWELL MASON.

Published by Wilkins and Carter, Boston.

THE general character of this work can be inferred from its title. It is a GENTLEMEN'S GLEE BOOK, or a Collection of Glees for base and tenor voices. The idea of preparing a work entirely for men's voices is somewhat novel in this country, and how far the demand will correspond with the necessary expense of publication, we are not able to say. Yet the fact is notorious, that this species of Glee singing is becoming every day more popular. In some of the large cities the organization of Glee and Quartette Clubs has increased rapidly and extensively within a few years, and at present constitutes one of the most pleasing and popular forms of social, musical practice, and certainly one of the best modes of strict and salutary discipline. In the country generally this kind of music has received but little attention. Although singing societies and singing clubs are located in almost every village, are almost as numerous as the 'pigeons in the forest,' yet such societies are of a more general and mixed nature than the clubs for which our author has at

this time been laboring. These societies are all valuable in their place, and should by no means be neglected. But if strict discipline and critical accuracy in performance are to be attained, if the free expression and interchange of opinions for mutual improvement is to be practiced to any considerable extent, then as a general thing societies should be small and select.

We apprehend that one important reason, why this description of singing has received so little attention, is the fact, that it has been extremely difficult to obtain music properly arranged for unison voices. For it is a fact, as we believe, that no such collection has ever before been made in this country. Clubs have therefore been obliged to rely entirely on such individual pieces as could be found in other books, and such sheet music as has been arranged for this purpose. The want of a text book, we think, is well supplied by the volume before us; and if the publication of a musical work has a tendency to create a market for itself, we cannot but think that such a tendency will be strikingly exemplified in the present case. 'The field is' evidently 'white,' and the fruit bursting with fulness. The materials are abundant, and the disposition evidently ripe for extensive and profitable practice, and we know of nothing within the whole scope of musical discipline that affords a more pleasant, feasible and sure mode of general musical cultivation, than an extensive organization of small societies. No village in the

country can be so wofully deficient in musical talent, as not to be able to furnish one, two or a dozen such clubs. And no singer, who has had any decent instruction, can use the book before us without profit to himself and advantage to the cause of music.

In regard to the work itself, we can say but little, from a mere cursory inspection of its pages. Its general appearance however, is such as to induce the opinion, that it is well adapted to the wants of the community. The selections are made from approved and celebrated German authors; amongst whom we find the following; *Kreutzer*, *Werner*, *Blum*, *Silcher*, *Weber*, *Hildebrand*, *Nageli* and others. The character and arrangement of the music is in most cases simple and pleasing, and well calculated to improve the taste and increase the popular interest in musical performance, wherever the book may go.

MONOCHORD.

This is an instrument which consisted originally of one string. It now consists of a flat piece of wood, from two to four feet long, and from four to six inches wide, and sometimes has as many as eight strings. It has a movable, or a flat sounding board. Its use is to determine the mathematical proportions of sounds and intervals.

WILLIAM BILLINGS.

In our last we inserted from the pen of a correspondent, a biographical sketch of this distinguished individual. In this number we give a copy of his Address to the Goddess of Discord, and on page 189 the tune Jargon, which accompanied the address. These productions were certainly the wildest freaks of a brain naturally ardent, and an imagination fertile in everything that belonged to the eccentric, and the original.

The history of these productions appears to be this. When Billings published his first book, called the 'New England Psalm Singer,' he knew nothing at all of the laws of harmony. All the idea he had of harmony was the union of such sounds as were concordant, with no reference whatever to progression or modulation, and no preparation and resolutions of discordant intervals. After this work was published, it appears to have been the subject of considerable remark among the critics, and severely censured as containing scarcely an example of the *seventh* or *ninth*, or any other interval except the *third*, *fifth* and *octave*. This roused up the temper of our hero, and he concluded to give them discords enough at one dose to satisfy the most craving appetite. He accordingly composed the tune Jargon,

in which after the first chord every step is discordant to the last degree. He also prepared the following Address, which ought to be preserved in the archives of New England, as a great literary curiosity.

TO THE GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Dread Sovereign,—I have been sagacious enough of late, to discover that some evil-minded persons have insinuated to your highness, that I am utterly unmindful of your Ladyship's importance; and that my time, as well as my talents, was wholly taken up in paying my devotion to your most implacable enemy and strenuous opposer, viz. the Goddess of Concord; which representation is as false as it is ill-natured; for your Ladyship may believe me without hesitation, when I assure you on the word of an honest man, that knowing your Ladyship to be of a very captious disposition, I have always been very careful of trespassing on your grounds for fear of incurring your displeasure, so far as to excite you to take vengeance (which is well known to be your darling attribute.)

I have likewise been informed, that some of my most implacable enemies are some of your Majesty's privy council; and that your Majesty's Secretary at war, viz. Lord Jargon, was about to send some of your other Lords in waiting, viz. Lord second, Lord 7th, Lord 9th, alias Lord 2d, junior, with some others, to beat a tattoo upon the drum of my ear, with so great a number of contra-vibrations, without the intervention of a single coincidence, and with so much Forte as to dislocate my auditory; upon which information I called a court of Harmony, the result of which was, to repel force by force; and we had even proceeded so far as to order Lord Consonance, our Secretary at peace, to furnish our life guard with an infinite number of coincidences, without the intervention of one contra vibration; and although we have the

majority on our side, yet we held it in scorn to take any advantage from our numbers, therefore we had selected an equal number of those who had attained unto the first three, viz. Lord Unison, Lord Diapente, Lord Octave, alias Lord Unison jun'r, and for their Aid-de-camps, we had chosen two twin brothers, viz. Major and Minor Trio, together with Major Sixth, &c. We had proceeded thus far, when in turning over a very ancient history, I met with the following passage, viz, "*by wise council thou shalt make thy war, and in multitude of councellors there is safety.*" Upon reading this passage I was resolved to enlarge the council, therefore we made choice of king Solomon the son of David (but as he nor his father was never known to traverse your territories I suppose you have no knowledge of them.) The result of our second council was to lay aside this enterprize and proceed in a very different manner; for by consulting this great concellor, we were convinced "*that wisdom is better than weapons of war.*"

Therefore it was resolved, that I singly should begin the attack in the common form of dedications, and besiege you with flattery, and if that should fail, as we have bribed over a number of your nobility, we are determined to turn their force against you, and then we assure ourselves of success; but perhaps I trespass on your patience in this ambiguous preamble: know then dread Sovereign, that I have composed a short piece out of such materials as your kingdom is made up of, and without vanity, I believe you will readily grant that it is a worthy production which I respectfully offer at your shrine; and I must take the liberty to tell your Majesty that I expect this one piece will fully compensate for my former delinquency and remissness to you ward; and that you will not be so unreasonable as to insist on another oblation from me, neither through time nor eternity; and let me tell you, that in this offering I followed the example of our native indians, who sacrifice to the angry God much oftener than to the good-natured one; not from a principle of love, but of fear; for although you could never excite my love, you have

frequently caused me to fear and tremble; and I solemnly declare, that I dread your extempore speeches more than I do the threats and menaces of all the crowned heads in Europe; and now madam, after this candid and honest confession, I must insist on your signing the following receipt, which for your honor and my security, I shall always carry about me.

A RECEIPT.

Received of the Author, a piece of Jargon, it being the best piece ever composed, in full of all accounts from the beginning of time, to and through the endless ages of eternity. I say received by me, GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Given from our inharmonical Cavern, in the land of Chaos; from the year of our existence, (which began at Adam's fall) Four Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Two.

DEMON DREAD, Speaker,

Attest, HAMAN HORROR, Secretary.

And now Madam Crossgrain, after informing you that this receipt shall be my discharge, I shall be so condescending as to acquaint your uglyship, that I take great pleasure in subscribing myself your most inveterate, most implacable, most irreconcilable enemy, THE AUTHOR.

In order to do this piece justice, the concert must be made of vocal and instrumental music. Let it be performed in the following manner, viz. Let an Ass bray the base, let the fileing of a saw carry the tenor, let a hog who is extremely hungry squeal the counter, and let a cart-wheel, which is heavy loaded, and that has been long without grease, squeak the treble; and if the concert should appear to be too feeble you may add the cracking of a crow, the howling of a dog, the squalling of a cat; and what would grace the concert yet more, would be the rubbing of a wet finger upon a window glass. This last mentioned instrument no sooner salutes the

drum of the ear, but it instantly conveys the sensation to the teeth; and if all these in conjunction should not reach the cause, you may add this most inharmonical of all sounds, "*Pay me that thou owest.*"

EARLY INSTRUCTION.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

Till within a short time the opinion has been almost universal, that but *few* could be taught to sing; that the talent for music was a peculiar gift of nature, bestowed upon only a few, and they, favored ones, were to have it to themselves. Parents have neglected their children, and unless they took up singing of themselves have decided that, unfortunately, *their* children had no ear for music. The opinion has become so common, that but a small part of our congregations even pretend to sing, or think they can. Nor can they as they now are; but would it have been so if the proper pains had been taken with their childhood? How much pains do parents take to teach their children to speak correctly? Had children no better opportunity to hear speaking, or of being taught to speak, than they have to learn to sing, would any more be able to talk than are now able to sing? I shall not say that every child who can speak might sing; but I believe the exceptions

are very rare. Allow me to present a few facts on this point:—

In an orphan asylum in Germany, containing two hundred children, there are only two certainly who have not learned to sing, and that too, correctly. These children are probably taught early and have great pains taken with them; whether this be or be not so, this fact has great weight in deciding such a question.

In all the common district schools in Germany singing and music are taught, and every child is as much expected to read and write and perform music as to read and write and recite any other lesson. They are all respectable performers, and many of them proficients.

"The reading of musical notation is learned even in the snow-covered huts of Iceland. In passing through the continent of Europe the traveller finds every festival, whether national or religious, graced with music. Serenades from the common people are heard every night in the streets. Music echoes from the shops, the boats, and the harvest fields. Some of the best performances of Mozart's difficult pieces are said to proceed from the privates of Prussian regiments. As a general thing every house in Germany and Switzerland has some musical instrument.

"I once stopped at a German settlement of no great size where I was invited to hear some music at the house of a mechanic. Here a small company

performed, vocally and iustrumentally, almost the whole of Haydn's Creation. The master of the house, a blacksmith, more than sixty years of age, took the first violin; his aged wife, in spectacles, gave us a vocal part; the eldest son, a joiner from a neighboring village, sat down at a Leipsic piano, on which, after tuning it, he executed with great skill the whole accompaniment; several young men and women filled the remainder of the score. A boy, five years of age, was pointed out to me as beginning to play on the violin. Upon inquiry I found there was not a house in that town without a piano or some keyed instrument. This evening's entertainment has often occurred to me as illustrating the happy influence of music upon domestic life and social habits. If you would have young people love home induce them to cultivate music. It will beguile many a winter night, which might otherwise be worse than wasted. Few pleasures are cheaper, or more innocent, or more within the home circle. Almost all foreigners are proficients. A few years ago a party of emigrants encamped for the night on a small eminence, about half a mile from my residence. About sunset we were surprised by the most delightful sounds wafted across the valley by those sojourners. It appeared to be their evening hymn, accompanied with horns. The effect was indescribable."

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

FROM THE AM. MO. MAGAZINE.

The green-spread earth, the wavy air,
The ever-bending sea,
Are filled with spirits, who pour forth
Their untaught minstrelsy;
They sweep their harps at break of day,
And at the sunset hour,
By the side of every running rill,
And every breathing flower.

They hum sweet tunes from bending reeds
To waters flowing by,
As if an angel's breath were heard,
Or silence heaved a sigh;
They sit beneath the twilight star,
And by the sleeping lake;
And to the silver ripple's swell
Their melting voices wake.

And where on sands of mealy gold,
The waves their tribute pour,
They roll, with every breaking surge,
Their music to the shore;
And where the inland torrents shoot,
In arrowy speed along;
They sit among the shelving rocks,
And echo back the song.

They swing upon each wild-wood flower
That looks upon the sky;
And sweetly breathe their liquid notes
To minds that wander by;
And thus, a thousand spirits round,
With harp, and lute, and voice,
Are calling to the human heart,
To listen and rejoice.

R. C. W.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

FROM HAWKINS AND BURNEY.

THE opinion that man received his first musical tuition from birds, derives no little corroboration from the fact, that most of the winged tribes are distinguished by their own specific and exclusive specimens of song. The melody of the blackbird is not only composed of certain of the elements of our two modern scales, but of the very notes of the scale, which, in combination, form its fundamental harmony. They are the following;

Here we have the key-note, with its third, fifth, and eighth; that is, the complete common chord, or harmony of G.

The song of the cuckoo is well known to consist of two notes.

Here we have the third and fifth of the key-note; that is, two of the component parts of the common chord, or harmony, of G.

And Kircher, in his *Mursurgia*, has given the melodies of other tribes of birds, which his ingenious industry investigated and ascertained.

A sufficient reason having been given for the conclusion, that vocal melody was borrowed from living models, and that, though its rude state preceded the use of instruments, yet the music of the voice could not be governed by any system, till the mechanical production and modulation of sound had provided the means of arranging and fixing the intervals, the inquiry that next presents itself, concerns the inventors and improvers of those ancient instruments, whose origin we are best able to trace. Of these, the pipe and lyre were certainly the two first that were used; and though the story of the *tortoise-shell* may reasonably be doubted, there is no necessity to rob Mercury of the honor he has so long enjoyed, as the original fabricator of the latter instrument. It was in the year of the world 2000 that it was produced, a distance of time that hath as effectually concealed from antiquarians the first form of the lyre, as it has disappointed their inquiry concerning the first number of its strings. Some writers assert that it had only three, and that the inventor assimilated these to as many seasons of the year, summer, winter, and spring—assigning the acute string to the first, the grave to the second, and the mean to the third. Others affirm, that his lyre had four strings; that the first and fourth were octaves to each other; that the second was a fourth from the first, the fourth the

same distance from the third, and that from the second to the third, was a whole tone. Others, again, contend that the lyre of Mercury had seven strings. To gratify curiosity, and to convince the readers how necessary it is to concede much to the ancient spirit of fiction, even in historical narration, it will be sufficient to submit to him the account left us by Nicomachus, a follower of Pythagoras. "The lyre," says he, "formed of the shell, was invented by Mercury; and the knowledge of it, as it was constructed by him of seven strings, was transmitted to Orpheus; Orpheus communicated its use to Thamyris and Lynus, the latter of whom instructed Hercules, from whom the mystery passed to Amphion the Theban, who, to the seven strings of the lyre, built the seven gates of Thebes."

The same author further informs us, that Orpheus was afterwards killed by the Thracian women; that they were reported to have cast his lyre into the sea, and that it was afterwards thrown up at Antissa, a city of Lesbos; that, found by certain fishers, it was by them brought to Terpander, who carried it to Egypt, exquisitely improved, and shewing it to the Egyptian priests, assumed to himself the honor of its invention.

The pipe, the most simple, and, probably, the first of musical instruments, is ascribed to a variety of inventors, as Apollo, Pan, Orpheus, Linus, and many other revered cultivators and patrons of music. By some writers, the honor of first combining into

one instrument, pipes of different lengths, is awarded to Marsyas; by others, to Sylenus; but Virgil seems to decide the fact, when he says;

Pan primos calamos cera conjungere plures
Instituit ECLOG. II. 32.

Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
DRYDEN.

By Isidore, Bishop of Seville, and others after him, this instrument, frequently represented in collections of antiquities, has been called a *Pandorium*, while some writers have given it the name of *syringa*, or the syrinx.

An instrument consisting of strings distended upon a frame, and by their comparative tensity or laxity, rendered capable of producing different sounds, or a pipe perforated at equal distances, are instruments, the simple forms and powers of which our minds might easily conceive, even without the instruction of the remaning monuments of antiquity. Therefore, I have preferred to speak of them before mentioning the instruments of which we read in the Pentateuch, or the less ancient parts of sacred history; instruments, with the figures and constructions of which the translators were so little acquainted, as to be reduced to the necessity of so rendering the Hebrew appellations as to approach the nearest, not to any founded or sanctioned idea of the things named, but to their own conceptions of those things;

conceptions borrowed from *present* things, and, consequently, not to be relied upon, as conveying ideas corresponding with the things of which they speak.

Any regular construction of a musical instrument, as that of the lyre, or the pipe, supposes a *system*; and a system once instituted, opens the road to the production of that appreciable succession of sounds which forms *melody*. Melody, however, must for a long time have been vague, evanescent, and unsettled, because it was long before *notation* was invented. It does not appear, from history, that the Egyptians, Phoenicians, Hebrews, or any ancient people, except the Greeks and Romans, had *musical characters*; and even they could boast of no better symbols of sound than the letters of their alphabet, which also served them for arithmetical numbers, and chronological dates. The art of notation, nevertheless, was understood by the Greeks while yet the holes of the flute, and the strings of the lyre were few, and, consequently, before they thought of the simplicity of expressing the octave of any sound by the same sign. The *diatesseron*, or fourth, was the constant limitation of the scale, the extremes of which were fixed, or *soni stabiles*, though the intermediate sounds were mutable, or *soni mobiles*; and the different rules by which the intermediate strings were tuned, formed the several *genera*, or various systems of graduated tones.

THE GENERAL MUSIC TEACHER.

BY GODFREY WEBER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY JAMES F. WARNER.

Published by Wilkins & Carter, Boston.

We have several times mentioned this work, though a particular notice has been defered, till we could give it a more close examination. After giving the work to some extent such an examination, and having been at considerable pains to inform ourselves as to its previous reputation, as well as the faithfulness of the translation, from sources of undoubted authority, we feel safe in recommending the work as a most valuable addition to our stock of Musical Literature. The present volume purports to be the first number of a series, to embrace a complete treatise on musical composition; a very extensive and elaborate work; far more full and comprehensive than any before published in this country. The author is extensively known in Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, as a musical writer of the first rank; and his works have long been regarded as of standard and classical authority. He is at the same time elevated in his style, clear and concise

in his arrangement, and critically minute in his investigation and description of the subject matter.

The number now published is strictly an elementary treatise. This is right. Every author that intends to cover the whole ground in relation to any science, must, necessarily, begin with the first principles, however familiar they may be to the multitude of his readers. Still we have several times heard those, who suppose their knowledge of this subject complete, speak of the work as of small value. But we are satisfied from personal examination, that no man, who has heretofore confined his reading within the limits of the English language, can sit down to this work with an inquiring mind, and rise up unimproved. Indeed we have no fears that musicians will be at all too thorough in their inquiries, or too well read in the elementary principles of the science. All our fears are from the opposite quarter; and though in many cases they may be entirely groundless, still we think no one will be injured by a little more critical examination.

In Chap. I. of the work, the author goes generally into the nature of musical sounds, difference of pitch, &c., on which subject he gives a clear and valuable dissertation. Chap. II. is devoted to the system of tones, in which we have a thorough investigation of the nature of the musical scale, both diatonic and chromatic; a description of the intervals in all their varieties, description of the staff, clefs, &c. Chap. III. is a most complete treatise on

the subject of Rhythm. This is traced through all its various departments with a degree of precision and accuracy seldom surpassed, and extends through more than fifty pages. Chap. IV. is simply an introduction to the subject of melody, harmony, keys, &c., to be pursued in the next number of the work.

This number is closed with a Dictionary of musical terms, covering more than eighty pages closely printed in double columns, and is by far the most extensive that has ever been published in this country, and probably the most complete in the English language. Some portions of this matter, if we are correctly informed, are from Weber, some portions from other German authors, and a large part supplied by the translator himself. This part of the work is of great value, and certainly does credit to all the parties concerned.

We make the following extract from an article relating to this work, which appeared in the North American Review, for July, 1841.

"We desire to express our unqualified approbation of the manner in which the translator has acquitted himself of his task. We have had no opportunity to compare the translation with the original; but that is not necessary in order to be convinced of the correctness of the version. There is an air of fidelity, and a manifest precision in the use of language, which show the habit of mind, and produce a conviction of accuracy, of the same kind with that which we feel in the truth of a portrait, when the painter has exhibited a thorough acquaintance with his art.

The "Dictionary of Musical Terms," with which this Num-

ber is enriched, is also the work of the translator, who has furnished three fourths of all it contains; and we do not hesitate to express our preference of it to any other dictionary of musical terms we recollect to have seen, for the accuracy, clearness, and precision of its definitions, its sufficient copiousness, and its freedom from all superfluity.

We shall look forward with much pleasure to the completion of the work, the next number of which will probably be in the market in a few days.

DOUBLE FLUTES AND FLAGEOLETS.

FROM MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE attention that has been paid by German genius to the cultivation of instrumental music, has not only gradually given to the manufacture of musical instruments a degree of importance, which till the beginning of the nineteenth century, they never attained; but has excited among their various fabricators an increased ambition, to carry their several excellencies as near to perfection as possible. In a variety of instances, this desirable end has been obtained, to an extent that reflects so much credit on the talents and industry of the musical artizans of Germany and England, as to merit particular notice in a work of this kind. Among the improvements

in inflatile instruments, the novelties produced in the flute and flageolet, by Bainbridge, are as remarkable as useful. To these instruments, his ingenuity has imparted a new and improved character; the capability he has given them, to simultaneously produce *double notes*, by which property a single performer is enabled to execute a duett, is an important advance in mechanics. The contrivance consists of the collateral and close conjunction of two flutes, or flageolets, furnished near their upper ends with a horizontal, projecting mouth-piece, which, by communicating with, and conveying the breath through, both the tubes, renders them conjunctly vocal, and consequently empowers the performer to execute two parts at once. While the weight and magnitude of these two-fold instruments, do not exceed those of a full-sized German flute, they require no more breath than does a common flute or flageolet; and, while from the disposition of the apertures or keys, they may be used as easily by a small as by a large hand, the tone it produces is mellifluous and expressive. These instruments are fingered both for solos and duetts; and either of them may, in an instant, be converted into a solo instrument.

NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION.

BEFORE we issue another number, we expect to see assembled in Boston, the NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION. We hope to see many of those, whom we have from year to year met on the same ground, to discuss the merits and seek the welfare of that science, in whose behalf we have undertaken to labor, and for which we feel the strongest attachment. We expect also to see many new faces, and an increased interest in the cause, beyond what we have ever before witnessed. We know that the cause of music is rapidly on the advance, and nothing is more natural than that this advancement should show itself by an increase of energy in this convention.

We hope to see a large collection of musical men from all parts of the country. And although we may differ in our feelings and opinions on many subjects, although local and sectional peculiarities may place us on many points as far asunder as the east is from the west, yet on this one subject we hope to see the most perfect harmony. It has often been remarked, that of all classes of people, musicians

are the most irritable, and most disposed to be quarrelsome. How far this may be true, we shall not undertake to decide. But this we do believe. If every member of the convention comes with the sole object of musical improvement in his mind, we shall have the most harmonious, the most concordant meeting that ever was held. If every member, on entering the hall of the convention, will leave all local, selfish and party feelings beyond the threshhold in safe keeping with the officer of the door, we shall separate at the close of the session, better musicians and better men, improved in our minds and improved in our morals. We shall return to our homes better prepared to act our parts on the broad theatre of life,—far better qualified to perform our respective duties in improving the social condition of those about us. We sincerely hope that nothing will occur to mar the enjoyment of the occasion, or diminish the interest which all should feel in the success of the cause.

It is well known that an annual course of musical instruction has for several years been given by the Boston Academy. During the present month we shall have two such courses, one by the Academy, the other by the Handel and Haydn Society; and if 'competition be the soul of business,' then we expect to see the cause going ahead with redoubled energy. The plans of the two societies are similar, the bills of fare excellent, and as we think such as the wants of the community demand.

The following abstract of the two programmes will give a clear idea of what may be expected from each.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY propose, that their course of instruction shall embrace the following departments and teachers.

1. Lectures on elementary instruction in vocal music by JAMES F. WARNER.
2. Lectures on the best method of forming and training the voice by H. W. GREATOREX.
3. Instruction and practice in the several departments of Church Music by GEO. J. WEBB.
4. Instruction in Solo singing by H. W. GREATOREX.
5. Instruction in Glee and Madrigal singing by GEO. J. WEBB.
6. Lectures on the Aesthetics of music by JAMES F. WARNER.
7. Lectures daily on Thorough Base or the general doctrine of Harmony by GEO. J. WEBB.
8. Instruction on the violin by L. OSTINELLI.
9. Lectures on the Piano Forte by H. W. GREATOREX.
10. Lecture on the use of musical instruments by GEO. J. WEBB.
11. Lecture on the organ by H. W. GREATOREX.
12. Lectures on the profession of music, and Music, the language of feeling by T. B. HAYWARD.

13. The Society will perform HANDEL'S ORATORIO OF THE MESSIAH and NUKOMM'S ORATORIO OF MOUNT SINAI.

The Academy's course is as follows.

1. Lectures on teaching Singing Schools, both juvenile and adult, with daily performances in church music by L. MASON.

2. Lectures on the proper mode of delivering and cultivating the voice by H. W. GREATOREX.

3. Lectures on Harmony or Thorough Base by F. F. MÜLLER.

4. Lessons on the violin by H. SCHMIDT.

5. Lectures on Musical Taste by JAMES F. WARNER.

6. Chorus singing, directed by L. MASON.

7. Glee singing, directed by F. F. MÜLLER.

8. Lecture on the Organ by F. F. MÜLLER.

The two classes will assemble for the first time, August 17, at 10 o'clock, A. M. one at the Odeon, the other at the Melodeon, and continue their sessions through that and the following week. The first meeting of the Convention will be August 19, at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the Odeon.

HARMONY AND MELODY.

FOR THE REPORTER.

Musicians have said that melodies suggest their own bases, and that any person with a true and accurate ear, although wholly unpractised in music, will naturally perceive them. Rameau himself among others, advanced this sentiment. The following are the reflections of Rousseau upon it.

"This is but the prepossession or prejudice of a musician, and has been proved erroneous by all experience. He, who has never heard base or harmony, will not only never find this base or harmony of himself, but will moreover, when he hears it for the first time, be displeased with it, preferring greatly the simple unison to which he has been accustomed. Two or more melodies, however harmonious, heard simultaneously, would appear to him like two or more persons talking at the same time. History has proved this. And when we reflect that of all the nations of the earth the Europeans alone have concords and harmony, and find pleasure in the union; —that the world went on so many ages without this discovery by nations where the fine arts have been so much cultivated;—that no animal, bird, or other

being in nature produces any concord but the unison, any music but melody;—that the eastern languages, so sonorous, so musical, the Greek air, so delicate, so sensible, exercised with so much art, have never guided these voluptuous people to our harmony, but that without it their music had such prodigious effects and that with it ours is so weak and inefficient;—that it should be reserved for the northern nations, whose rough and brutal organs are more touched with the eclat and noise of the voice, than with the sweetness of the accent and the melody of the inflections, to make this discovery and to give it as the foundation of all the rules in the art;—when, I say, we pay due attention to all this, it is very difficult not to suspect, that all our boasted harmony is but a gothic and barbarous invention, which we never should have adopted and practised, if we had been more sensible to the true beauties of art and of music really and truly natural. Rameau pretends that harmony is the source of the greatest beauties in music, but this opinion has been contradicted both by facts and reason.—By facts, because all the great effects of music have ceased, and all its energy and force been lost, since the invention of counterpoint, Beauties purely harmonic are artificial and ingenious, pleasing only to those who are learned and versed in the art. True beauties are those of nature equally perceived and enjoyed by every one learned or unlearned.—By reason, because harmony alone with whatever comes from it furnishes no imitation, by

which the mind may be affected by different images, the heart moved by different sentiments, the passions excited or calmed, and moral effects generally produced, which surpass the immediate empire of sense. Music paints only by melody, and thence derives its whole force; and therefore all music which does not *sing*, however harmonious it may be, is not imitative, soon fatigues the ear, and leaves the heart cold and unaffected."

If these striking facts and ingenious reflections should fail to bring every one to the same conclusion with this learned author, and most distinguished Melodist, they may yet lead us all to inquire, whether there is not still some great defect in the manner, in which the moderns use and combine melody and harmony. In songs of praise, of joy and triumph, in the pœan and hallelujah, full harmony has its proper place, is not only effective, but almost indispensable; so also in a great part of Church music, adapted to Psalms and hymns of praise and thanksgiving, and therefore choral in its nature, harmony is admissible and appropriate; but in all cases where sentiment is to be expressed, affections moved, passion excited, or the heart touched, how simple should the music be? A very little harmony in all these cases will suffice. Melody must here do her own work; and it may be well questioned if music generally is not much over-burdened by harmony. Harmony should be but the hand-maid, and never the mistress. It

has always been found very difficult to improve many of the finest and sweetest of the Irish and Scotch melodies by any harmony the most ingenious masters in the art have been able to devise.

NOTE BY THE ED. In connection with this subject it is proper to remark, that it was for a long time a matter of warm dispute among musicians, which produced the most pleasing general effect, *simple melody*, or *harmony* without melody. Melody and simplicity were Rousseau's favorite themes. Accordingly, in order to show their power and superiority, he composed the celebrated Air, which may be seen on page 380. By this he intended to show the effect, not only of melody, but of the greatest simplicity, the whole being confined within the smallest possible compass of sound, namely, three degrees of the scale. Not considering the result of Rousseau's experiment a conclusive argument, Vogler took the same air, harmonized it, and published the same as a proof of the superiority even of Rousseau's composition, when attended by harmony. We give the music as we find it in an English work with a translation of the French words, and a Piano forte accompaniment. Vogler's harmony was of a more elaborate character, for which we have not room in this work.

NEW MUSICAL WORKS.

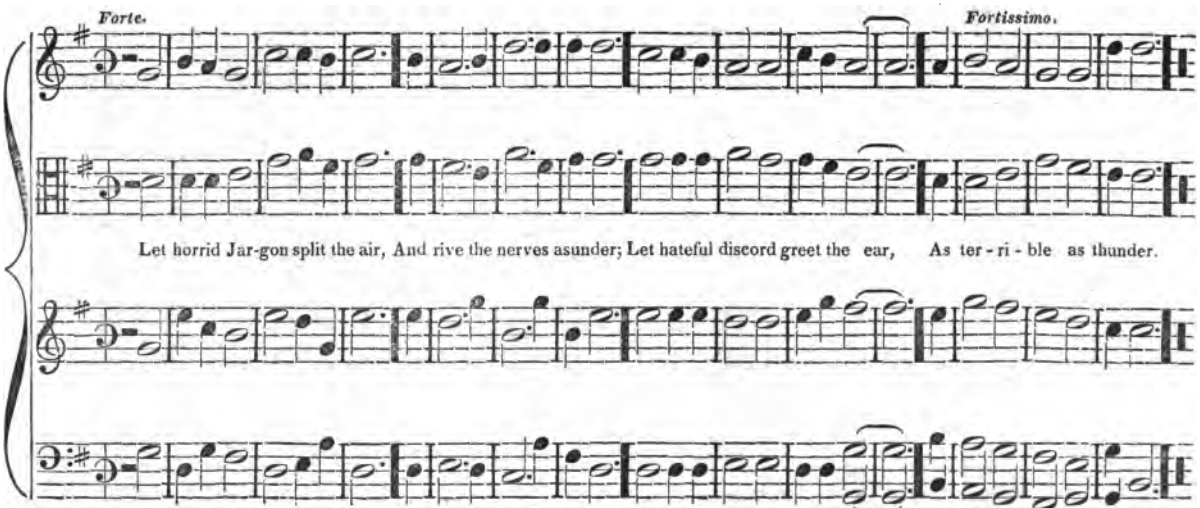
THE MUSICAL CABINET is the title of a new monthly periodical, published by Bradbury and Soden, of this city. Editors, Geo. J. Webb and T. B. Hayward. The work is published in quarto form, containing sixteen pages; four of which are letter-press, and twelve music. The whole appearance of the work is neat, and the matter of the first number interesting. It is ornamented with a beautiful print of Handel.

J. A. Sparks, No. 111 Nassau St., New York, has announced to the public, that he is about to publish, for the use of the Episcopal Church, a MORNING SERVICE,—TE DEUM AND JUBILATE, by Wm. Boyce. It is to be issued August 10th, and will contain eighteen quarto pages. Price 75 cts. Of the character of the work of course we cannot speak at present.

THE AMERICAN PRECEPTOR for the Piano Forte; Second edition; by Maximilian Hall. This work will be published in a few days; and as we have only seen some of the proof sheets, we cannot judge of its merit. The first edition was published more than a year since, and has had an extensive sale. The second edition, we understand, has been enlarged by nearly thirty pages of music from various authors, the whole comprising ninety-six pages. A more particular notice will be given hereafter.

JARGON.

WILLIAM BILLINGS.


Forte.
Fortissimo.
Let horrid Jar-gon split the air, And rive the nerves asunder; Let hateful discord greet the ear, As ter-ri-ble as thunder.

A GLEE.

Slumber gentle lady.

J. FRIEDHEIM.

Andante. Sotto Voce.
Slum-ber gen-tle la dy, slum-ber like the rose,
Slum-ber gen-tle la-dy, slum-ber like the rose,
When the airs of heav-en lull it to re-pose.
When the airs of heav-en lull it to re-pose.

An-gels hover o'er thee; softly seal, softly seal thine eyes;
An-gels hover o'er thee; softly seal, softly seal thine eyes;
Waft thy vis-ions gen-tly to the smil-ing skies,
Waft thy vis-ions gen-tly to the smil-ing skies,
Waft thy vi-sions gent-ly to the smi-ling skies.
Waft thy vi-sions gent-ly to the smi-ling skies.

AIR. On three degrees.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. When thy charming presence I no lon-ger see,
Nature's brightest beau-ties yield no charms for me;
When my love is ab-sent, fragrant grove and dell,

2

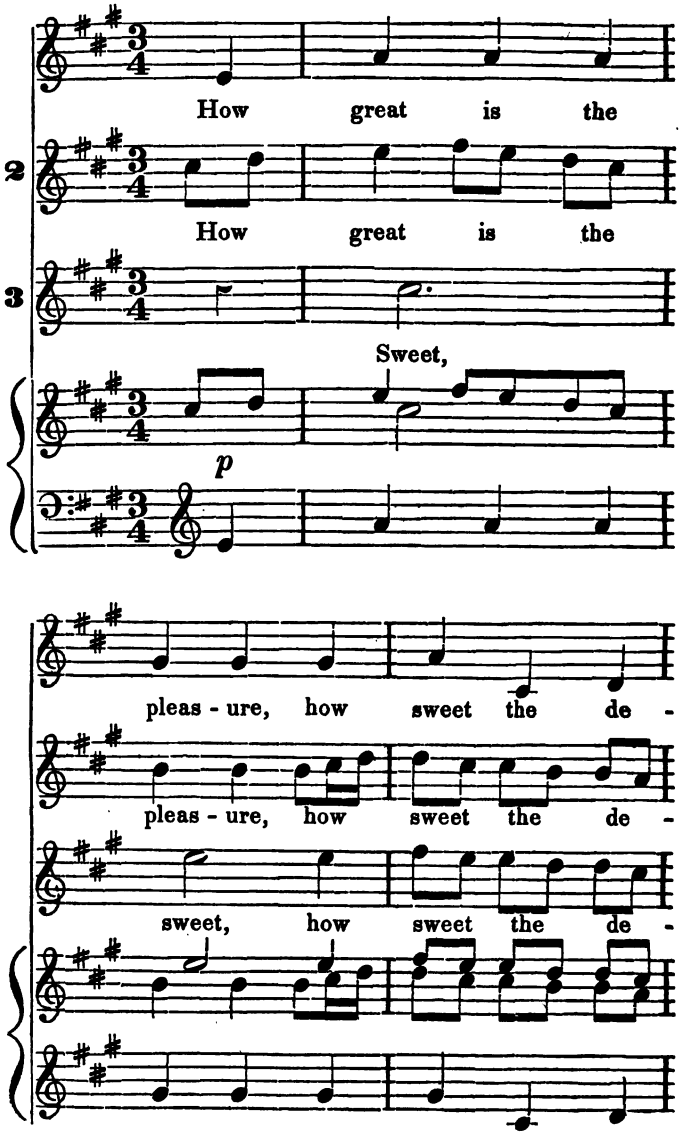
Ah! when thou art absent through one toilsome day,
I with grief and sadness seek thee far away;
When I do not find thee urged by kindest care,
Then my soul with anguish mourns in sad despair.

3

When thy presence greets me when thou't by my side,
Quick through every channel flows the crimson tide;
When I hear the music of those accents mild,
My vain heart enraptured swells with pleasure wild.

See reference to this melody, in the Note on page 375.

'How great is the pleasure.' HARRINGTON.



light, When soft love and mu - sic
light, When love, soft love,
light, When har - mo-ny, sweet har-mo-ny,
to - geth - er u - nite!
2
and mu - sic u - nite!
3
3
and love do u - nite!
1

THERE IS A STREAM. L. M. (FOR THE REPORTER.) B. WYMAN.

Andante e piano
1. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - - ty of our God. Life, love and joy still gliding through,
2. That sacred stream, thine ho-ly word, Supports our faith, our fear controls. Sweet peace, thy prom - is - es af - ford,
And wat'ring our di-vine a - bode, Life, love and joy still gliding thro' And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.
And give new strength to faint-ing souls, Sweet peace thy prom-is-es af - ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.

SAXTON & PEIRCE,

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Just published, by SAXTON & PEIRCE.

(*Extract from the Preface.*)

The tunes have been selected from the finest Church Melodies, most of which are familiar to every individual, who has any acquaintance with music. Those tunes, which have long sung for ages in the Christian Church, should continue to be sung by the worshipers in Zion, so long as the church endures. They should, like the Bible, remain unaltered by the too common practice of mutilating and defacing. So far as possible, we have in this work endeavored to give the original or most approved copy of the tunes.

The principal design of the Editors in preparing the work has been to furnish a book, suitable for social and religious meetings in a form as cheap and compact as possible. For this purpose, they have adapted three or more hymns to each tune, which will be found to afford a sufficient variety for all occasions and all circumstances.

WM. H. OAKES,

Engraver and Publisher of Music,

13, TREMONT ROW,---BOSTON.

LEMUEL GILBERT,

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,

NO. 419 WASHINGTON STREET,

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PIANO FORTE SCHOOL.

JAMES PRIDEAUX,

Teacher of Piano Forte and singing, will call on pupils in the city and vicinity as usual, or receive them at his room No. 12, School Street.

Scholars will also be received at his residence, on Mount Bellingham, Chelsea, where a few, who may be desirous of a more thorough Musical Education, can be accommodated with board. Fine air and a delightful prospect, render this location peculiarly inviting.

MUSICAL REPORTER.

The Reporter will be published *monthly*, on the first day of each month, commencing with January, 1841. Each number will contain forty-eight pages, on fine paper, done up in a style equal to that of any periodical, which the country affords. Of this matter, eight pages will be music, sacred and secular, arranged for the piano-forte, and selected from the best authors, or written expressly for this work. Any individual, becoming responsible for four subscribers, shall be entitled to the fifth copy gratis.

Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters containing money and subscriptions.

Terms. $3 per annum to city subscribers, who have the work delivered at their dwellings. $2.50, to those who receive their numbers by mail.

Asa Fitz,
E. B. Dearborn.

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Volume 1.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
HISTORY OF MUSIC	385
A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL	392
THE AMERICAN GLEE BOOK	393
ANECDOTE	396
THE PIANO FORTE	397
A BROKEN VASE	403
MUSICAL DICTIONARY	405
MUSIC	407
TIME	408
AMERICAN PRECEPTOR	415
SAMUEL WEBBE	418
ADVICE TO PLAYERS ON THE PIANO FORTE	419
NEW PUBLICATIONS	423
THE ALPINE HORN	"
NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION	424
ADVICE TO COMPOSERS	"
Music. WHEN THE MOONLIGHT STREAMING	425

[RIDDER & WRIGHT,—MUSIC PRINTERS, BOSTON.]

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

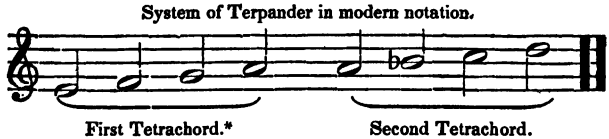
MUSICAL REPORTER.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

FROM HAWKINS AND BURNEY.

The fourth was the constant limitation of the ancient scale. The scale therefore consisted of four sounds or a tetrachord. The first improvement on this appears to have been, that of engrafting upon it a conjunct tetrachord, which addition extended the series, to a heptachord, or scale of seven sounds. The last string of this heptachord was added by Terpander, and this system, considered as the second state of the lyre, was distinguished by his name. It was the following.

System of Terpander in modern notation.



First Tetrachord.* Second Tetrachord.

* Here are eight *notes;* but the last sound of the first of these tetrachords being the same with the first of the second tetrachord, it is obvious, that one string would be sufficient

It will be observed that each of these tetrachords consists of an interval of a semitone, followed by two whole tones. But there were three different systems of fourths; one in which the semitone was between the first and second string, as above; one in which it was between the second and third string; and one in which it was between the third and fourth string.

EXAMPLE.

To Terpander's lyre of seven strings, were afterwards added two other tetrachords; and it continued to be gradually improved, down to the time of Philolaus; when the genius of Pythagoras not only regulated, and gave order to the octave,

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for the termination of one tetrachord, and the commencement of the other. It will also be manifest that the two tetrachords meeting in one common sound (A,) are properly called *conjunct tetrachords*, in contra-distinction to a *disjunct tetrachord*, that is, to two tetrachords, the first sound of the second of which is one degree higher than the fourth sound of the first, as in the following example.

but investigated the ratios of the consonances, and demonstrated, that the foundations of sonorous order lay deeper than had been imagined. The occasion of his discovery is too curious and interesting to be omitted.

"Pythagoras," says Mr. Stanley, in his history of Philosophy, "being in an intense thought, whether he might invent any instrumental help to the ear, solid and infallible, such as the sight, both by a compass and a rule, and by a diopte; or the touch, by a balance, or by the invention of measures; as he passed by a smith's shop, by a happy chance, he heard the iron hammers striking on the anvil, and rendering sounds most consonant to one another, in all combinations except one. He observed in them those three concords—the diapason, (octave,) the diapente, (fifth,) and the diatesseron, (fourth.) But the composition of the diatesseron and the diapente he found to be discordant. Apprehending that this new intelligence proceeded immediately from God, he enthusiastically hastened into the shop, and by various trials, finding the difference of the sounds to be according to the weight of the hammers, and not according to the force of those who struck, nor according to the fashion of the hammers, nor according to the turning of the iron which was in beating out; having exactly taken the weight of the hammers, he went straitway home, and to one beam fastened to the walls, across from one corner of the room to the other, lest any difference might arise

from thence, or be suspected to arise from the properties of several beams, tying four strings of the same substance, length, and twist, upon each of them he hung a several weight, fastening it at the lower end, and making the length of the strings altogether equal; then striking the strings by two at a time interchangeably, he found out the aforesaid concord, each in its own combination; for that which was stretched by the greatest weight, in respect of that which was stretched by the least weight, he found to sound a diapason. The greatest weight was of twelve pounds, the least of six; thence he determined that the diapason did consist in double proportion, which the weights themselves did show. Next he found, that the greatest, to the least but one which was of eight pounds, sounded a diapente; whence he inferred this to consist in the proportion called sesquialtera, in which proportion the weights were to one another; but unto that which was less than itself in weight, yet greater than the rest, being of nine pounds, he found it to sound a diatesseron; and discovered that, proportionably to the weights, this concord was sesquitertia; which string of nine pounds is naturally sesquialtera to the least; for nine to six is so, viz. sesquialtera, as the least but one, which is eight, was to that which had the weight six, in proportion in sesquitertia; and twelve to eight is sesquialtera; and that which is in the middle, between diapente and diatesseron, whereby diapente exceeds diatesseron, is confirmed to be in sesquioctave

proportion, or the proportion in which nine is to eight. The system of both was called diapason, that is, both of the diapente and diatesseron joined together, as double proportion is compounded of sesquialtera and sesquitertia; such as are twelve, eight, six, or on the contrary, of diatesseron, and diapente, as duple proportion is compounded of sesquitertia and sesquialtera, as twelve, nine, six, being taken in that order.

"Applying both his hand and ear to the weights which he hung on, and by them confirming the proportion of relations, he ingeniously transferred the common result of the strings upon the cross beam to the ridge of an instrument which he called *Chordotonos;* and for stretching them proportionally to the weights, he invented pegs, by the turning of which he distended or relaxed them at pleasure. Making use of this foundation as an infallible rule, he extended the experiment to many kinds of instruments, as well pipes and flutes, as those which have strings; and he found, that this conclusion made by numbers, was invariably consonant in all."

Till the time of this great philosopher and intellectual musician, the stated gradation, or order of sounds, was that which both ancient and modern writers term the *diatonic*, as proceeding by tones; that is, speaking in reference to a settled key, a progression from the unison to its fourth, by two tones and a semitone, two *disjunct tetrachords* of which constitute our octave in the major mode, and

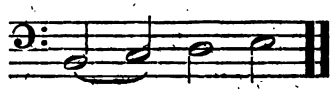
are confessedly very natural, and grateful to the ear.

DIATONIC OCTAVE.

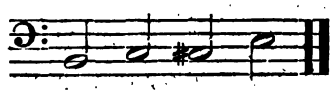
(MAJOR MODE.)

Refinement, and the love of novelty, however by a different division of the integral parts of each of the tetrachords, formed another series of progression, to which, from the flexibility of its nature, they gave the epithet *chromatic*; and to this they added another, still more subtle, which they termed *enharmonic*.

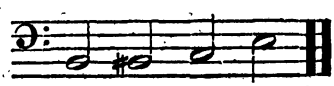
In the *diatonic genus*, the melody proceeded by a semitone and two tones, as



The *chromatic* proceeded by two successive semitones, and a minor third, as,

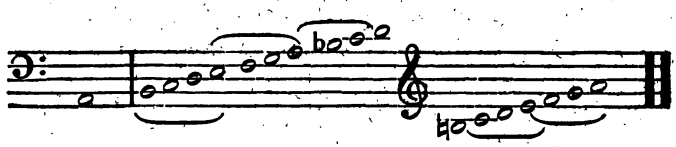


The *enharmonic* proceeded by two quarter tones, and a major third, as

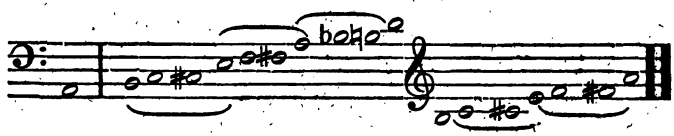


These *genera*, given in rotation, will at once represent the degrees of which they consisted, and the order in which those degrees were disposed.

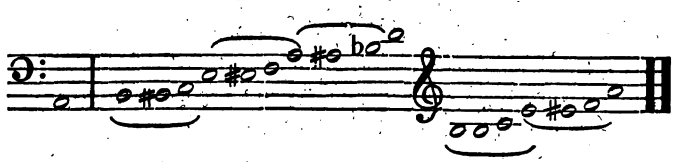
DIATONIC GENUS OR SCALE.



CHROMATIC GENUS OR SCALE.



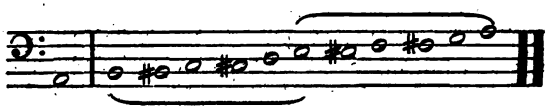
ENHARMONIC GENUS, OR SCALE.



By these diagrams, we see, that the regular *diatonic* scale was similar to our own, inasmuch as it consisted of tones, and semitones; while the *chromatic* comprised semitones and minor thirds; and the *enharmonic*, quarter tones and major thirds.

Till the time of Euclid, these three were all the genera or scales in use; but we find that author speaking of a fourth or *mixed genus*, the scale of which he has left us.

FOURTH or MIXED GENUS.



According to this scale, six strings, instead of four, were required, to fill up the *tetrachord;* and the octave from *proslambanomenos* to *mese*, must have been supplied with twelve.

A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

MRS. HEMANS.

And was thy home, pale wither'd thing,
Beneath the rich blue southern sky?
Wert thou a nursling of the spring,
The winds and suns of glorious Italy?

Those suns in golden light e'en now,
Look'd o'er the poet's lovely grave,
Those winds are breathing soft, but thou,
Answering their whisper, there no more shall wave.

The flowers, o'er Posilippo's brow,
May cluster in their purple bloom;
But on the o'ershadowing ilex-bough,
Thy breezy place is void, by Virgil's tomb.

Thy place is void; oh! none on earth,
This crowded earth, may so remain,
Save that which souls of loftiest birth
Leave when they part, their brighter home to gain.

Another leaf, ere now, hath sprung
On the green stem which once was thine;
When shall another strain be sung
Like his whose dust hath made that spot a shrine.

THE AMERICAN GLEE BOOK.

By George J. Webb.

Published by Jenks and Palmer, Boston.

The American Glee Book is a new work just from the press, comprising 232 pages. It contains a choice collection of Glees, Madrigals and Rounds. The sources, from which these selections have been made, are thus described in the preface.

"The music has been chiefly selected from the best English Glee writers; and much the largest portion is of standard quality, and has never before been published in this country. Other interesting pieces are by German composers; and interspersed are a few original pieces, written expressly for this work."

About thirty pieces are from English writers, among whom are the following; Dr. Cooke, Lord Mornington, Samuel Webbe, Dr. Callcott, Dr. Crotch, Reginald Spofforth and Dr. Hayes. Fifteen or eighteen pieces are from German authors, namely, C. M. Von Weber, L. Von Beethoven, Ludwig Erk, C. Kreutzer, &c. We find also two original Glees, by H. W. Greatorex of Boston, and nine pieces of various descriptions by the editor. A large portion of the music is arranged in five parts, namely, Soprano, Alto, two Tenors and Base. This makes the harmony much more close and satisfactory, than it could be with only four parts. A part of the

work is devoted to quartetts for unison voices, having two Tenors and two Bases. This adds much to the value of the book. The number of Glees of this description is sufficiently large for all the purposes of quartett singing, which would occur in a club not designed exclusively for that species of performance.

If any correct judgment can be formed concerning the character of a work by the reputation of those who have supplied matter for its pages, we should certainly speak of this in the most favorable terms. WEBER, BEETHOVEN and KREUTZER; CALLCOTT, COOKE, SPOFFORTH and SAMUEL WEBBE are names ever dear to the musician, and always associated in the musical world with the beautiful and the grand. They are composers whose works are received as classical, and whose reputation in Europe is far above the common standard. Such names will give a characrer to the work, which should place it among the first publications in the country.

In the ability and musical knowledge of the editor, we have the utmost confidence. We know of no one, from whom we should more confidently expect to see a work, that would be truly classical in all its parts. Nor do we think that any musical publications in this country can stand the test of criticism with more safety or a greater certainty of approbation, than those of Mr. Webb. And if he has ever in any degree failed in his publications, the

fault has been, that they are somewhat in advance of the times in regard to the scientific construction of the harmonies and the skill required in execution. Yet in regard to the American Glee Book, even this objection is not valid. The arrangement is sufficiently simple for any Glee Club that can deserve the name, while at the same time correctness in relation to the scientific arrangement has been carefully observed. It is indeed such a work as the present state of the science requires, and such as should find a ready sale, wherever it may be offered.

We make again from the preface the following extract.

"Great care has been taken to admit no piece, however excellent the music, in itself considered might be, in which there appeared the slightest immoral taint in the sentiment."

One great objection to Glees and Glee singing has heretofore been, the abundance of 'wine and war,' which have been such fruitful sources of vice and immorality. These themes have been more popular, and more prolific, than any thing else from which a Glee can originate, and the influence exerted on the mind of individuals and the public has been most baneful. Such music should in these 'latter days' be cast to the 'moles and the bats,' and something substituted whose character is unobjectionable.

This principle has been carried out with great care, and a very great degree of success, and should be considered one of the peculiar excellencies of the

work. Yet we wish the 'Warrior's Welcome' on page 89 had been omitted. We express this wish, not because we have any strong objection to this particular Glee, but because we know the spirit of war is still rife in the community; and a strong disposition still exists to applaud almost indiscriminately every deed of a warlike nature.

"My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace."

We are unwilling to lend the aid of music to encourage any associations of a warlike nature. But we do not mean to moralize. Among those productions, which pertain to the department of war, the one before us will rank with the most unexceptionable. With a vast majority of the community, this will be considered as no objection to the book, and we hope its circulation will be far and wide.

ANECDOTE.

A Scotch Bagpiper, travelling in Ireland, opened his wallet by the road side, and sat down to dinner. He had no sooner said grace, than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provisions were all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. "The diel saw me," said Sawney, "and I had keen'd ye loo'd music so well, ye should have had it before dinner."

THE PIANO FORTE.

FROM THE LONDON MUSICAL WORLD.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

The Piano Forte has originated from a combination of the principle of the Harp with that of the Organ. It consists of a set of strings, tuned, like the harp, to the notes of the scale, and sounded, like the organ, by means of keys. The instrument, however, has borne different names, and gone through various stages, before arriving at its present state of perfection.

The first step towards its formation, seems to have been the *Psaltery*, an instrument once in very general use. It consisted of a square box of small depth, over which was fixed a sounding board of fir; and on this sounding board were stretched a set of strings, of steel and brass, tuned to the notes of the scale. It was played by striking the strings with two little rods, held in each hand of the performer. The next step was the application of keys, like those of the organ; and thus was formed the *Clavichord*, an instrument long known in Germany, and used in that country till within a recent period. The form of the clavichord was that of a small piano forte. Its strings were muffled with slips of cloth, and the tone was produced by little brass wedges, placed at the ends of the keys, which, when

the keys were put down, pressed against the middle of the strings. When this instrument was touched by a great master, it is described as having been capable of great expression, though of a melancholy kind. We can find no information as to the invention of the clavichord; but it was in use so early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, as an instrument for private practice, and an assistant in the process of composition, in the same manner, as the small piano forte is employed now.

The *Virginal* or *Spinet*, was an instrument of nearly the same antiquity as the clavichord, and was chiefly used in England. It was a small instrument of a triangular shape. The strings were struck by quills fixed in jacks, which rested on the farther end of the finger-keys. The quill, by the stroke of the finger, was forced past the string, its own elasticity giving way, and remained above the string so long as the finger was pressed on the key, giving the string liberty to sound. When the finger was removed, the quill returned to its place, and a little bit of cloth, fixed on the top of the jack, rested on the string, and stopped its vibration, or, in other words, acted as a *damper*.

The *Harpsichord* was in truth the same instrument as the spinet, differing from it in the same manner as the small piano forte differs from the grand. The spinet had a single string to each note, while the harpsichord had two or three. There were single and double harpsichords. The single harpsichord

had one set of keys and two unison strings to each note; the double harpsichord had two sets of keys, and three strings to each note, two of them unisons, and one an octave; but latterly the three strings were all made unisons. The harpsichord, in size and shape, resembled a grand piano forte.

The harpsichord does not appear to have been much known, before the middle of the seventeenth century; prior to which time, very little music purely instrumental was composed. In England, during the preceding century, the lute and the virginal were the only instruments for which any tolerable music had been expressly written. Queen Elizabeth was a performer on the virginal; and if she was able to make any use of the pieces contained in the famous MS. collection, called 'Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book,' which were written expressly for her, by Bird, Bull, Farnaby, and other great masters of the day, her proficiency must have been truly wonderful; for we are told by Dr. Burney, that the pieces of Bull contained in this collection, "surpass every idea of difficulty that can be formed from the lessons of Handel, Scarlatti, Sebastian Bach, or, in more modern times, Emanuel Bach, Müthel, and Clementi." Mary of Scotland was also a performer on the virginal; and it appears from the curious account which Sir James Melvil, in his memoirs, gives of his embassy to the English court, that Elizabeth was no less jealous of her unhappy rival's musical powers, than of her personal beauty.

The virginal afterwards acquired the name of the spinet, and was generally used by ladies in England, till it was superseded by the harpsichord. In the time of James I. and Charles I., Haywood was a celebrated maker of spinets; and Keen and Slade were the fashionable makers in Queen Anne's time.

The imperfections of the harpsichord, gave rise to attempts at its improvement, more than a hundred years ago. It was incapable of expression, as no gradation of pressure on the keys produced any corresponding gradation of tone; and the stroke of the quills produced a snappish and disagreeable sound. It does not appear clearly who was the original inventor of the piano forte. According to some accounts, the first in which the strings were struck by *hammers* of such a construction, as to produce a quality of tone superior to that of the harpsichord instrument, was made by Christopher Gottlieb Schröter, a Bohemian, who died organist of Nordhausen, in 1782. He is said to have made a model of his invention so early as 1717, which he exhibited in 1721. In 1763 he published a description, with plates of his newly invented instrument, 'on which the performer might play *piano* or *forte* at pleasure.' According to M. Fetis, this invention was anticipated by a Parisian maker of the name of Marius, who, in 1716, submitted to the examination of the Academy of Sciences two harpsichords, in which the strings were struck by small hammers. The first instrument of this kind,

brought to England, was made by Father Wood, an English monk, at Rome, for Samuel Crispe, Esq. a gentleman of some eminence in the literary world. Its tone was superior to that of the harpsichord, and it was capable of *piano* and *forte*; but its mechanism was very imperfect, and nothing quick could be played upon it. This instrument was purchased from Mr. Crispe, by Fulk Greville, Esq. for a hundred guineas; and soon afterwards Backers constructed several instruments upon its model, improving the mechanism. But they did not gain the public favor; as, though their tone was sweeter than that of the harpsichord, they were very inferior to it in spirit.

It was not till about the year 1760, that piano fortes were regularly manufactured by Ztumpf in England and Silberman in Germany. In 1776, Messrs. Erard began to manufacture them in Paris. The piano fortes of that period had an extent of only five octaves, with two strings for each note. By degrees the compass of the instrument has been extended to six octaves and a half, and there are now three strings to each note. The instrument, ever since the above period, has been receiving constant improvements, chiefly by enlarging its size, extending the scale, increasing the weight of the strings, correspondently strengthening the frame-work, and improving the mechanism of the movement.

The piano forte may be considered rather as an extension of the powers of the harpsichord, than as

a different instrument. It is a harpsichord so improved in mechanism, that its tone is affected by the most minute variations of touch, and it thus responds to every impulse of feeling on the part of the performer. The piano forte can give the fullest effect to all the music that has been written for the harpsichord; and those who have heard Moscheles play a concerto of Sebastian Bach, must be convinced that this illustrious composer must have remained unaware of many charming effects which might be produced from his own music. But his harpsichord music was calculated to display the powers of the instrument as it then existed, and was remarkable for the fulness of its harmony, and the number of its real parts, ingeniously combined, and each with a separate and distinct motion. This music presents the greatest difficulties to the performer; and the most dashing players of the modern school, will find themselves a good deal at a stand, when set down to the harpsichord pieces of Sebastian Bach or Handel. The great defect of the old harpsichord music, arose from the defect of the instrument. The instrument was incapable of *sostenuto*, and the music wanted melody; and it was when, in the progress of musical taste, melody came to be considered a primary requisite in every description of music, that the defects of the harpsichord became so apparent, that means were taken to remedy them by the invention of a new instrument.

A BROKEN VASE.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Chink! Chink! so there thou art,
Broken upon the sidewalk, crystal Vase!
In brilliant fragments. 'Tis a pity, sure,
That aught so beautiful were slightly held,
Thus at the open casement,—and I fain
With woman's prying augury, would divine
Thy history.
Wert thou a lover's gift?
Or parting present to some fair, young bride,
Who 'mid her wedding-costume, nicely packed
Thee in soft cotton 'gainst the jarring wheel?
And when exalted in her new abode
On parlor mantel, gemmed with breathing flowers,
Fixed not her eye in reverie on thy form,
While thought roved fondly to her father's house,
And her young, fair-haired sisters?
But what hand
Of careless servant, or of petted child,
Or luckless friend, such mournful ruin wrought?
Methinks I see their brow with sadness pale,
As measuring thy value with their purse,
They shrink from restitution.
'T is in vain!
Ye may not join these fragments, or cement
Their rugged chasms.
But yet there's many a crush
Of costlier things, for which the hand of earth
Can boast no medication. He, who hangs
His all of happiness on Beauty's smile,
And in that strong illusion treads o'er thorns

Unconsciously, and climbs the rocky steep
Impervious to fatigue, hath sometimes seen
The dying dolphin's brightness at his feet,
And found it was the bubble of his hope,
Disparting like the rainbow.
He, who runs
Ambition's race, and on his compeers treads
With fevered eagerness to grasp the goal,
May find the gilded prize, like waxen toy,
Melt in the passion-struggle.
He, who toils
Each lonely midnight o'er his waning lamp,
And on the anvil beats the gold of thought,
Till his brains dazzle, and his eye turns dim,
Then spreads it with a flush of proud delight
To the cold-bosomed public, oft perceives
Each to his farm and merchandize speed on,
Regardless of his wisdom, or doth hear
The giant hammer of harsh criticism
Grinding his ore to powder, finer far
Than the strewn sand of Congo's yellow stream.
—Yea,—'mid time's passing pilgrims, many a one
Of some long sought possession newly proud,
Doth like the Patriarch vainly joy to find
His seven years toil for Rachel blest at last,
But when the hour of keen inquiry comes
"*Behold,—'t is Leah,*"
So, farewell, poor Vase!
I thank thee for this lesson from thy dust,
So meekly warning the fond heart to seek
Some bliss that may not break, some treasure hoard,
Above the wrecking ministry of earth. L. H. S.

MUSICAL DICTIONARY.

MOVEMENT.

MOVEMENT in music denotes in general the quickness or slowness of the motion or progression. The different degrees of velocity are commonly indicated by these terms; *Largo*, *Adagio*, *Lento*, *Andante*, *Allegro*, *Presto*.

Largo. Very slow, large, broad, extended. Largo denotes a movement very slow and soft, in which every tone should be well sustained, continue its full time and be executed with the greatest degree of taste and expression.

Adagio. Slow or moderately slow. This term denotes a movement faster than Largo, and at the same time slower than Lento. It is adapted to the expression of sentiments and emotions of a tender and plaintive nature. These naturally require a movement slow, cautious and accurately measured, performed with distinctness, and without any attempt at artificial ornament or display.

Lento. Slow and gentle. This term denotes a movement nearly the same as Adagio, though somewhat quicker, and forms the intermediate grade between Adagio and Andante.

Andante. Middle time in a distinct and exact manner. This word comes from the Italian and signifies *going forward* or stopping in a gradual and

usual manner, with absence of every thing uncommon. "As to the mode of delivery, in case the music itself is not characteristic, that is, particular objects are not to be represented by it, as is frequently the case in marches for example, and in plays and the like, Andante denotes in general a gentle, calm, peaceful and contented expression; and hence its tones must neither be delivered so drawlingly and connectedly and so heavily as in Adagio, nor yet so sharply accented and so much in the staccato form as in Allegretto. In Andante every thing is temperate, every thing remains in the usual, ordinary, unmarked state; this is true even of the strength or accent of the tones, the latter never assuming its place except only when the composer himself has specifically prescribed it, or the appropriate, legitimate feeling of the performer, governed by a cultivated taste calls for aid." *Warner's Weber.*

Allegro. Quick, joyful, cheerful. This term denotes a quick movement, and its principal features are lightness, fire, and vivacity. Compositions of this description should be executed with energy and feeling, and more in the staccato style than movements of a slower kind. Even the most flowing passages should oe marked with distinctness and animation.

Presto. Quick, very quick, lively. This is the quickest movement in use, and implies a velocity of the most rapid, animated and brilliant kind.

These terms are often modified by a change of termination, increasing or diminishing in degree the characteristic slowness or quickness, which the terms themselves denote. Thus the diminutive *Larghetto* denotes a movement less slow than Largo, or perhaps the smallest degree of slowness to which Largo can be applied, while the superlative *Largissimo* increases the degree of slowness to its greatest extent. *Allegretto* implies a movement less rapid than Allegro, and *Allegrissimo* a movement more rapid, at the same time forming an intermediate step between Allegro and Presto. The same remarks may be applied to each of the other movements, though some of the modifying terms are at the present time nearly or altogether obsolete.

MUSIC.

"Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal, or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
And with some softly-whisper'd air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair!"

TIME.

FROM HASTING'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

The meaning of the word *time*, as applied to music, will be sufficiently understood without explanation. A general fondness for measured time, is every where observable, even in the rudest occupations of human society. Rural scenes are greatly enlivened by it. The woodman with his axe, the mower with his scythe, the thresher with his flail, the mechanic with his hammer, the very footsteps of the pedestrian, and the voices of the beasts, the birds and the insects, all furnish testimony to the universal influence of rhythm.

And what would poetry be without this property? Little else than impassioned prose. The dullest ear has some sensibility to poetic numbers, and the illiterate admirers of doggerel verse form no exception to the remark.

A higher demonstration of this fondness for measured time, is furnished in music, by instruments of percussion, such as the drum and the tambourine. Such instruments, being perfectly monotonous in pitch, have no other charm than that which arises from rhythm. Yet, under proper management they have sufficient variety to secure a powerful influence. While the strokes of the musician are accurately timed, we listen with uninterrupted

pleasure; but let them be so irregular as not to correspond with our cherished trains of calculation, and our enjoyment ceases, pleasure gives place to vexation. The more simple the measure, and the more rapid the movement, the greater must be the accuracy of the musician, if he would excite in us, the least sentiment of gratification.

The principle of which we speak, enters largely into the composition of melody and harmony; and should therefore be fully recognized by the performer. The slowest movements of parochial music, do not always require the *minutest* accuracy in this respect; because the time is not so exactly computed by the listeners. But the quicker movements admit of no such license. Great accuracy is here indispensable.

Rhythmical accuracy in the rapid movements of secular music, is preserved with comparative ease; especially where the notes contain simple quantities and proportions, and are not otherwise difficult of execution. But in devotional music, from causes already intimated, the art of keeping time is more difficult and laborious. Most of our performances of church music are greatly deficient in this respect, far more so than is generally imagined. The teacher and pupils are often equally in fault without the least share of self-suspicion. Such movements for example, as old Aylesbury, Wells, and Windham, are almost universally mistimed. If any one doubts this, let him place a clock or metronome in the practice room, where his eye can be fixed upon the pendulum

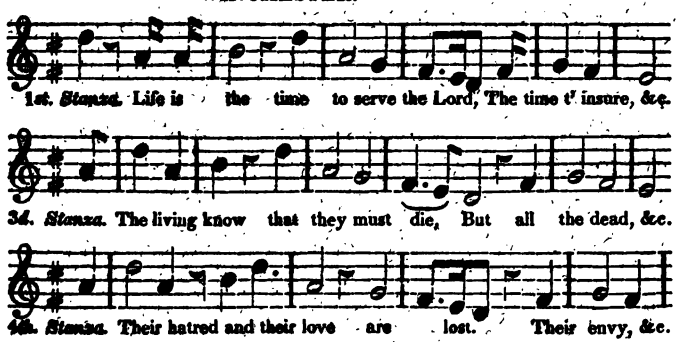
during the performance of these tunes. He will need no farther illustration of the truth of our remark. The movements to which we allude, even when written in triple time after the German method, are almost equally liable to this abuse, as in the following example, where the crotchets are wont to receive more than their specific portion of time.

This method of arranging the melody is preferable to the ancient one; yet it will not suffice to secure a good performance. Nor do we wish to see such melodies very generally taking the place of those that are better adapted to the poetic numbers of the English language. A few of them for the sake of variety, will be sung with interest and delight.

Another fruitful source of the irregularities in time which prevail in the choirs of our churches, is found in the efforts which are put forth, in reference to the claims of musical elocution. Great zeal in regard to this subject, is highly commendable; but much of that which prevails at the present period, we are sorry to say, is zeal not according to knowledge. The shortening of a note, (for example) in favor of a momentary pause in the language, has often a fine effect; and even the suspension of time where a longer stop is greatly needed, is sometimes

admissible. But such liberties as the latter if often taken, will inevitably tend to licentiousness. Teachers have sometimes gone to astonishing lengths in this respect; confounding all the specific distinctions in time, common, triple and compound, and not even preserving a semblance of regularity among the measures of a given movement. This is more than is allowed in the ordinary exercise of chanting, which is confessedly the farthest removed from measured time of any tolerated species of plain church music. For here, at least the cadences are regularly measured and fixed; which is more than can be said of a single fragment of the *ad libitum* execution of a self-styled elocutionist. Take the following as a fair example among the thousands that might be adduced;

WINCHESTER.


1st. Stanza. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure, &c.
3d. Stanza. The living know that they must die, But all the dead, &c.
4th. Stanza. Their hatred and their love are lost. Their envy, &c.

The above is no exaggeration, but a fair specimen of the style which is often tolerated and even commended, by men of whom one might have expected

better things. If a little common sense could in some way, be served up to such geniuses, the musical art at the present time, would be greatly relieved from a sad species of lawless innovation. If even poetry and pious sentiment could be improved, we might be induced to hold our peace. But the execution is so overdone, as to defeat the very object in hand, while at the same time it destroys the whole attraction of the music, except that which chances to arise from novelties of the exercise.

What then is to be done? Are there no fixed rules, and established licenses in the art of musical enunciation, the due observance of which can secure unitedly the claims of music, of poetry, and of religious edification? Undoubtedly there are; and these may be mentioned and illustrated in their proper place at some future time.

Meanwhile let it be remembered as a GENERAL RULE in church music, that the scanning of the poetry and the rhythm of the tune, are not to be violated. If we were to give a single example of an authorized exception to this rule, it should be in some such line as the following;

"He died! the heavens in mourning stood;"

A pause at the exclamation point, is here required for two substantial reasons, 1st., the sudden introduction of a deep and powerful sentiment upon which the mind inclines for a moment to dwell; and 2d., the literal meaning of the passage, since, with-

out a distinct pause, the phrase would read "he dyed the heavens," i. e. he colored them.

But, not to dwell upon topics which must be resumed in another department of our subject; it remains, at present to offer a few brief hints on the best method of inculcating a practical knowledge of tune among vocal performers.

1. Beating, in the early stages of cultivation, is indispensable. Many we know have objected against this practice, as something too mechanical. It may be so in truth to the false elocutionists above referred to; or to a thousand others who have become leaders and teachers of music without possessing the necessary qualifications. But well educated vocalists understand the importance of *measuring* the time, if it is to be accurately *kept*. They would as soon deprive a watch of its minute hand, as a movement of its beats and measures.

2. Beating should be inculcated at first, as a separate exercise, requiring the utmost exactness and precision; and, secondly, with the numbers one, two, three, &c., spoken audibly, at least by the teacher; and thirdly, in connexion with such short passages of simple music, as are quick and rhythmical. Such speaking melodies as Sterling, Uxbridge, and Missionary Hymn, may next be attempted; and subsequently, such as Park-street, Lyons and Palestine. When such tunes are taken in hand as *exercises in time*, let the simple business of calculation fill the mind till the proposed end is gained. Above

all, let not the teacher, on any occasion undertake, more than can be accomplished; or be found to set an example of disagreement between his own hand and voice. It is better for him not to beat at all, than to do it in such a manner as to mislead his pupils.

3. When other points of execution are specifically taken up, that of beating may be omitted, lest the attention for the moment should be too much divided. This is an important principle; for the young pupil, if required to do too many things at a time, will do nothing perfectly. His exercises should at first be separate; and afterward combined by degrees, as they become familiar.

4. Beating should as far as practicable, be omitted in public performances. True, it is sometimes necessary, and as often as it really is so, it must be allowed. But when vocalists come before the public, it ought to be presumed, that they have well committed their lessons. Even the grand oratorios of Europe, have never been so well executed, as, when among the band of professional performers, the practice of beating has been superseded by that of mental calculation. It may be a long while, before American musicians attain such powers of execution.

AMERICAN PRECEPTOR

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

BY MAXIMILIAN HALL.

Published by Henry Prentiss, Boston.

The second edition of this work has been published within the last month, and deserves from the public a close examination and a fair trial. In the advertisement of the first edition, the author says;

"We live in an age of improvement in all the arts and sciences; and we cannot believe that the *method* of teaching or learning music, any more than the *science* of Music, has, as yet, reached its ultimatum. The present is not only the time of excitement and inquiry on all other subjects, but the heaven-born art of Music is becoming every day an object of deeper interest, and more constant and systematic study. Inquiries are hence frequently made for books that will make the subject plain and interesting to young beginners. For these, as well as other reasons, the compiler of the following pages feels that he would be doing a service to the community by giving them the result of his own experience after a number of years' practice in teaching upon the Piano Forte."

It seems to have been the design of the author to improve the existing works of this kind by rendering the instruction more simple and interesting to beginners, and by adapting such instructions to the present state of musical cultivation. He wishes to keep pace with the advancement which is every

The work is on the whole a good one,—quite as good as any that has appeared on this side of the Atlantic.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF

SAMUEL WEBBE.

BY W. LINDLEY, ESQ.

Chant we the requiem, solemn, sad, and sweet;
And muse awhile amid the festive throng,
Be joy's inspiring song.
Strow we the cypress boughs, the muse's seat;
For he the Father of the varying lay,
Of pain and sickness long the suffering prey,
Sinks to the grave, and leaves unstrung the lyre,
Silent each liquid note, extinct its sacred fire!
List to that plaintive strain!
Was it "Thy voice, O! harmony" that sung,
Anselmo's magic lyre unstrung,
Ne'er on th' enraptured verse to burst again
Those chords so sweetly wild, so full, so clear,
It was "thy awful sound! "—the distant bell,
Beats slow, responsive to the anthem's swell
That pours the parting tribute o'er his hallowed bier.
"When winds breathe soft" where rests Anselmo's clay,
Round our lamented minstrel's shrine!
Shall "forms unseen" the deathless wreath entwine;
Soft warbling is the breeze, the tributary lay!

ADVICE TO PLAYERS ON THE PIANO FORTE.

ENGLISH COPY.

Music is like a picture, or rather a colored drawing, and expresses, by sounds on an instrument, what the artist portrays by shades and coloring on the paper or canvass. The time is the proportion; the notes are the outline; the piano and forte are the shades of Indian ink; the expression is the general coloring; and the graces are the finishing touches, which, if not judgmatically and cautiously, yet freely and naturally, introduced, may be the ruin instead of an ornament to the picture. Added to these great points, there is a certain way of performing even the most trifling parts with elegance, and yet without making them appear too conspicuous, which I compare to what is called the *bye-play* on the stage. Without at least a small proportion of all these, the performance can never be gratifying to a man of taste or talent.

As it has been justly observed, there is only one step between the *sublime* and the *ridiculous*, and therefore a deficiency is often perceptible among many of our great performers; I mean the extremes of light and shadow. The grand difficulty is to

attain, at the one point, the greatest force that can possibly be brought from the instrument, and, on the other, the softest possible style of playing. Each of these, in the *sublime* degree, lies on the brink of a precipice, by which enthusiasts often become *ridiculous* by falling down the abyss, and others, by keeping at a respectable distance to avoid the danger, never arrive at any great degree of excellence. To speak less by analogy, however, let me observe, that the difficulty is to reach the very pinnacle of *fortissimo spiritoso*, without suffering your enthusiasm to carry you further than your instrument will obey you, yet displaying an *unconstrained* degree of *natural fire and energy*; and, on the other hand, to play every note as *pianissimo* as they can possibly be made to sound, with the same evenness of execution, and with the same *expression, without breaking* too much into *forte* for the purpose of giving that expression. In short, your *pianissimo con espressione* may be compared to a *violin solo*, your *forte* to the *whole orchestra*. Well, then, as you do not want the whole orchestra to give expression to one or two instruments, no more have you occasion for using too much force for the expression when playing *piano*. Here again let me revert to the picture; if you preserve a good groundwork, you will then have scope for your light and shadow; but, if you run to either extreme in your general mode of touching the instrument, you will find yourself defeated at that very point when it is most required.

The average of players know this pretty well; at least, the ordinary race of professors, for they take care to let *mezzo forte* serve all purposes; and, instead of making their voyage round the world on the piano, they are contented with as little deviation from this degree of force as, comparatively, a farmer, who lives in a village, is contented with an occasional trip to the nearest market-town. Of this set of players there is very little hope; they are, to use a *sporting* comparison, like pointers without courage, that never stir from your heels, and therefore the sooner they are dismissed the kennel the better. Others there are, who rattle and rant on their instruments with a mistaken idea of the character of the author, which they are reading, with false expression, and every thing that is absurd; but there are many *soidisant* judges, who, as long as they can hear the notes, and have their glut of sheer light and shadow, like the squares on a back-gammon-board, are perfectly well satisfied with the performer. This class of professors often get a great name by astonishing second-rate judges, people in the country, &c. &c. and perhaps inspire such an audience with the same degree of admiration that a ranting stump orator often gains by his diabolical rhapsodies among the scattered peasants of a country village. Of the latter kind of performer, however, there is more hope; he is like a dog with some courage, that only wants a sound flogging three or four times a day, and may

be properly broken in, if consigned to the hands of a good master. Others, of the more refined order, are very fond of treating music with levity and indifference, or, in other words, playing it even worse than their scholars, because it is not sufficiently difficult. For instance, I have heard many really good performers run through a sonata of *Mozart* like a boy repeating his catechism, with the greatest rapidity and fluency, and yet with no more colouring than on a sheet of white paper, and sometimes neglecting the expression of this heavenly author, and substituting a flourish of their own in one of his *adagios*. This I compare to a vulgar buck, who, being at a loss to express himself, brings out a good round oath, and is thereby thought a great man by those of low ideas like himself. Mozart and Haydn have written like *gods*, and therefore it is a bold undertaking for *men* to attempt their improvement. Almost every bar of these great authors has a meaning, and therefore should be studied with as much care as the part of a player, who takes a character in the drama of your immortal Shakspeare.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In this number our readers will find a notice of the AMERICAN GLEE BOOK, by GEORGE J. WEBB; also a notice of the AMERICAN PRECEPTOR for the PIANO FORTE by MAXIMILIAN HALL. In addition to these a new collection of Church Music entitled CARMINA SACRA, or BOSTON COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC by LOWELL MASON, has just been published by Wilkins and Carter. This work we have had very little time to examine, and shall therefore defer any farther notice till the next number. The second number of the work by GODFREY WEBER, translated by Mr. Warner has been issued, though as yet we have not seen the work. Farther notice at some future time.

THE ALPINE HORN.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Alpine horn! the Alpine horn!
Oh! through my native sky,
Might I but hear its deep notes borne,
Once more,—but once,—and die!

Yet, no! 'midst breezy hills thy breath,
So full of hope and morn,
Would win me from the bed of death,
O joyous Alpine horn!

But *here* the echo of that blast,
To many a battle known,
Seems mournfully to wander past,
A wild, shrill, wailing tone!

Haunt me no more! for slavery's air
Thy proud notes were not born;
The dream, but deepens my despair,
Be hush'd, thou Alpine horn!

NATIONAL MUSICAL CONVENTION.

The National Musical Convention commenced its annual session according to notice on Thursday, August 19, and continued its sittings six days. On Wednesday Aug. 25, it was voted that the Convention be dissolved. The Convention had existed, in the form which it last assumed, two years, and, although its dissolution has been a cause of severe regret to all real friends of the art, we are strongly inclined to believe the truth of the old adage that 'all is for the best.' The cause of this dissolution has been, the party feelings which have long existed between some leading musicians and societies in Boston, which have been aggravated and increased by persons from abroad, who came with the evident intention of producing discord and division. On the materials of the Old Convention two new ones have been formed which it is hoped will go 'for the art, the whole art, and nothing but the art.'

ADVICE TO GERMAN COMPOSERS.

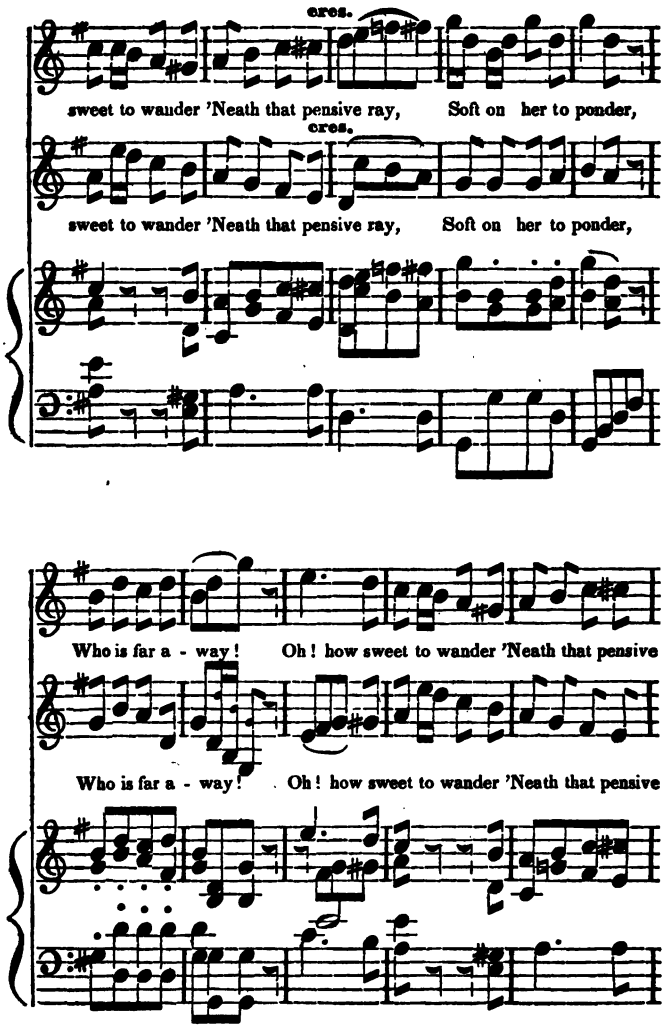
BY DR. BURNEY.

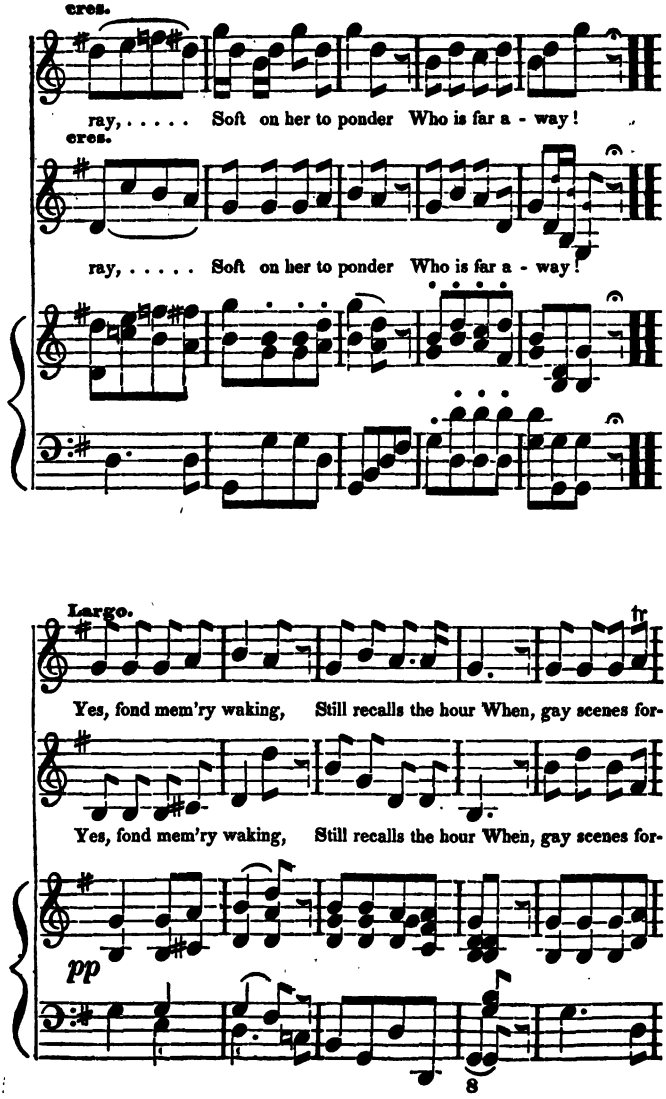
As much art as you please in your music, Gentlemen, provided it be united with nature; and even in a marriage between art and nature, I should always wish the lady to wear the breeches.

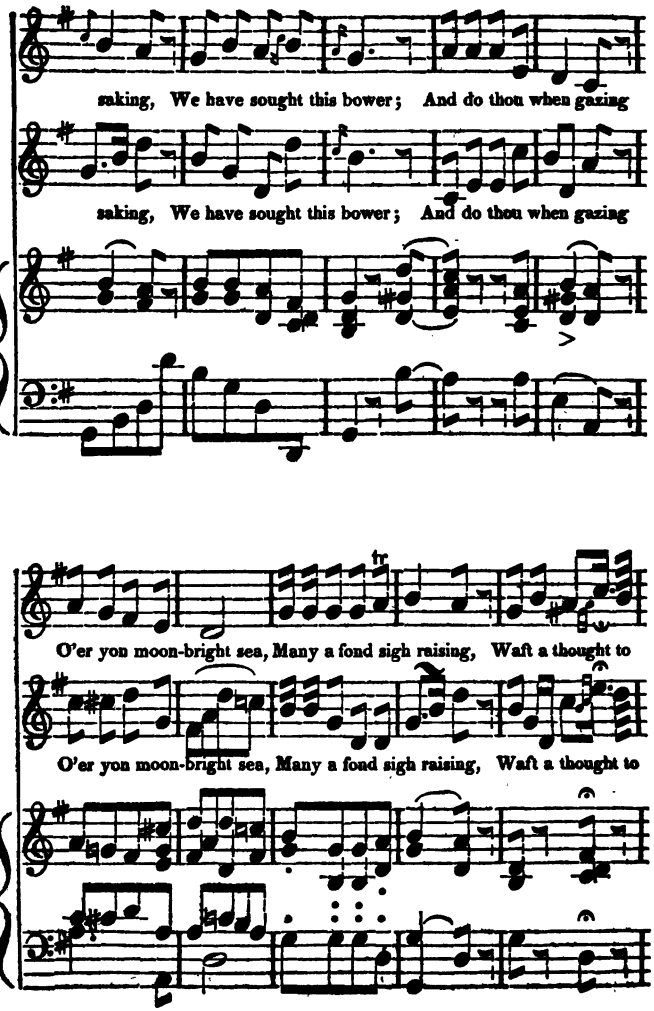
BOIELDIEU.
ff
pp
Ped.
When the moonlight streaming, Gilds pale Nature's
When the moonlight streaming, Gilds pale Nature's
pp
face, On her slumbers beaming More than waking grace,
face, On her slumbers beaming More than waking grace,

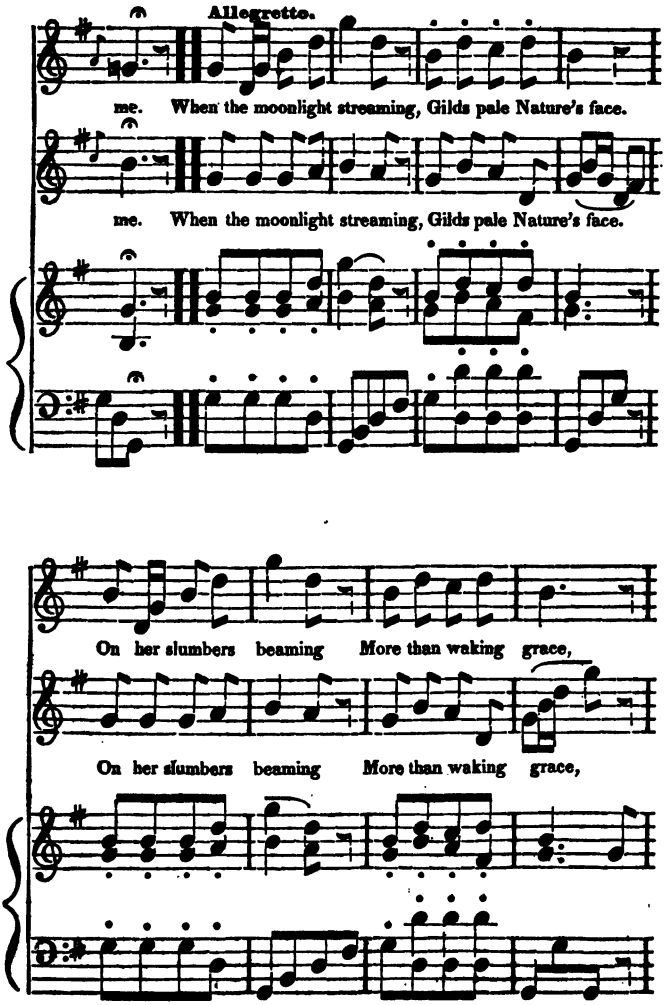
Oh! how sweet to wan - der 'Neath that pensive ray,
Oh! how sweet to wan - der 'Neath that pensive ray,
Soft on her to ponder Who is far a - - way!
Soft on her to ponder Who is far a - - way!

Allegretto.
When the moonlight streaming, Gilds pale Nature's face,
When the moonlight streaming, Gilds pale Nature's face, . . .
pp
On her slumbers beaming More than waking grace, Oh! how
On her slumbers beaming More than waking grace, Oh! how


cres.
sweet to wander 'Neath that pensive ray, Soft on her to ponder,
cres.
sweet to wander 'Neath that pensive ray, Soft on her to ponder,
Who is far a - way! Oh! how sweet to wander 'Neath that pensive
Who is far a - way! Oh! how sweet to wander 'Neath that pensive


cres.
ray, ... Soft on her to ponder Who is far a - way!
cres.
ray, ... Soft on her to ponder Who is far a - way!
Largo.
tr
Yes, fond mem'ry waking, Still recalls the hour When, gay scenes for-
Yes, fond mem'ry waking, Still recalls the hour When, gay scenes for-
pp
8


saking, We have sought this bower; And do thou when gazing
saking, We have sought this bower; And do thou when gazing
O'er yon moon-bright sea, Many a fond sigh raising, Waft a thought to
O'er yon moon-bright sea, Many a fond sigh raising, Waft a thought to


Allegretto.
me. When the moonlight streaming, Gilds pale Nature's face.
me. When the moonlight streaming, Gilds pale Nature's face.
On her slumbers beaming More than waking grace,
On her slumbers beaming More than waking grace,

cres.
Oh! how sweet to wan-der 'Neath that pen - sive ray, ...
Oh! how sweet to wan-der 'Neath that pen - sive ray, ...
p rall.
Soft on her to pon - der who is far a - way! .
p
Soft on her to pon - der who is far a - way! . .
pp

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The principal design of the Editors in preparing the work has been to furnish a book, suitable for social and religious meetings in a form as cheap and compact as possible. For this purpose, they have adapted three or more hymns to each tune, which will be found to afford a sufficient variety for all occasions and all circumstances.

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The Reporter will be published *monthly*, on the first day of each month, commencing with January, 1841. Each number will contain forty-eight pages, on fine paper, done up in a style equal to that of any periodical, which the country affords. Of this matter, eight pages will be music, sacred and secular, arranged for the piano-forte, and selected from the best authors, or written expressly for this work. Any individual, becoming responsible for four subscribers, shall be entitled to the fifth copy gratis.

Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters containing money and subscriptions.

Terms. $3 per annum to city subscribers, who have the work delivered at their dwellings. $2.50, to those who receive their numbers by mail.

Asa Fitz,
E. B. Dearborn.

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